



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Shocking oral perversion witnessed at the Folsom Street Fair!

Cover: Steven Reiswig, Mr. Drummer 1985. Opposite Page: The Black Panther reaches for ecstasy (from the videotape Joys of Self-Abuse). Photo by Patrick Nunn.

### VOLUME 10/NUMBER 88

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The first book we ever put together was CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE, which supported me during the two unpaid years I devoted to H.E.L.P., a gay legal aid society in Los Angeles. There were a little more than a thousand copies which, while not the publishing achievement of all time, eventually became as scarce as hen's teeth.

Later we did a new version with a four-color cover and DRUMMER printed twice as many as is customary for a book with a ten dollar cover. The other day the mail order department told me that we were down to one copy and they had a stack of orders waiting. (No one ever notices we are low on anything until we are out.) So it is time to begin CARE & TRAINING III, which we will offer to people who were too late for C&T II.

But something even more exciting came up. How about a video version of what has become a basic classic? It might even be a forerunner of a video version of DRUMMER itself!

The new book is on the drawing board and parts of the video are going before the cameras even as you read this. If there is space in one of the sections of this issue you may even find a little ad for both at prepublication/pre-release prices. We could promise it in so many weeks, but we have a tendency to revamp, overhaul and improve the concept half-way through in our quest for what passes for perfection. However, they are on their way.

Those who do order in advance will not only save money, they will help finance our most ambitious project to date.

Can the video version of DRUMMER be far behind?

Robert Payne
DRUMMER 3

Stage Sex for gay men came of age somewhere in the 1970s. Circa Drummer 21, the hottest ticket in any town large enough to have the right kind of clientele was Roger. Remember Roger? Dark, brooding good looks, mustache, bodybuilder's physique and the Dick of Death. For a lot of gay men, Roger was the 1970s. Then-editor Jack Fritscher went, saw, and was conquered:

"In San Francisco, New York, Washington, and Los Angeles, Roger's SRO appearances cause lines to rival Star Wars. At New York's Jewel Theater, the crush of fans literally caved in the plate glass of the box office. Any man who has seen Roger once will see Roger twice. Once is definitely not enough...Roger is Mom's Apple Pie baked by Tom of Finland."

Perhaps only Richard Locke could lay a claim to rival the popularity that once was Roger's—and Locke has the distinction of having seen it through. Having graduated to Daddy status, he can still occasionally be seen on stage, beating his safety stick and taking the crowd along with him. Staying power counts.

So where are the new superstars of Stage Sex—the guys who can pilot a theater-load of horny men through

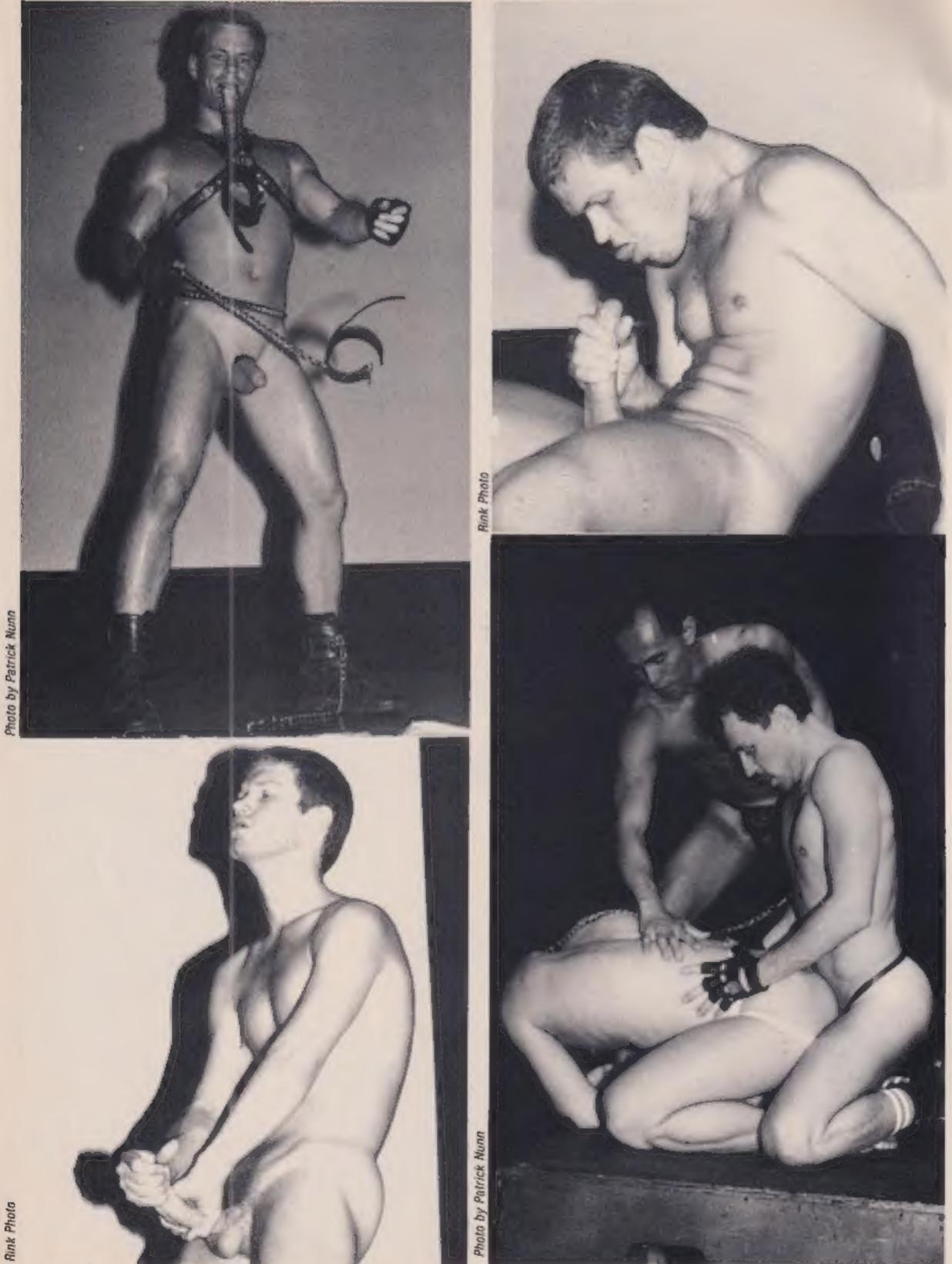


# STAGE



# SEX FOR MEN VATOR





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Photo by Patrick Nunn supporter.

stormy weather and bring them all in for a smooth landing?

You can't ignore Chris Burns. You might almost think he's been overexposed, with appearances in dozens of porn flicks but then you catch his stage act and see that there was more to see, like the nude flesh hiding under his shaved pubic bush. Now that's exposure! In front of an audience (we caught him at the Nob Hill in San Francisco), Burns stokes hot enough to melt the buckles on his leather harness. And when he brings out the giant dildo, you can feel every sphincter in the joint give a twitch in unison. Goddamn, is he gonna take the whole fucking thing? Yep.

But nobody rivals Scott O'Hara. You've seen him before. You'll see him again. Come as often as you like. Scott showed up for the second year running at this summer's Mr. Drummer finals, performing with the John Kass erotic dancers. The show was softcore that night—the price you pay for appearing on the legitimate stage in San Francisco-but when you've got the right moves, the hard-ons still spring up...even if the spectators have to keep them demurely tucked away inside their leather codpieces.

Scott's solo show is no-holds-barred—and it takes something like an advanced wrestling hold to keep that monster meat under control. Of course, Scott's been doing that for years; it might be dangerous for a newcomer. Didn't your momma ever warn you not to play with pythons? You could strangle yourself.

What's it like to actually be in the crowd when Scott turns the monster meat loose? San Francisco photographer Rink caught Scott's appearance (billed as "Spunk") earlier this year at Sav-

ages, and filed this copyrighted report:

"Swaggering up to the stage in full leather, Scott spun around to reveal an inhumanly bulging jockstrap, and then quickly turned to display his pneumatic butt. Exclamations rose from the guys in front. Twisting and gyrating to the increasingly frenzied New Wave hits, Scott/Spunk inched out of his leather, teasing the audience with the fabled contents of his straining

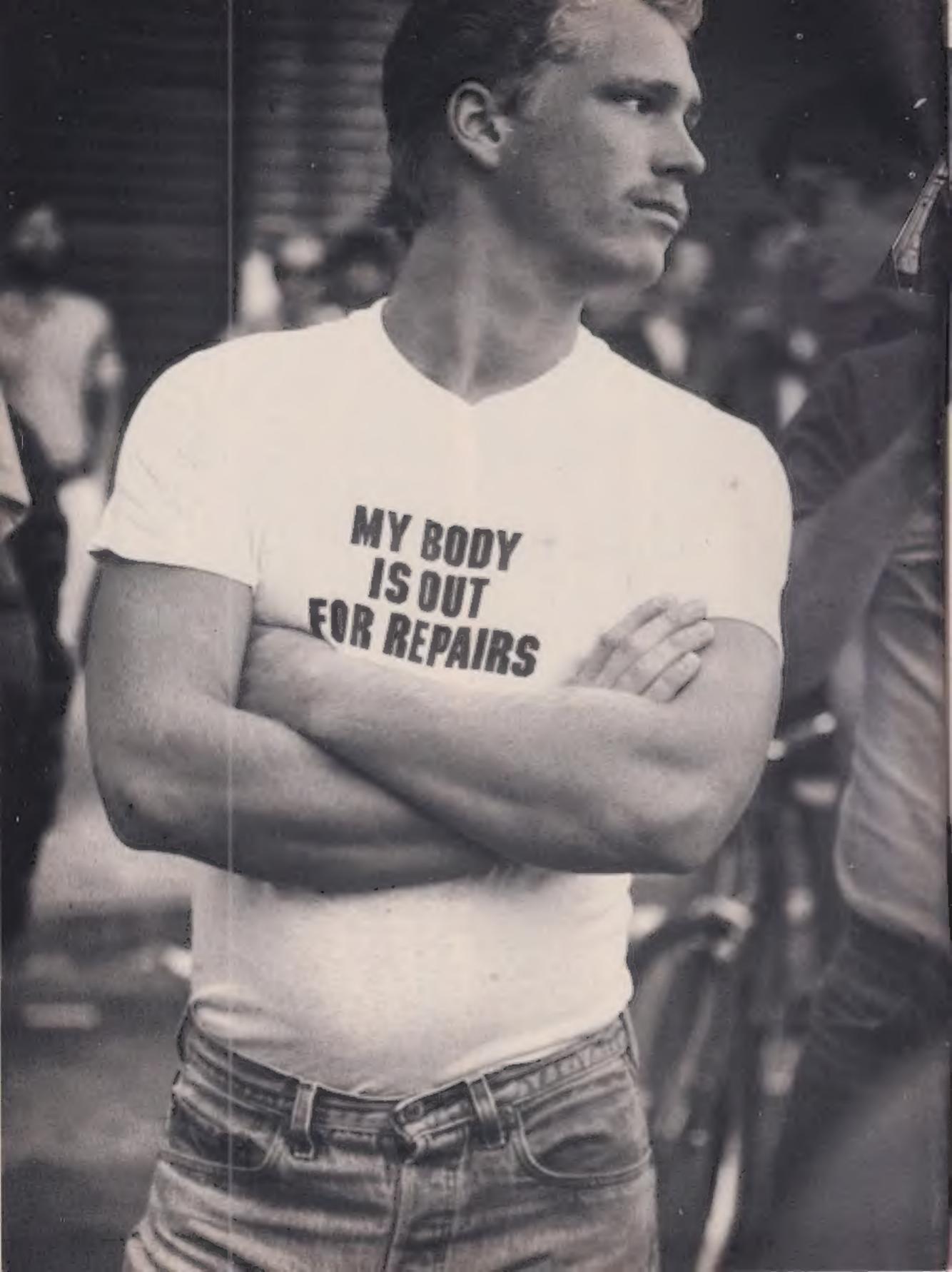
"Finally revealing all, Scott jerked himself rhythmically all over the front of the stage and up and down the aisles. Unlike other performers who are 'touched' by members of an audience, the customers were too much in awe to even consider making contact with the erotic presence before them.

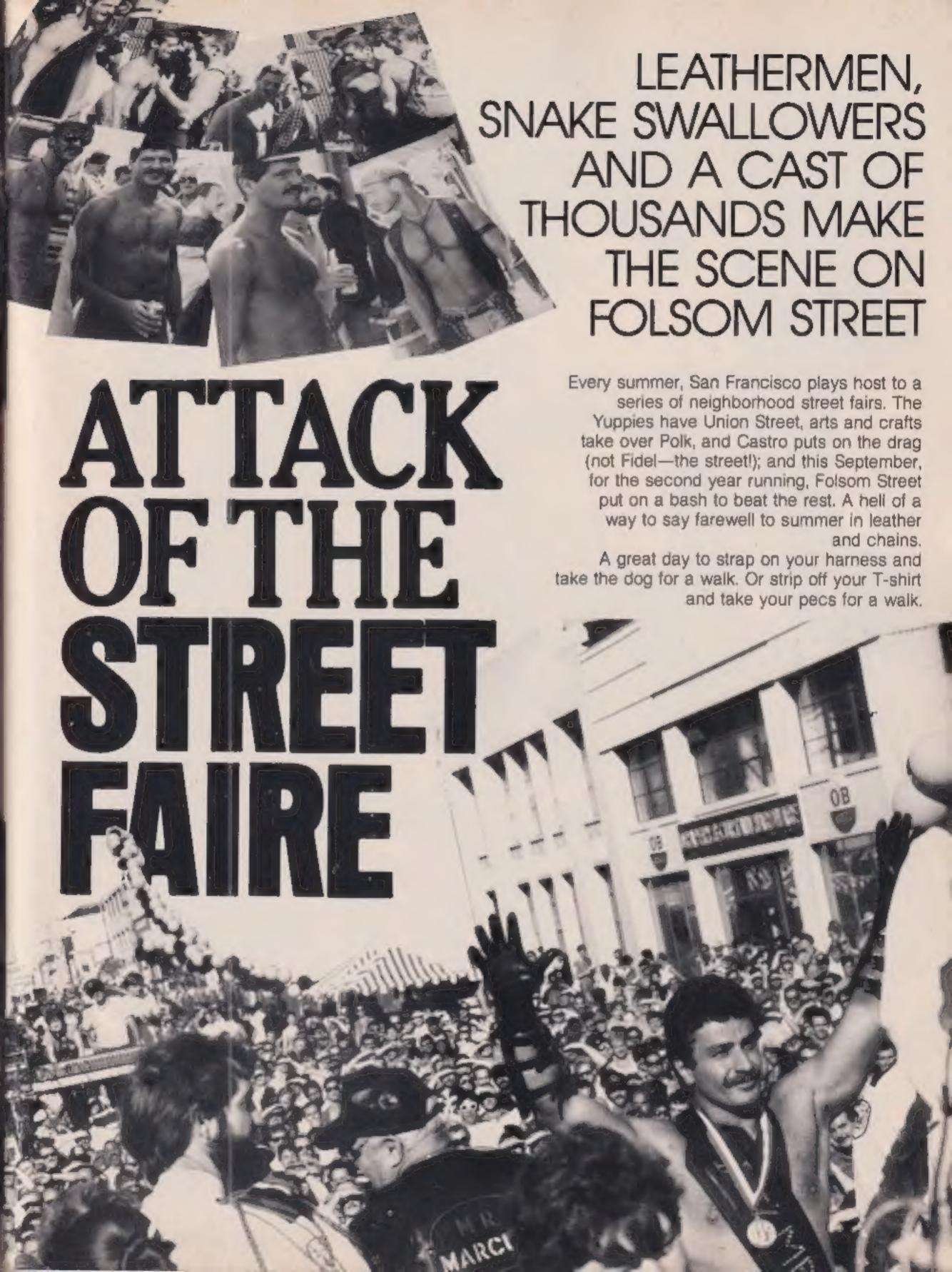
"As Scott stroked, many of the guys in the crowd stroked, as if it was some huge fifty-cylinder engine, with Scott on top as some kind of golden master-cylinder. A reddish light played across his heaving body, except when he briefly auto-fellated (!) himself-a golden light appeared, and it seemed to come from within 5cott. His orgasm was met by applause, and a smile from our performer. No attitude here—he likes his audience and was genuinely friendly to those who rushed up afterwards to praise his performance.

"Something unusual happens when Scott O'Hara performs, A spell is cast. When the Eurythymics song 'Sex Crime' surged out of the speakers, Scott became the embodiment of a pagan temple dancer—the manifestation of a living god—those who performed at state occasions thousands of years ago, in return for great treasures. The people who made the film King David missed an opportunity when they failed to cast Scott for the scene in the Temple of Baal. His lightning erotic magnetism would have balanced Richard Gere's anxious histrionics and made for a more artistic and commercial effort."

Will Hollywood take the bait? Don't hold your breath. But the small screen (even if it's barely big enough to contain a giant like Scott O'Hara) will soon be filled with the Stage Sex acts of Chris Burns and Scott O'Hara, when these two find their way along with several others onto the home screen with the videotape Joys of Self-Abuse. Could be the Gone With the Wind of solo-sex...see you during intermission.

(Joys of Self-Abuse, in VHS and Beta, from The Source, 640 Natoma St., San Francisco, CA 94103; \$59.95 plus \$4 postage/handling.)







Every summer, San Francisco plays host to a series of neighborhood street fairs. The Yupp es have Union Street, arts and crafts take over Polk and Castro puts on the drag (not Fidel—the street); and this September, for the second year running, Folsom Street put on a bash to beat the rest. A hell of a way to say farewell to summer in leather and chains





A great day to strap on your harness and take the dog for a walk. Or strip off your T-shirt and take your pees for a walk. Or talk with old friends you haven't seen in a white at least not in broad daylight, wrapped up in leather and bristling with chrome studs...catching every tourist attraction in this crowd could give you eye strain.

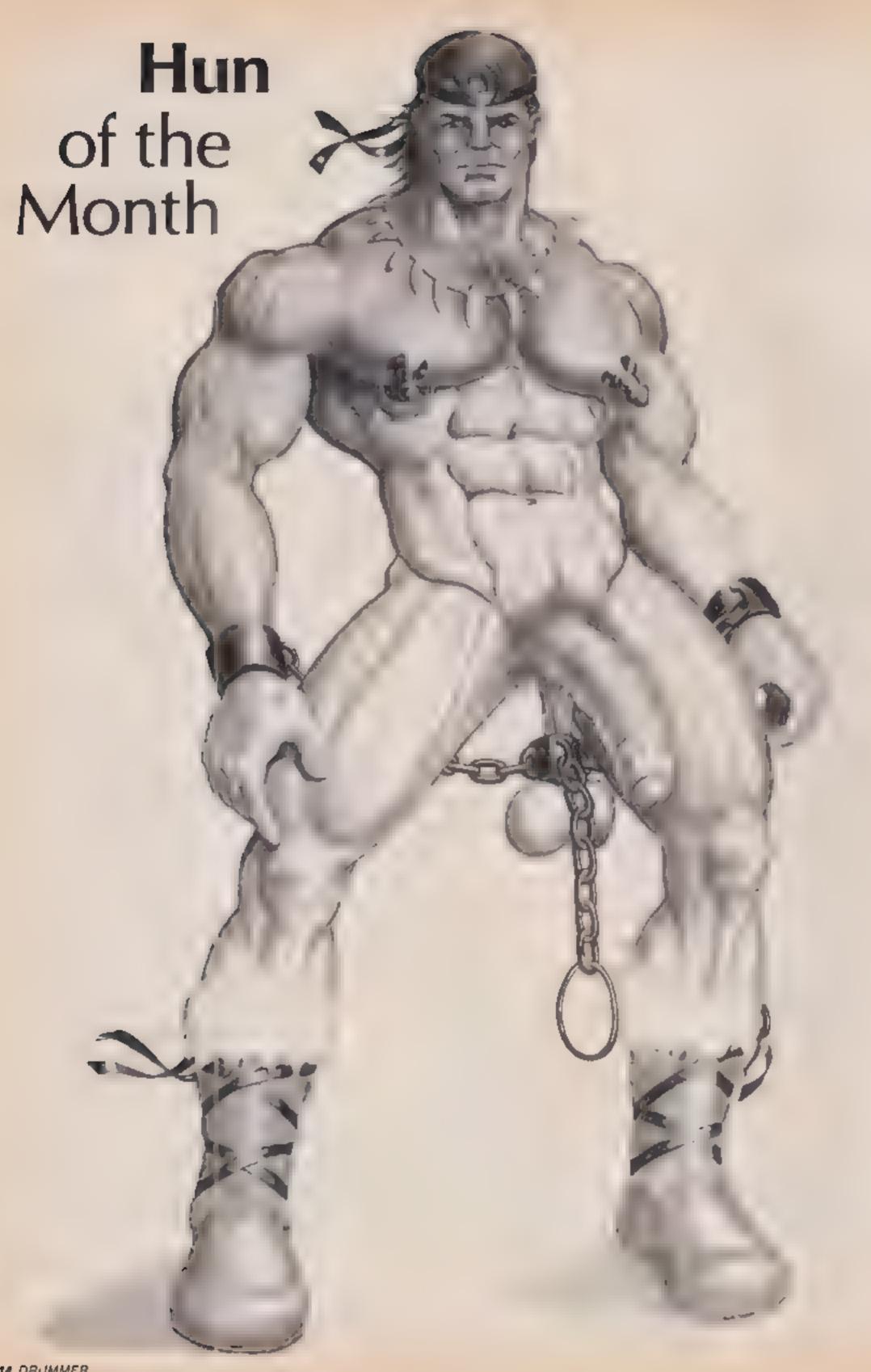




There was always something happening on the stages from punk bands to a latest-in-leather fashion show (check out Patrick Toner, Internationa, Mr. Leather 1985, in his cape) Lots of beer and Polish sausage. Lots of funand-games booths from sponsors looking to take your contribution for a worthy cause—leathermen know how to give. And some freaky sideshows, like a tatooed master of the deepthroat swordswallow, And didn't we say something about snakeswallowing? Check out this issue's Parting Shot for a look at that-a boy and his boa are everyday fare for Folsom Street

See you there next year?





Send your entries for this national leather update to DRL MMER Report, 640 Natoma St., San Francisco, CA 94103.



Mr. International Leather and Mr. Drummer at benefit in Seattle for AIDS victim in Mr. Leather contest in Chicago.

### FRIENDS IN NEED ARE FRIENDS INDEED!

Richard Hennigh is well- behalf of Drummer known and well-loved on the Seattle leather scene. Currently holding the title of Washington State Mr. Leather '85, he scored high in this year's International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago placing as Second Runner-Lp But a great year has taken a sorrowful turn: Richard Hennigh has been diagnosed with AIDS.

Richard has mounting medical expenses, no job now, no insurance or income. But he does have friends.

Leathermen from Seattle to San Francisco got together in October to hold a fundraiser for Richard at Seattle's Sparks Bar. Entertainment, raffles, door prizes and an auction all helped to raise money on his behalf. Steve Reiswig, Mr. Drummer 1985 and a Seattle reatherman himself, was on hand to donate a videotape of the Mr. Drummer Contest and a magazine subscription on

A friend of Richard's who lives in the Bay Area helped organize the event from out of state and drove up to be at Sparks for the occasion, Noting the involvement of San Francisco's Patrick Toner (International Mr. Leather 1985) and the donations from Drummer, he made this point 'If nothing else, I would like to let the leather community of Seattle and the community as a whole know that it is not important where you live, but that we all reach out and extend our hand to our brothers everywhere, and that 5an Francisco is not only concerned with just 5an Francisco. but with other cities, and other states as well

The message is clear: We've all got to pull together, inside the leather community and out, and across all lines. The Sparks fundraiser for Richard Hennigh sets a good example for us al

#### GMSMA UPDATE

Last issue, Report featured a lengthy item on new membership rules regarding Gay Male SM Activists, and a calendar of GMSMA events through November, GMSMA has nowannounced its upcoming events through Januaryrecommended outings for alleathermen who want to know more about safe-and-sane SM...and enjoy a good time.

Regular Wednesday meetings are held at New York's Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center (208 W, 13th St.) at 8 30 p m., and are open to both members (\$2) and nonmembers (\$4). Admission policy and fees vary for special events

Safer SM Sex (Wed., Dec. 11): "Our speaker, a health professional who is himself involved in SM, will describe practical techniques for limiting the spread of infection, including how to clean and maintain your equipment Videotaped segments will dramatize the points made and provide further clarification."

Holiday Brunch at The Spike Sat., Dec. 14): For GMSMA members only, a private sitdown social

Fifth Anniversary Dinner (Sat., Jan. 18): For members and friends; details TBA.

Men on the Block Auction (Sun., Jan. 19): Part of GMSMA's Fifth Anniversary Weekend, also featuring Chicago Hellfire Club's "Whips on Wheels," At The Spike, 7 to 11 p.m.; details TBA

For more information about how to join GMSMA, or to be added to the group's mailing list, write to GMSMA, 132 W 24th St., New York, NY 10011 We are indebted to the Wasatch Leathermen Motorcycle Club for their Newsleathers as well as the use of one of their drawings of HAWK by Garcia, appearing on page 26. He is an outstanding talent of whom we would like to see much more.



CMC CARNIVAL STRIKES AGAINI

it happens every fall in San Francisco—the annual megabash of the California Motorcycle Club. It's the CMC Carnival, this year (as last) held in the sprawling Pier 45 on SF Bay, from noon to 8 p.m. on Nov. 10. The Carnival traditionally draws local leathermen and visitors by the thousands

Organizers are expecting as many as 40 carnival booths (including the ever-popular Dunk-a-Hunk) plus, fitting nicely into the cavernous pier space, a genuine Tilt-a-Whirl-riders are advised to go easy on the beer and fast

As always, the big draw will be the selection of Mr. Carnival. Contestants will be making the rounds all day, soliciting charitable contributions-the guy with the biggest box at day's end will take the title. (Last year's top three winners all donated their funds to AIDS-related projects.)

Admission is ten bucks. Men interested in vying for the Mr. Carnival title can contact last year's winner, David Stoll, at the SF Eagle (A \$25 entry fee, usually paid by a sponsoring bar or club, is required.)

For a look at last year's CMC Carnival, check out the coverage in Drummer 80



JOHN GARGER, winner of the Mr. East Coast Drummer title in Philadelphia then on to Mr. Drummer '81

### LET'S HEAR IT FOR PHILLY!

I travel often-for there are always new things to experience, and I like chasing the illusion of the pretty boy with the wild mind to be found in some vel-to-be-named town-but I arways come home to Philadelphia, and no one, anywhere but here seems to know why

"I guess it has history and art," they say with the condescending tone adopted out of charity for a maiden aunt who never quite kept in step with real ty. Well, Mako needs history about him, and he needs art for his soul, but I also need places to hunt for the ass I like and streets where a slave can be led through the grittiness of a hard-ass night, and places where a man can test himself with high penalties exacted for failure.

So let me invite you to my Philadelphia, you men and slaves of the Leather Fraternity, to the acropolis of the American soul and the olympic glades of the games of Mako's passions

It's all in the center city/historial area, all within walking distance of center city hotels Philly is a city best experienced on foot. If you're under eighty-five, don't hide from it in a taxi, let the heat of summer drive you a bit crazy or the cold of winter harden your attitude some. Smell the scents from millions of people fighting for their desires. drink in the good smeds that set your saliva flowing and the obscene smells that build your edge. Hear the jumble of noise and pick it apart for what you must hear to stay alive, and what you must hear to want to stay alive. See sights that would make the front page in Omaha and ignore

Feel the intensity of life in the city as you set your gut to the commitment, the power it takes to be alive in an environment that tests you. Don't just pass through, look it in the eye and stare it down, whether the challenge is a street person pressuring you for charity, a punk sneering just to see if you'll give him an opening, or a ghost from our revolution demanding to know what you have done to justify his sacrifice

Start at Giovanni's Room. the finest gay bookstore I've entered. The selection is huge and all variations are served the clerks are knowledgeable and truly gifted at making you teel accepted. Copies of all the local papers are available, as are free maps to the large gay community and information about current happenings

Then walk a block to Quince and follow this quiet alley (which predates the Revolution) north. The cobblestones you walk have been walked by giants; you are accompanied by shadows reminding you of our twohundred-year tradition of defending the rights of individuals. But relax, you're in the loving arms of one of the most established gay communities in America: be careful with hustlers, don't piss on anyone's property nor make out on their front step, and you won't be hassled in Philly for being gay. Maybe for being a punk, but not for being gay

Suddenly the colonial architecture has been shattered by a rakish window featuring a painting of muscular men with aggressive attitudes in a wharf bar confrontation. You were drifting in contemplation of philosophy and Dionysus grabbed you by the balls with his mocking/stimulating little laugh: that's Philly, and this is the Bike Stop, my favorite

golz

It's a small bar with the best staff in Philly and an easygoing ambience that sucks you right in. Have a seal, order one of their generous drinks served in a mug for the price of a cocktail glassful, and open up ike a peg boy taking his place in line. Something's always happening, seldom shoving itself in your face even on Monday night, which is jockstrap night, but still right where you look. Let the bartender know you're from out of town, Hell, let anyone know you're from out of town, and he'll help you fit in though it's almost impossible not to fit in at the Bike Stop.

Nothing up yet? Philly's

mobile, you can wait for the crowd to change or seek it out Be active for a change, cut out and head west five blocks to 17th and the 247, which is three bars in one: 247 (main floor), Corral (western), and the Brig (leather/SM), 247 is an institution and it has some of the faults of the wellestablished: mainiv a men's club feel where the atmosphere was determined in the past and maintained too long It's comfortable, it's pretty, and the dusty attitude is reassuring, but it doesn't throb You can't pass it up, and some of the men who come in you can't pass over, but kind of set your mind for it-pretend you're a college professor or awyer toying with the scene, stoke your brain up a notch and your cock down two, then see who's in

Right around the corner is the Post which is a very nice, very clean, L&L bar run in a very professional manner it is popular with the various clubs of the leather community, and on an average night its a nice bar in which to have a few drinks, tell a few lies, reminisce, and hang out its kind of Cheers for the leather/western crowd and time passes easily, maybe too easily I like it, but not when my blood's throbbing to my cock-

The Cell Block is a good place when your blood is churning and your cock is yearning its an after-hours bar best hit past midnight, and you'll have to find the floor supervisor and show him ID so he can sponsor you. There s a cover charge, which may seem ike a lot of hassle in entering a place to spend more money, but the place is alive with excitement and the management knows leather

Keep on your toes with your cock hard and your ass greased—because anything can come down here. You may get laid, you may get hurt, but you won't get bored, and that's as good a guarantee as you li get in this life.

If you've hit all four leather bars without hitting it off, I'd first check the mirror for festering boils, then check my altitude, and then start over again, because each place will change as new people drift in (except maybe the 247 which changes by the century), Or

16 DRUMMER

head to the Backstreet Baths where a tasteful and secure entrance freminiscent of processing at a white collar jail) gets you into the 24-hour action of private rooms, gym, baths, movie rooms, and sling room. Some pretty people here, and some pretty dangerous diseases, so use the rubbers available in every room

That's one night in Philly, I hope you've given yourself several more for we haven't seen-the eight other, nonleather bars, the restaurants, the shops; and we have yet to cruise Spruce, Prine, and South for the street action; or go up into Kensington to look at the last remaining section of barechested, sneered-lip, tough white boys in the twentieth century.

Besides, what about New Hope and Atlantic City? Both are forty-five minutes by car. and both too much a gay experience, though not a leather experience, to pass up

Get to know us: personally, tiguratively, biblically, I look forward to seeing you about, shit, if you're pretty, I look forward to showing you about

-Meko

### **Tourist Goide:**

Philadelphia Convention and Visitors Bureau, Three Penn Center Piaza, Philadelphia, PA 19102

Establishments mentioned (area code 215):

Bike Stop, 206 S. Quince, 626-9448; 247, 247 S. 17th, 545-9720, Cell Black, 204 5 Camac, 735-5772; Back Street Baths, 1220 Chancellor, 545-4098.

### **OKLAHOMA** LINEMEN, OKAY

A Drummer congrats to Oklahoma's first gay leatheroriented club, the Oklahoma Linemen, in the planning stages since February, the Linemen now claim 27 members, three associate members, and its first "piedge class" of ten hopefuls

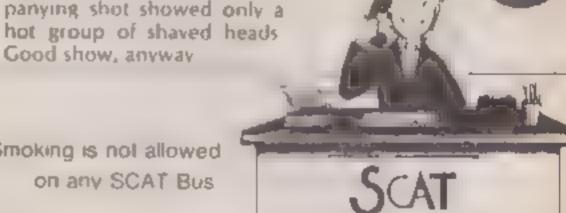
The Linemen celebrated their Renaissance | Weekend in late September. The Mainline in Oklahoma City hosted the club's hanging of the colors" on Sept. 28, with representatives of 11 clubs from across the US in attendance for the unveiling of the Linemen's new logo. Numerous other local businesses were involved in the weekend events, including the Bunkhouse and Saddletramps West bars, Backstreet Leather Shop, and the RAC baths

The Oklahoma Linemen's home bar is the Mainline, 4315 North Western in Oklahoma City. Anyone planning to visit the OKC area is welcome to contact the group at their temporary mailing address: TOL, PR Chairman Larry, PO Box 23561, Oklahoma City, Ok 73123

### SIXTY YOUTHS SHAVE HEADS

According to Stubble, the monthly "newsletter of shaving and haircutting" when Manuel Garria of Milwaukee began losing his hair because of chemotherapy for stomach cancer, his brother Julio and three other young male relatives decided to show their support by shaving their hot group of shaved heads heads. In the Milwaukee

TO SHOW SUPPORT



Sent to us by a reader. From the Los Angeles Times

We're looking for a few

tough customers.

Smoking is not allowed

SO ARE WE, KIDS.

Puerto Rican community

some sixty other male friends

also shaved their heads as a

sign of support. Stubble

reported that "Some shaved

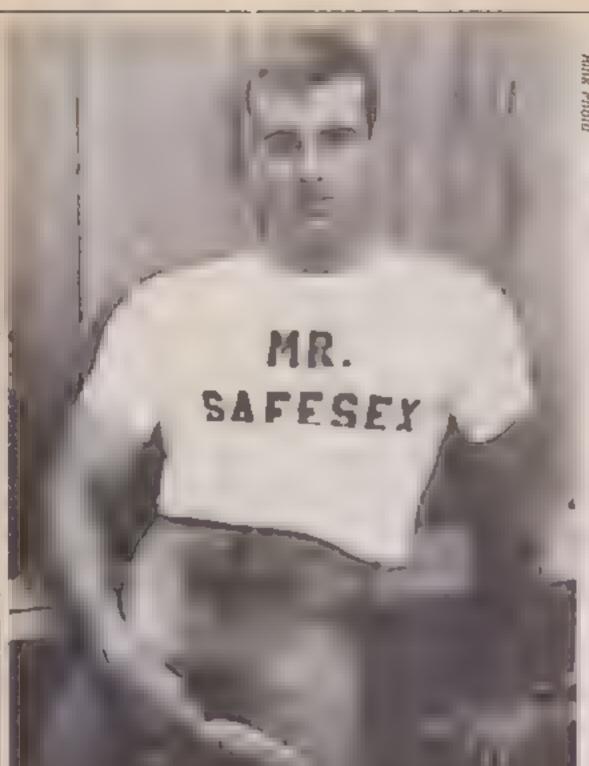
everything while others got

Mohawks," but the accom-



"BUT MR. BUS DRIVER—THE SIGN SAID..." Have you been getting enough SCAT lately? Now it's available on a regular schedule, at last in Sarasota, Florida. Thanks to the city's progressive transportation system, SCAT freaks need walk no further than their nearest bus stop to catch all the action. The handy SCAT Bus schedule even lists a phone number for group presentations or, other information on SCAT," Everybody join in! We love the drawing of the nice lady behind the SCAT info desk. answering calls and wearing a shit-eating grin. But there are rules. "No bare feet—shoes must be worn" on the SCAT bus (makes sense to us). There are even charters available! But remember, no SC AT service on Sundays and holidays





### MR. SAFESEX TAKES TO THE BOARDS

Porn star Glenn Swann aka Sergeant Swann, holding the titles of Mr. Nude San Diego, Mr. San Fernando Valley and King of the (San Diego) Universe, as well as being a veteran of four years in the U.S. Marine Corps has been dubbed "MR. SAFESEX" by Club Bathhouse impresario tack Campbell and is accompanying Mr. Campbell around the country and the world promoting "Safesex," "Sgt. Swann" and Campbell's newly named "Club Body Centres"

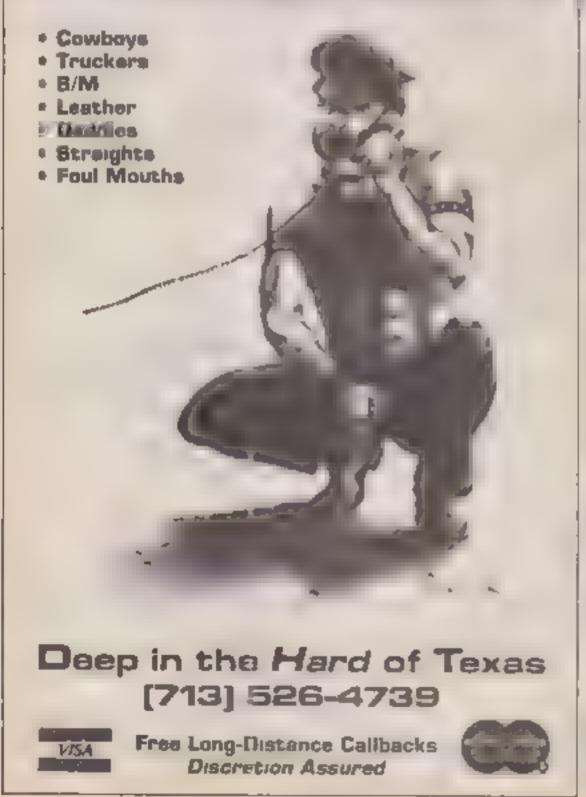
The Sgt. Glenn Swann Fan Club of Miami informs us that Mr. Swann is promoting "fantasy masturbation" in his travels around the country and will be competing in the swimming events of the GAY OLYMPICS '86

Beginning in Miami, Swann unveiled a safe sex demonstration that will be repeated in

the 10 cities where Club Body Centres are located. Seated at a table in one of the Club's hallways. Swann begins a trank, casual talk about the importance of safe sex. As his talk progresses, he encourages people to help take off his shorts and massage his body.

"I try to explain about massage and foreplay; it seems that most people jump right into the nitty-gritty. We're trying to get across to them that you must have a lot of foreplay and really get involved in order for safe sex to work. The body senses arouse the libido into anticipating and enjoying it," Swann said

After performing at San Francisco's Nob Hill theatre, Sgt. Swann posed with benefactor Jack Campbell showing just how safe his form of sex can be





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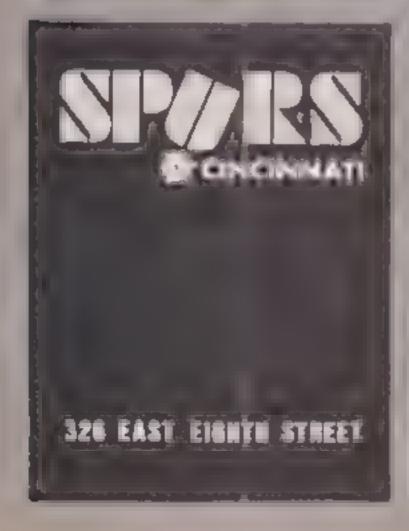








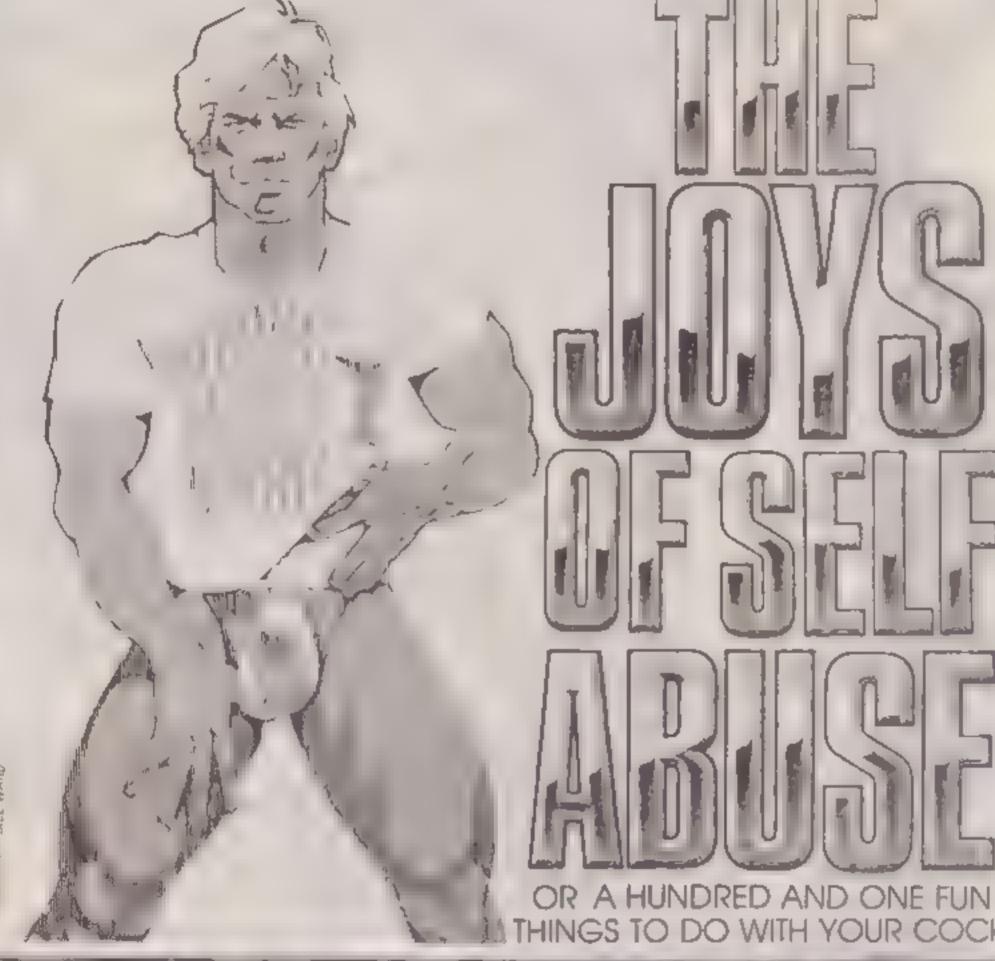






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MALE MONTAGE: If one picture is worth ath load 1 you let these or leages by photographer Richard Law must be worth something like an in it an intermit in mages is napped at public events tike the Castro, Ringulo Ariev, and Foliam Street, Fairs, ale long as the light Elecen ber at Express Photo, 2370 Market Street, in San Francisco.

### MALECALL

### CLASSIFIED CONVICT CON

A scam now coming out of Mississippi is aimed at readers of FQ and Drummer More specifically, at those who run classified ads in them, Particular targets are gays over 50 who express an interest in young men.

Though I had expressed no such interest, I got a letter from one Johnnie Miller, supposedly an inmate of Parchman State Prison in Mississippi, who said he was serving a three-year term for possession of over an ounce of marijuana. He had allowed a fast-talking, good-looking man to move into his apartment, and when police appeared with a warrant on a tip there was pot there, he was taken in, since the apartment was in his name and the roommate denied everything. Uh-huh

His first letter describes him as "GWM, 22 years of age, 6 ft. tall, 170 lbs., br hair, gr eyes," and heftily endowed. He goes on to say "a very easy-going person, if you like it, I love it. Seriously I'm a very honest, dependable, open, caring, sincere, understanding and lonely person who's looking for about the same."

Despite the preposterous opener I read the rest, decided to write him, telling him to call me collect. We had some good talks on the phone. He said a prison caseworker, one J.D. Cooley, had taken an interest in him and was trying to get him out a little early.

Soon Mr. Cooley had Johnnie Miller's money field up in anticipation of his release. Johnnie was supposed to have \$11,000 on account with the Department of Correction and an account with the First National Bank of Biloxi. The obvious question—where a 22-year-o d had gotten hold of that kind of money—was never asked and of course never answered

These two are pretty good actors. Cooley's dialogue could have been written by Andy Griffith, and Miller sounds remarkably like the young flvis. Their slanders on the parole board chairman and the governor of Mississippi, if true, could land all four of them in the federal pen. The governor's campaign was to get

\$5000 of Johnnie's money and the chairman \$2500. I have it all on tape, but they know as well as we do that taping phone conversations without consent is illegal in most states.

Soon there were urgent requests for advances on amounts from Johnnie's account that were to be sent to me. I repeatedly said that the best I could do was to promptly return or redirect any amounts sent to me. Johnnie was so appealing and convincing that I almost bit. When arrival time of his plane came and went and no Johnnie, the enormity of what I'd almost done struck me offered to share my home with a 22-year-old who would have probably gone for so-called sports on TV, rock 'n' roll on radio, and comic books as reading matter.

These two semi-illiterates are almost certainly postal workers. I don't think either of them has ever been nearer a prison than the Parchman Post Office (That may change.) They work a variant of the good cop/bad cop routine police use in grilling suspects. The switch is that each has high praise for the other, Johnnie "trusts Mr. Cooley 100 percent." Cooley finds Johnnie "not like the average inmate, a bright young man with a fot of promise

They work, of course, on the larceny in the heart of the typical "mark". They probably know nothing of psychology, but they have the con man's instinctive ability to pick up on indications of vulnerability. What they have added to avarice, they hope, is lust for a well-endowed 22-year-old.

Phone bills and postmarks indicate Drew, Mississippi, as the probable operations center. Some of the other names in the scheme (as Western Union pick-ups in Jackson, Lucedale, and Walls, a suburb just over the line fron Memphis) are Bobby and Barbara Bounds, Linda Casey, and Roxanne Richards.

So look out for Andy Griffith and Elvis, seeking to separate you from your cash by phone at your expense

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

(Editor's note: This is the second letter we've received containing virtually the same information on this particular scam. Dear Sir advertisers take note! Any time you receive a response to your personal ad, exercise common sense and a reasonable amount of caution—especially if the subject of money comes up. There are a lot of great men out there, and the overwhelming majority of those responding to personal ads simply want to share a good time. But remember the old adage, if a story sounds too good, or too sad, to be true, it probably is.)

### PRURIENT CURIOSITY

Phil Andros shows us why he's still the master of gay erotic fiction with "Four On Ice" in your Ten-Year Anniversary Issue (Drummer 85), It's a strong, entertaining, stimulating story on a variety of fronts—writing that's simultaneously graceful and horny. Besides that, I couldn't resist the setting and circumstances of the story (a government scientific expedition in Greenland), and Andros used it to maximum effect. I mean, what are four horny gay devils going to do while stationed in a cold wasteland for three months? I loved it, and have lost sperm on it several times.

In the same issue, "The Complete Drummer Fiction/Fetish Index" compiled by Steven Taylor and Aaron Travis is a masterful achievement. It should earn the gratitude of everyone who is ever read your magazines, whether just once in a while or as a consistent life-and-death habit! I couldn't believe how extensive, comprehensive and wide-ranging the index was—it guarantees that Drummer 85 will become a collector's item. I've already located the right issues for many stories that I enjoyed previously and wondered where the hell they were

Still, the best part of Drummer 85 was the Drummedia section on what prominent gay erotic writers themselves read for a turn-on. I was fascinated by it. The article gave a really up-close view of writers we've all read and wanted to see and know better. I'll admit it—I do have a

PUBLISHER	JOHN H EMBRY
CO-PUBL SHER	MARIO SIMONE
EDITOR- N-CHIEF	ROBERT PAYNE
ART DIRECTOR	PATRICK NUNN
4-4-4-1-1-1-1	B J BRADFORD
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LEGAL	BROWN & FALK
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	(415) 864-3456
CLASSIF ED AD DIRECTOR	ERIC DANIELS BROWN & FALK MACKENZIE POE

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS Aaron Traves, Larry Townsend PHOTOGRAPHERS Mark 1 Chester Close up Roy Dean Robert Prezan, Rink Zeus

ARTISTS Harry Bush, Caveto. The Hum Jim Keene Charles. Musgrave, Olaf. Raider Rex. Tom of Finland Bill Ward.

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prurient coriosity about, say, what T. R. Witomski looks like, or where Don Perry is from I'm going to search out more of four Barton's stuff, and it warms my heart to know that John Preston and I share an interest in homosex situations in historical contexts. This article goes a long way in satisfying my curiosity about the special writers who have become part and parcel of the erotic written word in the 1980s.

F. J. Texas

### SAFE TOYS

Since I came out two years ago, I have been a faithful follower of your publications. It has not always been easy to obtain them in Canada, but I usually manage

The "Getting Off" column in Drummer 86 indicated knowledge about AIDS, its symptoms, effects and precautions, a subject of much coverage in the gay and straight press recently. But the fantasy story by Max Exander entitled "SafeSex SlaveSchool" (excerpted from Hot Living) contained several omissions and oversights. I feel it should have included care and cleaning of toys

While the use of dildoes would apparently be safe, some of these are made of very porous materials and at present no guarantee exists that the presence of a virus would be eliminated even after a vigorous washing. Some have suggested the use of condoms over the dildo, or its use being restricted to one person. Similarly, whips and other toys used in flagellation (a scene close to my own heart, and body), particularly those which might draw blood, should be restricted to use on one person, or made of material which is "dishwasher safe."

In 1985, I feel it is the slave who should be responsible for the care of his own toys. Of course, appropriate discipline should be administered by the Top when the bottom fails in his duty

Those who attended Hellfire Inferno XIV were not only made aware of many potential hazards, but produced some unique solutions. Drummer, as an influential journal in the SM/leather community, should surely be leading the way in teaching safe sex techniques.

Toronto, Canada (Editor's note Larry Townsend dealt with restricting toys to individual use in his Leather Notebook column in Drummer 81, but we agree that it's a point worth repealing.)

#### SAFE SEX

Who needs to worry about catching anything when I have the new Drummer (87). You can't claim an orgasm per page but I've had a dozen for my 4.95 and I'm only up to the Dear Sir section. Thanks guys,

J B Milwaukee, WI

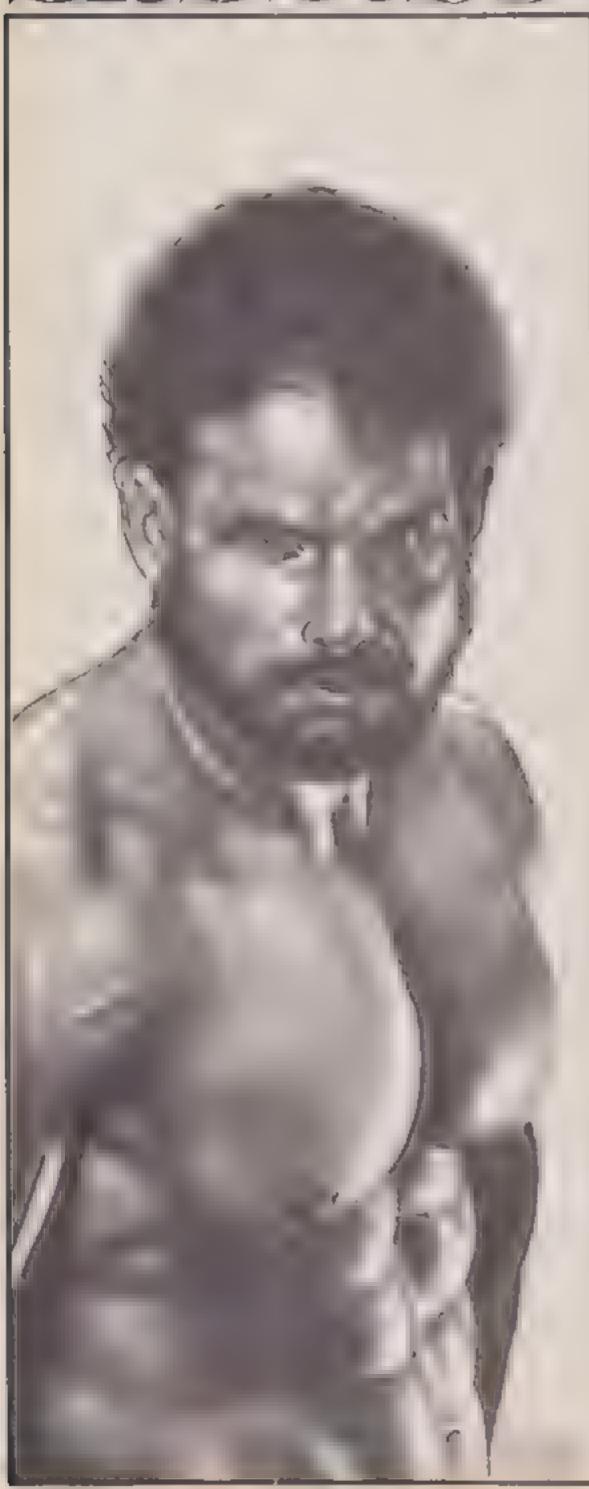
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THE K.D'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD Part 2 Those hot ass cheeks
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DADDY'S BLACK BOYHOLE

I just finished reading the latest Drummer Daddies sec tion again, again and again This is my favorite section of Drummer | can never wait until I get home to read Drummer Daddies-I usually run to my car and read it before driving home. By the time I finish, my big uncut cock has usually shot a load in my Levis. After reading so many great experiences of other boys and their Daddies, I couldn't help but write and tell you of my recently found

My Dad is white, 45, 58" with a massive, welldeveloped bodybuilder's physique, covered with rough curly hair. His delicious lips are enhanced by his thick mustache, which curls up at the ends. He is balding, with salt-and-pepper hair on the sides and back, which gives him a very distinguished look. In other words, he's just what this tall black Daddy's boy has always wanted. I'm 27, 6'4", weigh a lean 192 pounds, and have 101/2 inches. I have a mustache, but Daddy says no

I first met my hot Daddy while riding my bicycle in the park. I had stopped for a rest when I saw Daddy approaching on his bike, wearing only a pair of gym shorts. I couldn't believe my eyest I could only sit there and stare. As Daddy rode by, he couldn't help but notice the look of desire in my eyes and on my lips. I could taste the salty sweat as it ran down his muscular body, i could feel his strong hairy arms locked around me, giving me the fatherly hugs I so desperately needed

Daddy stopped and sat on a bench across from me. He had such a stern but handsome face. With his brown eyes he looked over at me and I knew he was saying. Get over here, boy! But I was too paralyzed by the sight of his manily body. He shortly got up and left.

The next time I saw Daddy. I was playing pool in one of the local leather bars. After my game, I went through the bar. looking for Daddy until I found him. Within two minutes Daddy had me outside the bar. We talked for a while,

then there was silence. Daddy stood sternly in front of me and asked me what I was thinking about. "Dirty thoughts," I told him, "like you nibbling on my tender tits." Dad then reached behind me and squeezed my ass and said, "Let's go home, boy."

Naked, his body looked so damn good and his muscles were much harder than I ever imagined. Daddy locked his arms around me, giving me the manly love I needed, squeezing the breath out of me with every hug. Then he stopped and told me, "First things first!"

Daddy layed me across his tap and gave me a good "hand-to-boy" spanking. The sound of Daddy's hand slapping my ass echoed all through the house. I knew Daddy was punishing me for not being obedient by coming over to him the day we first met

When Daddy's hand grew sore he got his belt. The pain was unbearable. I could no longer push back the tears or hold back the screams, because my ass ached so bad. I put my hand over my ass to give it some relief. Daddy stopped and told me, "If you don't move that goddamned hand..."

I moved it before he could finish. Daddy continued to spank me, telling me that this was his ass, not mine, and that he was going to put his seal on it. Finally he stopped and I crawled to his feet, begging him to forgive me for being disobedient

As Daddy sat there on the edge of the bed I looked upand he was holding his thick cut cock right in my face! Daddy gave me a kiss on the forehead and said, "Here boy, take good care of Daddy's joystick." I licked Daddy's dick with my hungry tongue and pushed my mouth all the way down on his hard cock Daddy grabbed the back of my head with his hands and pushed the big head past my throat musctes. I gasped for air but he held my head right there pumping my face with short but forceful thrusts

While Daddy fucked my mouth, my asshole opened with anticipation. I could feel

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the sweat building up around tt. Yes, my ass was hot! I could hardly want to feel Daddy's white meat packed up my black ass

At last, he told me to lay on the bed, spread-eagle, and he got right behind me, I laid there on my stomach, pushing my ass up to Daddy's grinding crotch. My ass was red hot! It was begging to be fed like a hungry ass should. I felt Daddy lubricate my boyhole. His fingers felt so damn good as he moved them in, out and around in my black hole. Then Daddy slid his cock through my firm cheeks.

"Daddy, please put it in! Fuck me, Daddyl I want it. I want it I want it bad, Daddyl" I begged until I felt Daddy spreading my hot buns and my boyhole being filled. But instead of Daddy's manhood, it was his fingers I felt, First one, then two and three Oh no! I thought, he's trying to list me! Four fingers was too much. I yelled and grabbed his arm. I held onto his strong hairy arm until he withdrew his hand

Daddy laid beside me on his stomach and told me to lick his asshole clean, I spread Daddy's round muscular cheeks and rammed my tongue as deep as I could up his hot tight hole. Hearing his moans only made me work my tong ie even further and harder because I knew I was pleasing him, Before I knew what was happening Daddy had me on my back with my long legs on his wide shoulders, I was sure he wouldn't deprive my hungry ass any longer!

I felt my muscle opening up wider and wider, but it wasn't Daddy's rock-hard cock It was his fingers again. Torn with fright, I grabbed his hairy forearm and pleaded with him to stop. I trusted Daddy, but I knew I couldn't don't I slid and squirmed on my back as far as I could until I landed on the

I told Daddy I was sorry, but he was mad. He threw me back on the bed and made a terrible assault on my nipples, which are about the size of pencil erasers. I could feel his teeth clamping down on my tits, and boy was it painful! I grabbed his balding head with both hands but the more !

pulled the harder his teeth

clamped down. The more I tried to push his head away, the harder he bit into me

I knew Daddy was only relieving himself of the frustration built up because he couldn't get his big hand up inside me. He went from tit to tit, chewing like a hungry dog on a bone

Determined to feel his fist up my ass, he tried again "Stop| Please, I'll do it next time," I pleaded. Daddy told me I would do it next time and this time. This is when I knew I was in trouble. When I told him I had never been fisted before, he tried even harder. "You're a big boy now. Daddy's going to get your black cherry. Daddy knows what you need," he told me. Harder and further he pushed his strong fist. I could feel him using every ounce of his strength. The muscles in his arm were standing high. I was scared as hell that he would rip and tear my hot asshole. I grabbed his strong forearm with one hand and his broad, hairy shoulder with the other in an effort to push him away. I squirmed and crawled on my back across the bed until I once again fell to the floor.

With my shoulders on the floor and my head against the wall my ass stuck up against the edge of the bed, making it an easy target for Daddy's big fist. I hollered like crazy because Daddy's hand was further in than ever now!

Suddenly I felt Daddy's hand shoot up inside me. I felt paralyzed, I was afraid to move. I was totally under Daddy's control now, whether ! wanted to be or not. I was afraid but I knew Daddy wouldn't hurt me. Besides, I was thrilled by having Daddy all up inside of me. My boynole was sore, but it hurt so damn good. Daddy slowly worked his hand around in my black hole, sending sensations all through my body. It felt so good because I knew I had pleased my Daddy.

Only then did Daddy give my ass the fucking it so desperately wanted and needed from his thick and long cock. His massive cock pumped my ass harder and harder with each thrust, lifting my ass like a car on a jack. With my long legs across Daddy's wide shoulders, my ass was all his. I

could feel his big full balls slapping against my ass.

My asshole was aching but I wanted more, more! I wanted all of Daddy's love inside me! I couldn't hold back the hot stream of cum any longer! His vibrating cock felt so good! All I could do was lay there and grip Daddy's big, strong, hairy arms until, like a volcano shooting lava, the hot juices flowed through my long black dick. Daddy kept pumping my ass, then pulled out and shot his hot load all over my stomach and ass.

A week later now, my tits have almost healed and my ass is getting used to Daddy's hand. Next Daddy said he was going to put his cock and his fist up my ass

> Lost My Cherry Brighton, MA

#### PARTY MIX

I've been with my Dad some six months now and this has been a very great experience for me, for his is a very firm and demanding Dad and expects and gets unquestioning obedience and devotion from his two sons. He has two of us in his care at the present and trying to train us to be Daddies ourselves some day, following his example:

Dad is a 6'4" black man with a magnificent build, very muscular and big all over, with a very thick 9" cock, uncut 1 am very blond, smooth skinned, 5'10" medium build and weight, with the usual 6" cut and a luscious set of burns and a very active ass, which is necessary for us. My "brother" is a very petit Thai fellow named Kim about 5'6" and 130 lbs., but a good-sized dick for his build

Kim has been with Dad for about a year, but Dad wanted to take on another son to train so that he could expand his OWN activities.

Our schedule is reasonably demanding. We both must attend Dad and his needs every Tuesday night-all night, beginning with preparing and serving him dinner, cleaning up, amusing him however he wants and finally sleeping with him in his huge. king-sized bed. We arrive at his place late afternoon when we get off work and prepare his cocktails, etc. All the time we are in the nude except for

studged cock rings and collars. Dad wears his beautiful leather vest, which is well ornamented, and a magnificent black jockstrap studded with brilliants to encase his glarious tool.

Kim and I take turns standing beside him while he eats to be quick to serve him, and he may command one of us to get under the table and suck his cock while he eats and watches porn videotapes, After dinner, while we are cleaning up, Dad will smoke a joint or two, which will be ours too after clean-up while he watches movies to get well in the mood for what is to come.

After we have finished clean-up we have to oil our bodies-he likes slick oily bodies—and lube our assholes for what is to come. Then we annoint his body and retire to the game room to fulfill his

pleasure.

Now the fun begins to suit his pleasure or whims-it may be whipping, spanking, c/b torture. He will command the position we are to assume for his invasion, and when that comes we are in for a real thrill, for he is a very active and powerful fucker. If I am being fucked doggie-fashion, Dad will command Kim to get under me and we can 69, which he enjoys seeing as he fucks, and we all try to climax together. Then to bed, where either one of us can expect sometime during the night to have to satisfy him again; he has a great sex drive. In the morning we have been instructed to tend to his hardon and suck him off or take his morning pass.

On weekends he will have his mates in for cards. In due course two of the guests will take us aside for their sexual pleasure or have us amuse them while they watch and maybe fuck with each other.

Completely liberated, shared sex is the order of the house. It is a wonderful atmosphere, and both Kim and I feel we have a great Dad, who treats us well but firmly. (We learned to accept any size cock by training on peg boards with various sized dildos which we had to sit on for a half-hour at a time. It works

> Kim & Geoff Hammond, IN DRUMMER 25

# DERUMSTECKS



Big tongues dedicated to boots
buried below balls
balancing weights of steel.
Nipples waiting patiently for pleasure
from teeth that will leave love marks
of time spent remembered.
Dog collared necks make an animal
hungry to eat armpits
of salty tasting sweat
that is a licked/spit smell
ocean of reward.

Pink tongues gone grey from bootblack polish licked until the face is covered with the respect being at Master's feet gives.

Big toes sucked like a big cock earns the whole foot in a mouth stretched to take a thumb

Permission given to a crotch to hump the Soul of Master's Boot. Eyes that control the attention His pleasure demands. Maintaining His Trust and Knowledge that two Men can be satisfied by the slave hunger

of one.

-Richard P Ammon



BY IN WILE E

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My balls felt it before I did. The hot water stopped!

Unke to lie in the bathtub with a wad of paper stuffed into the verticle drain so it will fill to the brim. Then, I lie back, my head on the edge and my legs apart toward the faucets. I run the very hot water from a heater that's been turned up to full, at about the same pace that water escapes through the paper and the plug beneath. I love to feel it flow up my legs to my ass and my crotch. It's movement, it's hot, wet and playful. Oh, my Lord, how It fires the imagination! I have a lot of good ideas about nice things when I totally relax this way.

When it stopped, it meant someone had turned on the hot

water in the kitchen.

Fido was doing the dishes.

It wasn't for the sake of the dishes, however. It was his way of sending me a message. Hew knew I always got out of the tub with a hard-on

I was sick of it. Maybe I was sick of Fido. I'd have to think about it.

It was all a ritualistic little game, and I was tired of playing. This was the fifth or sixth time he's done this in the few weeks I've had him with me, and this time, it would be the last. The routine was a simple enough little scene. I'd come out of the bathroom in a rage, towel in hand, dripping wet. He'd measure my anger and whimper his apologies with gestures of trying to calm me. Most likely he'd take the towel to dry me, an appropriate reason to fail to his knees, ther grovel and whimper until he felt that I was at the perfect ready condition for what he really wanted all along.

I was supposed to be the boss, but he had it down to a science—how to put me at exactly the level of intensity he desired

He'd turned the water on as a cue for me to storm into the kitchen to discover him standing at the kitchen sink in his scant little crotch-clutcher undies, his pale white buns showing. My entrance was to be a display of anger and cock

Then, according to his script, it was up to him to decide if they were a match, or if one or the other needed more, or less, strength. He knew what to say or do to get more anger out of me. He also knew how to calm me to a point where the blood would rush out of my face and into the part where he wanted to see a bit more red. It had become an over-rehearsed routine!

He'd be punished for it, of course. I didn't think it would by anything too heavy, just enough to keep the scene going to its chmax. I was supposed to be thinking of something right at the moment, but, in the long run, he'd decide what it would be by manipulating my anger the way he always did. Once set, he'd beg forgiveness and be told he had to earn it. He'd beg to earn it with his ass, and, for a while, he'd be told that wasn't good enough. He'd beg and plead some more, take a bit of warming up, light punishment, and finally I'd relent and throw him on the bed

I didn't like the way it was so planned!

The first time this water thing had happened, my mind recalled, it was exciting as all hell. He didn't know I warmed myself in the tub that way, and he innocently meant to do the dishes. When I stormed into the kitchen to call him a few names, he was totally taken off-guard. He stammered and begged forgiveness for real that time, and even fell on his knees out of shame for having offended me. He pleaded then for permission to wash the soap off my cock with his mouth. The blood of anger in my face went, therefore, to where it served his face nicely. We were off and running from that moment on, with sex boiling up while my genuine annoyance lingered. It was a good one that time

The second time, I was a bit too angry. I didn't stop to see that he was only trying to recreate the excitement of the first time. I say it only as a stupid and thoughtless case of his having forgotten that he wasn't to run hot water while I was in the bath! I smacked him a few times then, in addition to calling him names. He needed to learn! He ended up crawling to the bed for his forgiveness, and he got it hard!

The third time, I knew it was deliberate, and that really pissed as DRUMMER

me off. I damn near grabbed the whip, but he managed to beg his way to bed instead

When it happened again, I knew it was becoming a ritual. He expected to be slapped. He was gaging just how much more anger there would be for his repeating it. Ritual was going to set in if I kept responding in almost the exact same way. He hadn't learned his lesson? Then some other form of discipline was needed. He drank some dishwater that time. Oh, he was permitted to bend over and take my anger from my cock, but he felt a little squishy in his guts when he did!

But this time around I had had enough! I decided immediately that I would not step out and play the whole scene as he conducted and directed it. I was sick of it. Maybe I was getting

sick of F do.

Nah, Fido was okay. I liked keeping him. He was good for me in a lot of ways. I guess I couldn't complain too much about the rituals and the games. We'd started out that way. When you wear the garb and find a new encounter in a known hangout, it's expected that a lot of the shit's going to be traditional at first. He'd been eyeing me in the bar, and I had gestured a command for him to follow me out. He obeyed, came home with me and served, with barely a word spoken. He'd done a big adoration number on a cock ring I wore that night, and it told me that he was available for ownership if I wanted him. His ass was exceptionally tight and hot, I thought so it seemed, we all casor able idea.

I got him a wristband with a design that most of the local guys knew I'd adopted as a trademark. That branded him as my property, and he wore it rather proudly. We got a little deeper into things that turned me on, and he responded with obedience. I got him a dog collar and dubbed him fido when I moved him out of a cheap hotel and into my apartment.

fido obeyed, and fido liked to serve. Sometimes he didn't even need to be warmed up; he was there to give me whatever I wanted when I wanted it. If he wasn't feeling up to it, he'd look for just enough of a spark to light the fires. He was still learning to measure and control that. He was charting all of it somewhere in his head as to exactly the best ways to provoke me to just the level he wanted. I was the boss, but he was deciding

how rought I'd be, or how loving

I didn't like being manipulated quite so obviously. In fact, I was rapidly growing sick and tired of his carefully planned provocations whenever he sensed that I wanted to boil up a session, or when he felt like having one. I saw through them too quickly, and a lot of them just didn't work on me. It was a lot better when I could react from a genuine emotion, when I could see a real need to teach him a lesson. Those were the times that ended up rocking the bed. Still, the bed liked to move more often then he gave me real cause, so it figured that he'd have to invent things now and then

After the dog collar came the incident of the belt. It was the first time we had something of a genuine argument that wasn't geared to the usual conclusion. He spoke carefully and quietly,

and backed down if I started to get hot

I had had a local leather shop make me a wide black leather belt that had studded pockets in it. They were the right size to hold a foil packaged condom so that enough of the top would show. It would let anyone who looked see what it was. I liked the idea of wearing it to the bars and other places I frequented to make a statement that I believed in safe and careful sex, and that I practiced it.

fido found that embarrassing. He wanted the world to know he belonged to me, but not that I wore a condom when I used him. He thought it was as if I was teiling everyone that I thought he had VD. He'd gone in for a check-up on his own, without my telling him to, because he wanted me to stop wearing them with him. He had trouble understanding that I wanted to make it a habit, safety as second nature, and that I'd have to be exclusive with one guy for a long time before I'd consider not wearing one.

He wanted that faithful, keep-myself-only crap, but I wasn't about to pledge that. He had a long way to go before that! Still, I

had to admit, in a few short weeks, it seemed to be heading in that direction. Not that I didn't have any number of opportunities, but it was getting convenient to come home to a beautifully clean pad and pet my own little housemaid puppy. Oh, careful—I can't say "housemaid" unless i'm ready to growl. In all, the way things had gone, I was losing interest in outside games, but I'd wear the belt when I went out, just to spread the word, and to make it clear that I might own, but I wasn't owned

Now, with my flow of hot water off, I thought that I was losing a hell of a lot of interest for this inside game too. I wondered if it was the routine of it that now had me sitting here thinking it over without being annoyed, or if I really was getting tired of

Fido. Perhaps I was just bored in general

The only thing that would be obvious to him at the moment was that he had sent his signal for me to get out of the bath, and I was still in it. He'd be starting to worry a little about what might be going on in my mind. What might I be cooking up at this time?

There was the whip, of course. It hung in a coil on a peg by the bedroom door. I tended to think of it more as a decoration than a tool. It was a way of reminding anyone. I took into my bedroom that I was in charge of what might take place there. It was a vivid visual suggestion that discipline was always possible, and available. It usually said all it needed to say right there on the hook, but it was used on occassion.

I wondered if Fido was asking for it now. I hadn't taken the whip to him yet, and all the time he'd been here he's been eyeing it, wondering how it would taste. I supposed that he was quite sure he'd get it eventually. We'd gotten close to it a few times, but raising a few welts with a strap or a belt had always seemed like enough. The whip could break the skin. It left a mark

The whip? A strap? I wasn't too into chains, but I had a bit of that. It was all so damned ordinary! Maybe that's why I stayed in the tub this time. Things that were planned and rehearsed and designed grew tiresome. They weren't exciting anymore! I was having a bad case of "Ho hum, here we go again."

Our circles had grown fast from that first night of a little cock ring, we went to a wristband. From there to a dog collar, then through the belt, and now to the coiled whip? They were circles around circles of leather, I ke ripples in a pond. They kept reaching wider and wider, looking for some new and bigger thrill. The more he learned to serve me, the more he learned about me—and with that, the more he controlled and manipulated my every mood. Worse, the more I saw how he was doing it, the more gameake and tiresome it threatened to be

Fido was into pain a bit more than I liked to administer it. I wasn't in a hurry to challenge him to see how much he could take, yet he seemed to be asking me to crank it up a bit more each time. Right at the moment, I thought he was trying to get that whip off the peg. He really wanted to feel it, and I wasn't ready to use it on him. That would only happen when I felt a strong need for it, and this hot water charade wasn't good enough.

He wanted to get into more bondage games too, and I wasn't all that keen on them. Oh, there was a leash to go with the dog collar, but I wanted it as more of a joke than a reality. I had a pair of cuffs. It was Fido's suggestion that I cuff him and leash him to the bed until he learned to behave. The only reason I felt for doing it was because he wanted it. It was the old joke about feeling sadistic if I said "no!"

Too much was routine. Some of the things we did because we'd heard or read somewhere that they were a kick. I needed more gut-level reality. At least, I needed strong feelings behind or beneath a performance. When I was touched off by a real anger, it would wail. When I felt he truly needed discipline, it would soar! Ho, hum, here we go again

I wanted something, however. My hot bath soaks got my music started. He knew it, and he was in the kitchen calling for me. What else was there to think about in hot, swirling water? Yeah, I could do with some sex. I could go for that

Which meant, I supposed, that I'd have to go for the routine. I

closed my eyes again and leaned back. My vision was a field of red, looking at the inside of my own lids. I thought I'd try to remember to soften the light in here.

It needed to be different. I wasn't about to leave this tub until I had a damned good plan to make it somehow different. The leather circles had rippled larger and larger, but in so doing they had become too familiar. I considered having the whip come off the peg this time around. I had thought to save that for a special need, but in desperation, this was becoming just that. If I couldn't think of anything else, I'd use the whip on him.

Different!

Damn, but I wish he could appreciate what it is to try to keep dreaming up new kicks. All he has to do is respond to me. I do the inventing, I give the orders, and all he has to do is obey. Oh,

Fido was into pain a bit more than I liked to administer it. I wasn't in a hurry to challenge him to see how much he could take, yet he seemed to be asking me to crank it up a bit more each time.

sure, he does use his mind. He studies me and tries to coax my heat to where he wants it. Still, the thing he needs now is to be taught to appreciate the effort!

The idea of role reversal began to arouse me. What the hell would be do if I suddenly pulled a role reversal on him?

At the moment that thought occurred, he turned the water off in the kitchen, and it again began to burn its way up my legs. I was glad it was still hot, that he hadn't used enough to empty the tank

The nearly scalding flow inched up my legs, cooling only slightly in the blend of the heady-smelling, sweet soapy water. Soon I felt it caressing at my things, and finally licking like a hot tongue at the crevice of my ass and over my balls. My cock started rising in pulse. Soon it would tower up out of the water before me

How would I go about shocking the shit out of him with a sudden role reversal? If I started it on him, I might have to go all the way with it. I could manage that, It would be easy enough to come out of the bathroom and beg his forgiveness for having used the hot water when he wanted to do the dishes. If he didn't faint from the shock of it, something would happen. What if I played it stronger? What if he picked up on it and tried to play it along with me? What if he turned out to be man enough to dominate me?

My cock was nearing its fullest stretch as I began to imagine the scene. I could fall to my knees before him in the kitchen, then beg him to be physical. Not in so many words, of course, I couldn't instruct him and act out a submissive role at the same time I'd have to manipulate him as he did me. Still, it would go nowhere unless I could get at least a slap across the face out of him. He'd probably be far too surprised and shocked to have a good, honest, quick reaction that might start a fire.

I'd instruct him by insult in some careful way. It couldn't be the sort of demeaning jibe I used constantly to remind him that he was a piece of trash I picked up in a bar three weeks ago, It would have to be something entirely different to get real anger from him.

His masculinity. That was the most important part of his being, his manliness. I'd known some puppies that took to being treated like cunts, or being referred to with words like "she" or "her." Fido was not one of these. Actually, that was one of the things I liked most about him, the way he was pure man, however bent-over at the time. He had strongly resisted me the one time I tried to put him in a missionary position. He didn't like that at all! He wanted it in the ass, not as a cunt with her legs up. Yeah, I'd have to think of some jibe that would piss him off, and it would be something along those lines. I could get a slap out of him with that.

The hot water flowing around the underside of my cock felt

like it was trying to stroke me. Het it. A role reversal thing would be wild, and I couldn't get too hot for it. It was going to be

special! I wanted to be ready.

He'd be at the sink in those crotch-clutcher underpants. They were little more than a posing strap to begin with, but I could play on that. I'd make some smart remark about how he must have gotten them from a mail order house in Hollywood—the type that caters to high-priced hookers and starlets.

I felt my ass tighten, and a thrust of blood go through my body to my cock. It seemed to go up the shaft like a good fuck thrust, then disappear into the steamy air above me. It felt

terrific. It was like humping the air

I'd get him out of the little dingy-diapers and worship his cock the way he prayed to mine. By then, he'd have the message that I wanted to change places. He'd know that was what I

wanted, so he would obey

I gave my own cock another two or three of those fun-feeling blood thrusts. If I concentrated on it, and set a rhythm with it, I thought I could get totally involved in an air fuck. What I liked about it, other than how good it felt, was that it was getting me hotter than hell for what was to come. The notion of a role reversal had edged out of being merely an idea. It was begin-

ning to be a plan.

It wasn't going to be hard for me to do some adorations on his cock—I wouldn't have to fake that! He had a beautiful hunk of solid meat that glistened red and ready when it came up for play. It was long, slim and full-looking as it curved upwards in a gentle arch. From the underside, the tittle hinge of flesh that stretched from the shaft to the head looked as strong as wire when it was full. The framing red bulb thrust in its own design, more arrow-like than rounded. His was a glorious, beautiful, meaningful weapon that promised one hell of a powerful shot when fired.

Squeezing my butt for blood thrusts led me to trying to imagine feeling that great cock getting in there. It was a joit just to think of it in my butt, and the turn-on of the hot water licking at me made it sensational.

I thought of myself taking it hard. I began chewing at it with my ass. It began to feel as if it were really there, coming up out of the bottom of the tub somehow to plow into my guts. It began stabbing in slow, full, determined strokes, then it got faster and faster with each thrust. It felt as if it was pounding its way through my guts and up inside my own cock, doubling its size and its strength and its need! My own blood strokes were going at a steady and mounting beat. I wasn't concentrating on them now, they were just going! Bath water sloshed about from my humping motions.

He'd buy the role reversal, and I'd drive him wild with it! Oh, yeah! Yeah! Fido turns on his master! Yeah! He'd pound into mel Sure, baby! Yeah! He could even use the whip if he wanted I could dig on it. I'd like a few stings across my back to make it hotter! Sure! That would get my guts to churning, so that as he pumped his cock up into them, I'd give him some inside moves he'd never imagined! Yeah! Oh, baby! This wasn't going to be a case of rolling over to take care of him out of the goodness of my heart. No "go ahead and get it over with" about thi

Fido! Baby! I'd get his long hot cock to fuck me a heavy one! Shove it! Oh, yeah! I'd show him submissive, submissive in

tears, like he didn't know I could!

Damn, but I could feel it! I was taking it in the ass just thinking about it! Shit! My cock was up out of the water and throbbing

so hot that it had gone dry!

I pushed it down into the bot water. The grasp of my fist on it sent a few new jolts through me, but they only heightened the excitement my imagination was now pounding into my ass. Het my cock spring back up, splashing water as it flew, I didn't remove my hand, but I might must as well have. It was all happening inside!

Damn, but it was happening! Oh, Fido! fido would learn the new role, and he'd be a stailion in his performance of it! He'd have to slap me around a little, he'd have to show me what I was and where I belonged. I'd try to pretend to balk a little bit, so

he'd have to grab me so tightly that his fists broke the skin. He'd knock me about, even as he fucked, so that I could feel it in my guts, stabbing, demanding, pounding. Let it rage, baby! Go! Full blast!

He'd fuck me so hard up the butt that his cock probably would push its way up into mine. He'd grunt like a bear, and I'd hear music! He'd stab me with his full length of hot iron, pound me with no mercy, I'd love it! Yeah! A man that lets me know he's pure man! There d be sweat pouring off his face and his chest, and its saltiness might splash into the broken skin on my back. Sting! Burn! It's gonna be that way! You can do it, Fido! Master Fido!! Fuck me, baby! Fuck it!

I no longer felt the hot water on my balls as much as I fe to them churning about and burrowing up into my body. I knew what it meant—I had a flash of being sorry, but it vanished in the excitement. I should have stopped, but—it was too late now! Too late! I was yanking at my frantic pole and it had gone dry again from its own heat. Once more, I shoved it into the hot water.

That did it!

It still feit like he was fucking up through my ass into my own cock. If he was going to come, it would split mine wide open and splash blood all over the bathroom. Let it! He was going to come in my guts! All right! No...No, Fido was still in the kitchen and I was alone in the tub. He wasn't coming, but I sure as helt was!!

I did

I watched the power of my mind and body send my stuft several feet up in the air. It was like a slow-motion movie as it arched and fell splashing back down on my heaving chest and into the bath water.

finally, after several long, gasping moments, I had to begin to consider what I'd done. Planning alone had taken over, and blown it for any such plans to be put into action, at least at the moment. But I knew what it was I wanted, now I knew what got me off. There would be a chance to get it, sometime in the luture

fido was good for me. He was all I really wanted and needed. Maybe it was time now for us to stop looking for bigger and better leather circles, and just retine the ones we already had. Oh, yeah, I dug on it with fido, either side of it!

I got out of the tub and dried myself in the bathroom, I washed out the tub: I might have left it for my puppy to lick up, but it was embarrassing to think he'd know I had gotten myself off. I decided to put on some clean shorts and simply saunter out into the kitchen as if nothing had happened. A cup of

and it laded from being

"I'm glad you're out, dear. I had to do the dishes because the Hardings are coming over. Put some clothes on, dear, they'll be here any minute."

"What do they want?"

"Something to do with that bar down the street," she answered

I wondered where my darling wife or the uptight neighbors, the Hardings, had heard about the bar. "What about it?"

"There's a rumor going around that it's going to caler to homosexuals."

"So? What's the harm in having a gay bar in the neighborhood?"

"They say it's going to be for the biker types, that toughlooking crowd. The Hardings are circulating a petition,"

"To each his own, honey," I pouted. "I don't think we should sign something like that,"

"If we don't, the Hardings will tell everybody that we support that sort of thing in our nice, quiet, family area. Oh, I know. I like to be liberal about such things, but—"

"We won't sign," I said.

"You know, I've seen that type, with all their leather clothes and chains draped around. I can't imagine how they do what they do, , , whatever they do to each other."

"I ve been wondering about that myself," I smited.

# **OUTLAW**

by K.J. Myers

I've managed to pull off some major fuck-ups in my young life, but the latest was truly of world class proportions. It all began on a warm June afternoon as I was cruising down a country road. I had the windows rolled down, Bruce cranked up on the radio, going with the flow. Then I saw those dreaded

red lights in the rearview mirror.

Okay, I thought, no cause to sweat. The worse that can happen is a fine and a stern lecture about the evils of speeding. right? Well, no. During one of my frequent lapses of good judgment, I had agreed to deliver some pot from one buddy to another. The plastic bag of killer weed happened to be occupying the seat right beside yours truly. Unless the policeman was Ray Charles, I asked the nice officer.

"What's in that bag?" asked the nice officer.

"That's oregano," I repued innocently. "I do a lot of herbal cooking."

"Bullshit!" said the nice officer, "You have the right to remain silent..."

To make a short story shorter, I was hauled off to see a judge who pondered my fate for all of thirty seconds before deciding I was guilty as hell. His Honorable denounced me as a threat to this country's very moral fiber and sentenced me to six months in the Whitman County Jail. I could have called on my parents for help, except that I'm currently on Mommy and Daddy's shit list I'm not sure why, but It may have something to do with getting expelled from college for giving blowjobs in the campus library

Like any other hardened criminal, I was forced to go through the usual pre-incarceration rituals of being stripped, sprayed with bug killer and having my ass searched to make sure I wasn't concealing anything dangerous, like a cruise missile. The next step, according to every drive-in movie I've ever watched, would be to meet the fat, corrupt sheriff who would work me over with a cattle prod and then try to frame me for murder.

It turned out that Sheriff J. W. "Bubba" Hapgood was indeed every paranoid city boy's nightmare of a redneck lawman come to life, well over three hundred pounds of jiggling cellulite and Nazi attitude. The strange thing was that he actually seemed to like me. "It ain't no disgrace to make a mistake," he said in a syrupy drawl, "Fine, good-lookin' young felfer like you has got his whole life ahead of him. Don't let this thing get you down, hear?"

I literally became Sheriff Bubba's fair-headed boy. While the other inmates had to wash police cruisers or mop the floors, Hapgood gave me extra TV privileges. He made sure I got extra food on my plate and even provided me with my very own private cell so I wouldn't be bothered by, in his words, "the faggits."

I realized, of course, that Hapgood's motives were more than a little suspect. All during his lectures on the dangers of queers and how all "preverts" should get the death penalty, if not something more serious, Bubba's chubby digits would casually find their way to my ass. I also noticed that his eyes had a way of wandering down to the bulge between my legs. My suspicions proved correct a few nights later.

It was past midnight when I heard the cell door unlock and then open. I opened my eyes to behold a vision that would give a maggot dry heaves. Standing in the moonlight and wearing only his Sam Browne belt was Whitman's protector of law and order, Sheriff Hapgood. "I'm gonna fuck your pretty ass, blondie," he said in a whisper that I guess was meant to be seductive.

There are any number of men on this planet that I would give my vital organs to see standing naked beside my bed but, unfortunately, Hapgood wasn't one of them. The sight of a two-and-a-half-inch flaccid cock barely visible underneath a protruding gut that suggests the birth of quintuplets is imminent has never been my idea of a turn-on

"Fuck off," I said, turning back over and going to sleep.

The next day the shit hit the fan and the milk of human kindness suddenly turned sour. No more television, no more extra portions, and definitely no more convict condo. "Take this fuckin' lag's ass downstairs," Hapgood ordered a deputy, "And put him in with Jake. That oughta teach the cocksucker

some respect."

The jailhouse basement was obviously reserved for very bad boys. It was cold, dark, and home to several species of mutant vermin—I saw rats and cockroaches capable of carrying off household appliances. Compared to this the Black Hole of Calcutta must have seemed like the Club Med. I was shoved inside a cramped dungeon as the door locked quickly behind me. "Have a nice day," said the deputy as he walked back up the steps. I don't think he was at all sincere

The first thing that hit me was that the place smelled like an explosion in a cum factory. The yellowish status that were all over the walls and floor suggested that there had been enough seed spilled to fill up Montana. I then noticed that I was not alone. Stretched out on a bunk in the corner was someone, or something, that was big enough to be either a mountain gorilla or the entire offensive line of the Forty-Niners. I decided that it

was better off left alone

What finally lumbered out of the darkness was enough to give the bravest man a severe case of brown briefs. I wasn't sure at first if the creature was even human—it looked like the bastard prodigy of a grizzly bear's illicit love affair with a prowrestler. The brute had arms the size of thighs, a chest as big around as a Volkswagen and eyes that were far too wild to belong to any sane person. Dressed only in torn, smelly Jeans. his upper back, torso and face were nearly covered with golden brown fur. That was more than enough to turn my insides to unflavored gelatin, and it sure didn't help that he was growling like a beast in heat

We stood and stared silently at each other for a few long minutes until I remembered my manners. "My name's Jamie

Barnett," I said, "You must be Jake..."

Unfortunately, my new roomie had a different sense of etiquette, Ignoring my outstretched hand he instead slammed a massive forearm to the side of my head which enabled me to view entire galaxies.

"That's MISTER Jake to you, asswipe," he roared,

"Unnerstand?"

I nodded affirmatively and got a size-fifteen kick in the abdomen - I wan to be at well say 'Yes, sir' and I wanna hear you say it I ke you tuck in mean it. To add a little emphasis, the boot was placed directly over my genitals,

"Yes, sir."

The boot pressed down hard. "Ain't nearly loud enough, boy."

Yes, sir!" | shouted

"Say it louder If'n you wanna keep your balls

"YES, SIR!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, "YES, SIR!" Take reached down and pulled me by the hair to a kneeling position. "Gonna show you a feller," he said with a grin, " 'Cause it's gonna be your job to keep him real happy, When he ain't happy I ain't gonna be happy neither." He then unzipped his levis and exposed the meanest looking cock in existence.

The monster was throbbing with a life of its own, Jake held on to it with both hands and still it pulsated. Enormously thick and striped with blue verns, there was enough loose foreskin dangling from the tip to create another dick. The sweet crotch smell of dried piss and cum made my passions rise to a boiling point, I wanted so much to suck every last drop of love juice out of it, but I was mindful of the mountain of violent muscle that stood over me

"Can I please touch it, sir?"

Amazingly, Jake gave me permission, and I was soon gently stroking the beautifully ugly meat with my fingertips, feeling it getting rock-hard and larger with every second. "Get your clothes off, boy," Jake suddenly said in a low voice. "Right now,"

Forced to bend over, I felt his big hand reach in the anal cavity and nearly rip apart the buttocks. Mister Jake was not one to do anything the easy way. The next sensation was like having a white-hot ten-inch rod jammed up my ass. The first thrust was brutal, the ones that followed were torturous. It was as if I wasn't so much being buttfucked as systematically disemboweled. The brain was sending messages downstairs to relax, but no one was paying attention. The strong muscles of the inner wall were determined to fight the massive intruder for every bloody inch of territory it demanded

The more I pleaded for mercy or wept in anguish, the more Mister Jake's braying laughter filled the cell. He was having more fun than a kid who's just set fire to the neighbor's cat.

I will admit that the man was a true master in the manly art of rear-end drilling. He could make his cock writhe and dance deep inside me like a snake on a bad acid trip. He locked his hands around my waist and litted me effortlessly off the floor. I was squirming and squealing like a pig impaled on a spike.

"Who's the fuckin' boss?" Mister Jake demanded to know over and over again. If only I could have stopped screaming long enough to provide him with the obvious answer...

After prolonging the sweet torment longer than I thought any man could, the cockhead finally contracted and a torrent of steaming cum filled me. My usefulness spent, I was unceremoniously dumped on the fluor. I spent the night there, naked and shivering on the cold concrete, listening to the big man's locomotive snoring. It had proven to be a very interesting day

Watching the rodents scurry about my feet, I came to the conclusion that the only way I could possibly survive being penned up with brute was to do everything I could to make him happy. I fell asleep determined to be the perfect servant...

"Wake up, you lazy son of a bitch," bellowed Mister Jake. I reluctantly opened my eyes and was immediately hit with a shower of warm an her pass. The Kaloua downpour that squirted forth lasted for several minutes as Mister Jake emptied his biadder of everything he had even thought about drinking for the past week. I was forced to open my mouth and drink at least a galion of the recycled iquid, Things were not starting off well at all

That was only the first phase of my punishment for being a sleepyhead. I feeby tried to explain that I usually didn't get out of bed until noon and that, until this very moment, I had always considered dawn to be—

"Don't you give me none of your fuckin' back talk, asshole, growled Jake menacingly, "or I'll have you shittin' your teeth for the next week, unnerstand?"

"Unnerstand?" was the master's very favorite question. It was almost always followed by a royal ass thumping. This was not going to be an exception. I was hauled over his knees and given a bare-handed butt blistering that lasted for the better part of an hour. The end result was a crimson ass that was hot enough to be rented out as a microwave oven

"Either you're gonna learn to be Jake's boy or you're gonna be dead meat. Now go stand in the corner till you ligger out which it's gonna be."

I waited until I thought that perhaps his anger cooled before tentatively asking if I could give it another try, adding, "I promise to do better, sir."

"Couldn't do no fuckin' worse. Okay, get over here and take care of your owner."

The IQ of an Einstein wasn't necessary to figure out that the first priority was to deal with the horrible swelling that had developed between Mister Jake's legs. Carefully, I unzipped the jeans and let the genitals spill out for eacy access. They were indeed a sight for the horniest of tongues.

Immediately I went to work on the low-hanging scrotum and

the two behemoth balls that it contained. One testicle at a time was a mouthful but, not wanting to cause any fraternal jealousy, I made sure that each was given equal time. I kissed and tongued both until they were a raw red color.

I then moved north, starting out at the base and moving up, I coated the sausage thick shaft with layers of saliva, making the dick shine like a diamond in the sun. Every stroke seemed to stimulate more growth as the organ became fat with blood and semen. The very best part was saved for last.

Never having chewed the cock of anyone of the uncut persuasion, I was eager to explore the mysteries of the foreskin. I was pleasantly surprised to lift the skinflap and find a whole treasure of tasty leftovers. However, the best part was that I finally elicited a visible reaction from the usually impassive boss. His eyes and fists closed tightly and the humongous body actually shook with spasms of delight.

The cock was beginning to gozerout a bit of pre-cum, so I quickly took as much of the rock-hard dick as I could hold in my mouth and started to suck. That wasn't enough action for Mister Jake. He slammed my head deep into his crotch, simultaneously forcing me to keep it down and was duly rewarded with a full belly of Grade A, fresh non-pasteurized man milk, nature's most perfect food.

Mister Jake designated that a bath would be next on the agenda. If that doesn't sound like much of a job, please reconsider. The master was never going to join a soap-and-water fan club. His body gave off a ripe, erotic odor that was fragrant testimony to several years of dirty fucking. He smelled like a thousand-and-one wet dreams. My task was to use my tongue to scrub the huge body to a slight resemblance of cleanliness. That was quite a formidable task but certainly not unpleasant. The tour lasted several hours and included side trips to such exotic locates as the armpits, inner thighs and navel. When it was over, there wasn't a dry square-inch of skin or bodily orifice to be found. In the process, I ingested enough snot, piss, sweal and who knows what to meet the FDA's adult daily minimum requirements for a lifetime.

I was actually feeling pretty damned good about my new role. Of course, I figured I would make some more mistakes along the way and of course, I knew I would be duly punished. All In all though, this business of being a slave was no big deal

Talking about anything was something that a slave should never do anyway. I was to speak only after being spoken to first by the master. My duties were simply to not only answer every demand and need but to anticipate them as well. I was to consider my mouth, my ass, my entire body to be at the twenty-four hour disposal of Mister Jake. All of my energy was to be directed at making sure that he was happy.

Those were, to quote Mister Jake, "the motherfuckin' rules," Violations were absolutely not tolerated and punishment was both swift and harsh. Lacking any of the fancy tools of discipline, Mister Jake relied upon his own animalistic strength to get the job done. The rainbow of bruises on my body was proof that it served him well.

Strange things began to happen, I could gradually feel myse fichanging every day. Physically, I bore little resemblance to the soft suburban kild I had been on that first day. The enforced diet and daily calisthenics Mister Jake insisted I perform daily had replaced the baby and beer fat with a layer of lean, sinewy muscle. My constant state of nakedness now seemed entirely natural, and during those rare times when we were a lowed out of the cell the clothing felt restrictive and uncomfortable.

The changes inside were even more dramatic. Quite rightly, I had been scared shitless of Mister Jake when we first met. That emotion never really went away, but it was eventually joined by a deep respect for the man. To me, he was as perfect as anything walking upright is likely to get. It startled me to suddenly realize that my feelings had gotten strong enough to be called love.

I think I would have been disappointed if Mister Jake had ever put his own sentiments into words. His actions were far more eloquent in any case. During those times when I had particularly fulfilled my duties well, I was rewarded. On cold

nights, Mister Jake would part those hirsute logs that passed for legs and let me climb on top of his warm body. I would rest my head on the mountainous chest and be fulled to sleep by the steady heartbeat, knowing that I was one fortunate son of a bitch

The transformation did not go unnoticed Jailers and deputies made it a point to come downstairs. Since the master lived in a nearly perpetual state of erection, they were treated to hours of mansex at its best. Mister Jake wasn't at all shy about putting his boy through the paces, letting me display my total submissiveness as well as my ability to accommodate the freakishly sized organ in any manner that was demanded. Not a few of them witnessed the performances with suddenly hardened dicks and probably they all were astonished at my master's mighty virinty, comparable to a bull who has been mainlining Spanish fly.

It was inevitable that the stories would circulate throughout the jail and, sure enough, we were blessed with a visit from the

porcine prince himself, Sheriff Bubba Hapgood

I'm sure the lawman knew the welcome mat wasn't out. because he stood several feet away from the cell door. He spent several minutes eyeing my bare body before getting down to business. "I came here for the boy," he announced

The effect those words had on Mister Jake was predictable "Nobody touches my boy!" he thundered, "Lay a fuckin' finger on him and you'll find out why it ain't healthy to mess with Jake

McGuire's personal property,'

'You ain't got no property," Hapgood sneered, "I was prepared to be reasonable, but I guess it ain't possible to reason with a wild man. Gonna have to blast your nuts all the way to China." With that, he pulled out a service revolver and entered the cell

I wondered if perhaps the sheriff was right about the master being a wild man, because the sight of the firearm didn't stop him from advancing on Hapgood

The next moments were locked in time, played out in super

slow-motion. Mister take kept moving forward, the sheriff's finger twitched on the trigger, and I watched and waited. Instructively, I reacted to the threat that Hapgood posed by hurling myself at him. It was the sort of unselfish act that I would previously have been incapable of performing. Any courage I displayed was entirely due to Mister Jake

The master then took the opportunity to redefine the term "police brutality" for Bubba's benefit, as he pummeled the lawman into so much pork chops. Mister Jake didn't even read Hapgood his Miranda rights before commencing with the interrogation. "I trained this boy and I'm keepin' him with me forever. Neither you or nobody else is gonna take him away, unnerstand?"

Stripped and pleading, Sheriff Hapgood reminded me more of an obscenely obese, blubbering baby than the stalwart protector of law and order. If only the good folks of Whitman County could have seen of Bubba trussed up with his own handcutts and shackles. The only thing missing was an apple for his mouth, but Mister Jake, as always, had an idea.

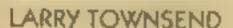
Only reason I'm lettin' you off this easy is 'cause I got some travelin' to do," he told Hapgood. "But I want to leave you with

a reminder of Jake McGuire "

I m positive that the fat lawman will always remember Mister take. I certainly will never forget the sight of his own nightstick rammed ail the way up Hapgood's ass. It was a good thing that somebody had thought to soundproof the basement cells; I'm sure the sheriff's screaming would have disturbed people for miles around

There's a lot more to tell, but that will necessarily have to wait for another time. Our subsequent escape and adventures as modern-day outlaws deserve their own story, I will say that it was like living out a Butch Cassidy-Sundance Kid fantasy, the difference being that I doubt Butch ever made Sundance eat shit. Anyway, the important thing is that I know I'll always be Mister Jake's boy and that makes me very, very happy

Unnerstand?



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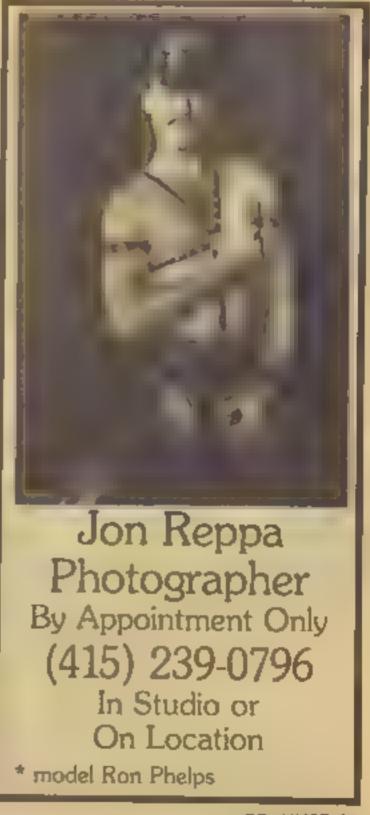
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# VISICAN CULTAIN BRAST

Step. Step. Run. All the way around the camp, inside the warning wire, is three miles. How many laps have I... No! Don't think. Don't count. Run

Run until you drop, Don't think, Don't stop. I haven't eaten today, I didn't eat yesterday. I run around in this large circle Run. Step. Step. Step. ...

I m back in Vietnam, In an underground room, My Marine uniform has been shredded. My pants were cut off my body. My shirt is hanging in tatters.

Leg irons have been fastened over my boots, and padlocked to eyebolts in the floor. There is no chain, no slack, between the irons and the eyebolts. I cannot possibly stand up until the irons are removed. Rawhide cords are tied around my wrist, and then tied to my ankles. I am trapped in this kneeling position.

As I watch, the Air force lieutenant who brought me here attaches wires to a strange leather and metal ball-stretcher into which they've squeezed my nuts. Then he hooks them to an old field telephone, one of the old ones with the crank...

My face must have shown my fear, because the Lieutenant started to smile. "Figured it out, Jarhead? Het you see what I was doin", 'cause it works better when you're sweating."

The Captain came back then, pushing an ARVN raw recruit in front of him. The kid was about 19, in a brand-new uniform. He was bundfolded, and his hands were cuffed behind him.

A month ago this kid had been farming the land his family had worked for Buddha knows how many generations. Then a government press gang had swept through the area, "conscripting" young men for the army He had been given a uniform, taught to march and to handle a rifle without shooting

himself in the foot, and then on his first pass into town he had been kidnapped by a crazy American

The blindfold was removed. The kid recognized the room for what it was, one of the places built for "interviews" with suspected Viet Cong. He must have figured that he would never leave here alive. But the part that he couldn't figure out was a crewcut blond American Marine, chained to the floor, tied up like a hog about to be slaughtered, and covered with whip marks.

"Looks scared. Did you tell him we weren't goin' to hurt him?"

"Yeah, but I don't think he believed me. Caught him going into the whorehouse. Told him we were going to save him some money."

The Captain pushed the kid toward me. He reached in front of the kid and unfastened his pants. The kid's uncut cock and balls were hanging in front of my face

"Okay, Jarhead, start sucking,"

"Fuck you, faggot!"

A bolt of pain exploded in my balls. Muscles spasmed and I tried to double over, almost dislocating my shoulders,

"Look here, Jarhead. You can suck cock, or get your balls fried off. Every time you slow down I'm gonna start turnin' this crank, and the generator in this thing pops a whole bunch of volts through your jewels. You're gonna break, and suck off the Gook for practice, and then suck off both of us. Why not save yourself some pain?"

The kid didn't understand much English, but he had figured out some of what was going on. While the Captain held him in place in front of me, his cock had gone rock-hard. It pointed at



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### RITES AND RAUNCH

There was definately something eviabout the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine—well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff—devi-worship toilet sex in a filthy bathroom. Mile-bonding at it's most extreme

### PART 1 THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD

The kld's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves. It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksucking, armpris, piss, and most of al., hot masculine attitude

### PART 2 THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD

Dad's been wating for the right apportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it but those hot assigneeks and adolsescent cock are too tempting.

### KID vs DAD— WINNER TAKE ALL

Ever wrestle with your Old Man? Ever wander what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot—too hot—and he overpowered you? Even wonder about al the different things he could force you do to to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this topel

### MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dod asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the toot of the bed rubbing his crotch and watching his Dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs, and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that cum nates in a super hot scene



### MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders after a sweaty workout...stripping down to sweatdrenched Jock straps...eyeing each other..., their hands reaching out to feet their buddy's bicep, brushing against these solid, hard pecs...and down, down still further 'till they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in it you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-toman action, STEAMY LOCKERROOM SEX WITH NO HOLDS BARRED, then this tape if for you.

### DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route He's a hot straight Italian guy who seems a iffle "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar The barrender jumps at the opportunity, soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off "I gotta piss," Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hot session follows: that gets into heavy cocksucking, lots of dirty talk, more piss games, and kinky exhibitionism:

### **BIKE EXHIBITIONIST**

Imagine, it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a bixer who looks too good to be true-mean, dirty, muscular—leaning against his big black Harley You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage, his massive chest his big hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick. It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand. when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does.



### HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent httchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert Bob has a kink in his neck....Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage Bob's leather jacket is the first think to come off—then his dirty greasy jeans When they drop to the floor of the cab. you littind out why this tape is called HOT HUNG TRUCKER Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you'll fee like you're right there to help him out



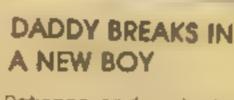
AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy who's wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's enormous cock? Sucking that mammouth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guy's begging for it up his ass. He gets it too plus Al's grant balls at the same time, in one of the hottest kink est scenes ever recorded 45 minutes.



### GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

Two sweaty garage mechinics tope a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight at first, anyway Lots of axel grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.



Patience and understanding goes out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried and true adage, "spare the rod and spoll the boy" It is heavy duty training in an actual session Both the boy and you will be better for having been there



### TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tope is featured on the cover of Drummer Magazine Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to de iver some heavy abuse both physical and mental. On side one he talks directly to you forcing you to suck his big cock and worship that incredible Master body On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a slave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy, heavy obuse.

### THE D.I. STARRING MASTER MARIO

Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the origi Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command

### MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hat and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks atrine Richie has to take a piss...and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig—fiyou like your action taunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms, the feel of a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in MARINES OVERHEARD.



### THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

"I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about...your tongue is going to be my shower., your mouth is going to be my toilet...you re going to make me feel like the biggest man in the world just cause your got a throat Get your teeth down there on that zipper...get down that a man is like between his legs." This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation the Commander is going to heap on you

### TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds wikingly and unwikingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the Di's heavy hand and busy belt Breathtaking!

### TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men listen as will you when he tells you how tils and how tis going to be Whether the punishment is its own reward or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit can say 1 hour

### THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute perverted force. Climaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass

### COP WORSHIP

We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception, It's one guy's cop fantasies. his true-irfe obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop has had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to his knees to suck not only his cock but his partner's too, as the two cops stare at each other in the eye. All the guy's pent-up desires come out surping cop cum out of rubbers, swallowing gallens of cop piss. wallowing under dominant cop attitude. If you're into cops you'll listen to this tape again and again.

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me like a compass finding North, Slowly Heaned foreward, and for the first time in my life took a man's organ in my mouth

"That's it, Jarhead. You came over here to kill Gooks, and now this Gook is usin' you as his cocksuckin' whore. Make him feel real good, faggot. You're our new secret weapon, a queer Marine who sucks cock so good that the Gooks won't fuck their whores anymore, and there won't be any more Gook kids. We'll win this war in a generation."

The kid started to yell in Vietnamese, probably something like "Oh Buddha, I'm coming!" He shot his load of thick, hot

cum into my mouth.

"Take it all, Jarhead. Don't spill a single drop if you know

what's good for you."

The Captain and the kid started talking to each other in Vietnamese, then the Captain took the kid over to one wall and locked an iron collar around his neck

"I told the kid that if he wanted to stick around, the Jarhead would suck him off again after he finishes with us. He said that that Leatherneck queer gives blow-jobs that are worth \$25 American. High praise in these parts."

The Captain took the Lieutenant's place at the telephone and

the Lieutenant walked over to me

"Listen up, faggot! All you have to do is open my pants, pulout my cock, and suck it the way you did the Gook's. But if I feel a tooth, I'm going to pull it out of your mouth so's I don't feel it again. You understand, asshole?"

I nodded, then leaned forward and started unzipping his fly with my teeth. Even through his pants I could tell that his cock

was larger than the kid's.

"Semper fuckin' fi, Jarhead!"

Step. Step. Run. All the way around the camp again. Pre-fab buildings inside fences, barbed wire. The Americans have learned from the Soviets. Anyone who doesn't conform is sick, and must be quarantined. Like the Japanese-Americans in World War II, or the Jews and Gypsies in Germany

Not Run. Don't think. Push the body to the limit. The pain is gone. The empty belly, the fire in the lungs, the fatigue in the limbs, all far away. Moving into an altered state of conscious-

ness, a separate reality

The men who work in the oil fields, on the drilling rigs, are called roughnecks. Why? Beats me. Somebody's idea of a joke, or maybe it has something to do with "redneck."

Anyway, roughnecking is hard work. Dirty, usually hot, always exhausting and sometimes dangerous. Yet it is very satisfying work. Pay's good, there's a feeling of satisfaction, of accomplishment, and a bonding among a crew that's been together for a white.

I guess that's why I felt so betrayed when I found out that my

crew had sold me out. Literally,

I was roughnecking in the Middle East, the foreman on one well. I had a good crew, we were ahead of schedule, and everything was going well. Then someone fell in love with me

This sultan or whatever they're called came out to the field on an inspection tour. Naturally it was one of the hottest days of the year, and I was working without my shirt, like most of the rest of my crew. I don't know what it was about me that he found so attractive. Maybe that I'm blond, maybe the muscles, maybe the fact that I probably had less body hair than any of his wives. Anyway, he let the oil company know that I was part of the price of any future drilling rights.

The sonovabitch didn't want me just for a night or a weekend.

He wanted to own my ass.

The oil company executives, those pillars of capitalism and the free enterprise system, had one question: How could they get away with it?

They found a way. My crew was invited to a party, in honor of being so far ahead of schedule. The higher-ups had flown in a real treat for us, a case of lack Daniels.

A lot of the Middle Eastern countries have outlawed beer, whiskey, and the like as being against the Koran. In some places it was officially against the law, which was only an excuse for

charging high prices for it. But where we were it really was illegal. It had to be smuggled in, and possession was good for a trip to the whipping post.

It had been a while since we had had any whiskey. About four months back a man on another crew had set up a still, but the local authorities had caught him and a judge had sentenced him to thirty lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails. After that we figured on a long dry spell.

So we got rip-roaring drunk that night, and sometime during the evening someone slipped me a mickey. I was out colder than a side of frozen beef for longer than I care to think about.

The next day the derrick my crew was working on blew out. An oil-well fire can burn as hot as a tactical nuclear device, and it was considered a miracle that only one life was lost in that fire. Mine

I was nowhere near the derrick when it blew, but every man jack of my crew had been paid a bonus of three months' wages to say that I was. They had put me up on the fucking block and sold me down the river

I woke up with the worst hangover in my life it was made worse by my realizing that I was on some sort of chopping block, or something—it was in a courtyard, surrounded by a stone wall of some sort. I was naked, except for an iron collar around my neck. The block was under my chest and stomach, Leather straps above my elbows and knees held me in place.

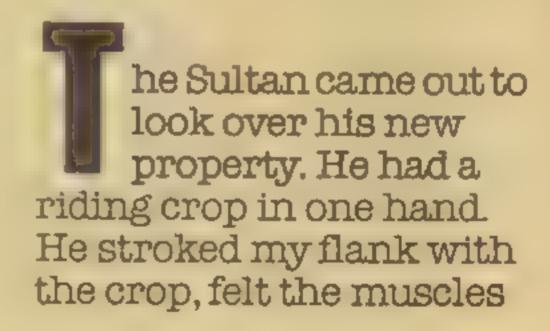
There was someone there from the oil company, the slimy bastard who had set up the whole thing. He told me what had happened, why I was there, that I was legally dead in the

oil-well fire, and no one would be looking for me

The Sultan came out to look over his new property. He had a riding crop in one hand. He stroked my flank with the crop, felt the muscles of my back and legs, fondied my balls and my limp cock, poked at my ass with the crop, felt my arms, and generally made me feel like a horse he'd bought. But enough was enough. When he bent down and tried to open my mouth to check my teeth, I spit in his face.

Surprisingly, he laughed

He left me after that. I had time to wonder about the original



purpose of the block I was strapped to. There seemed to be blood stains on the ground around it. I kept telling myself that they butchered sheep and goats on it. I was determined to tell myself that until I believed it.

After I had had a while to think about that, some other Arabs came into the courtyard. They didn't seem at all surprised to see a naked American strapped to the butcher block. They quickly and efficiently built a tent over me. My first thought was that it was to keep the sun off.

These type of tents are made of camel hair. The way they lashed down the flaps made sure that no stray breeze would get in. Then they started pouring water on it.

Humidity inside the tent climbed toward a hundred per cent. The temperature climbed along with it. I was sweating like a pig Every once in a while someone would douse another bucket of water on the tent. The sound of it, the sight of it running on the

ground, so close and yet out of reach...

I remembered what my trainers had told me in high school and college. They made us weigh in before and after football practice to find out how much weight we had lost due to sweat. They told us time and again that the water and minerals must be replaced. I had seen one of my teammates go into convulsions once, due to dehydration and sodium depletion.

I figure I had lost over ten pounds in sweat when the Sultan came back. As he walked into the tent the flaps were opened, and a deliciously cool breeze came through. Then his crotch was in front of my face and he started undoing his robes. He

pulled out his cock and put it in my mouth.

Devout Muslims wash their hands, face, and feet before they pray, often five times a day. The rest of their bodies get washed when they feel like it, which isn't often. That may be one reason that American men and boys are so attractive to Arab men, even the straight ones.

From the look and smell of the Sultan's cock, he had not washed it in a month. I didn't care. I took it in my mouth. He started to piss. I didn't care that it was piss. I didn't care that his cock was unwashed. It was wet, I swallowed down every last

drop and would have willingly begged for more.

Then he walked arouse Lordand it ears to with no lumination except my own sweat, he shoved his prick up my ass. He started humping me with a vengeance. He brought the riding crop down hard across my shoulders.

Then he started speaking English, "Yes, palamino! This stallion going to tame your mustang ass. Make you the newest filly

of my herd. Break you to saddle....'

His monologue was cut short by a metallic thump. Then the shelk collapsed to the good to unked around and saw Cary, one of my drilling crew, standing there with a pipe wrench in his hand. He put the other hand on my ass.

"I've been wanting this for months! How come I couldn't get

you in a position like this when we had more time?"

"Get my ass out of here and you can have it any way you want

"Careful now! Being a rease is what got you in this position in

of my back and legs, fondled my balls and my limp cock, poked at my ass with the crop, felt my arms, and generally made me feel like a horse he'd bought.

the first place," He pulled out a knife and started cutting the straps,

'Hell, it isn't my fault that I'm better looking than all his wives!"

We climbed the wall to where some other men from my crew had a jeep waiting. It turned out that my crew had taken their bonuses and spent most of it on bribes to get me out of the country in a hurry after they found me

"It was simple," Gary told me. Back home bribery is considered corruption. Here it s a legitimate fringe benefit of a civil service job. "The hard part was waiting until dark to get you out

of there "

Two hours later I had some clothes on, had almost replaced the water that I had sweated out, and Gary and I were on a plane back to the States. My passport was left behind, but we figured we would straighten that out when we got to Kennedy.

"Gary, I don't know how I'm ever going to thank you. I owe

you my freedom, maybe even my life."

"Funny you should mention that I heard what he was saying before I clobbered him, about you being the new filly of his herd. Well, when a stud manages to get a mare away from another stailion, he owns her after that,"

"Well, I guess we can try it for a while. But if you expect to use me as a brood mare, you had better be hung like Trigger."

Step. Step. Run, The technique is called a Vision Quest. The Indians who used to live nearby believed that through fasting and exercising to exhaustion their souls could leave their bodies. They could overcome time and space, and receive a vision of guidance.

I felt that it was more a transcendental effect, that it might break down the barriers between the conscious and subconscious parts of the mind, allowing me to use my full brain on this problem instead of the top ten per cent or so a person usually uses. The fact that I am remembering things I hadn't thought about in years seems a good sign...

Don't think! Don't stop! Just run!

After a couple of years of working out with weights every day, in chains, my owner entered me in a bodybuilding contest. The idea of my being put up on a stage and judged, like a built in a livestock show, turned him on. It turned me on, too, it was a way to show off his property.

The first time I entered a contest, I lost. My Master took it in stride, saying we would learn from our mistakes. To give me plenty of time to think about any mistakes, he didn't let me

reach orgasm for thirty days.

The second time I lost again. In order to learn from mistakes that time, he didn't let me cum for ninety days.

The next time he entered me in a contest, I won. I guess all

that time thinking about the mistakes paid off

My Master had promised me that if I won I would have an opportunity to have enough orgasms to make up for lost time What I didn't know was that he was going to put an ad in a local "singles" newspaper.

### STANDING AT STUD palamino stallion. Winner local open amateur bodybuilding contest. Fee.

Much to my surprise, people started calling I started spending three or four nights a week with people, mostly men, who were willing to pay money to have me fuck them. My Master got the money. I got the sex.

One day my Master told me that a very special client had paid to have me for a whole week. My Master drove me to a motel, took me to a room, and told me to strip. He then took all of my clothes, and told me that he would pick me up in a week

What he didn't tell me was that my client was a woman. She let herself into the room. As she was clothed and I was naked, I felt that she had a definite advantage. She asked me a number of questions, and I answered them. Then she set the

ground rules for the week

I was to make myself at home in the motel room, but not leave it. Meals would be delivered. I was to wear no clothing, except a towel draped around myself when I answered the door. I was not to masturbate, or take hot baths (showers were allowed). Most of all, I was to be ready to "perform" on command, to be ready when she was

After she laid out the ground rules, she left. It seemed a little odd to me, but I had a lot of practice at following orders that didn't make a lot of sense. Maybe keeping a naked stud prisoner in a motel room got her off. Anyway, my time was being

paid for.

She didn't come back that day, or the next. I did what exercises I could without weights, watched a lot of television, stripped down and remade the beds about a dozen times, and wondered what her trip was,

Early in the morning of the third day she let herself into the room. I woke up when I heard the key in the lock, but I

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pretended to still be asleep to see what she would do. Quickly she stripped off her clothes, and crawled into bed next to me. I reached over and started to caress her.

She backhanded me across the face with a force that made my eyes rattle. "None of that! You know what I want, give it to me!"

She wanted sex. No foreplay, no cudding, no tenderness, just a hard, fast, straight fuck. After I came she jumped out of bed, got dressed, and left.

She didn't come back until the same time the next morning. The same thing happened. She came back again the morning of the fifth day.

The morning of the sixth day she didn't show up. Late that evening my Master came by with my clothes, "Your client called. She said that she was through with you, and that I could come pick you up."

"8ut she paid for a full week. I thought I did what she wanted

me to. Wasn't she pleased?"

"She was very happy with you. She's sure that you got her pregnant, and that means she doesn't need you any more."

"Pregnant?"

"That's what she wanted A child without emotional involvement. She used you, and she got what she wanted, and she doesn't need you any more."

She's carrying my child, and I never even knew her name...

Step. Step. Run. How much further can I run? Don't think lust run.

We should have known. Given a blood test that could correctly identify a person as gay seven out of ten times, a master list started to be compiled. How many straight people were incorrectly identified as gay? No one knew. No one cared except themselves

Blood testing became more frequent, Teaching certification, Child care licenses. Driver's licenses. Then they rounded up the "contaminated" people, and quarantined us as a "public health measure."

What congresscritter seeking re-election is going to vote against public health? Who cares about the civil liberties issues? No. Don't think Don't stop just run...

The lights were hot, bright, dazzling. I was naked, except for a collar with a small box on it around my neck. The box was a training aid, radio controlled. It could deliver an electrical shock whenever my Master pressed a button on the remote control. The slight weight of it at my throat was a reminder of complete obedience.

The cage I was in was built of one-way glass. On my side, where the lights were, it was mirrored. On the other side, in dimmer lights, they could see everything. The cage was slightly targer than a phone booth, and each wall was pierced by a glory hole.

I could not see the men outside my cage, but they could see me. When any one of them stuck his cock through the hole I was to drop down to my knees and suck him off. To me they were just disembodied cocks, but they could watch a naked blond bodybuilder on his knees sucking cock. The cocks came through faster and faster as the evening went on.

One cock came through the hole, large, hard, uncut it fell to my knees and started to lick it. I had no way of knowing how many men were watching me, but I was going to give them a good show. I pushed the foreskin back with my tongue, and began to get the head slick with my saliva. Then I took it into my mouth and began sucking.

I drew the cock into my mouth, and soon I was tasting the salty drops of pre-cum. Then whoever was on the other side of the wall drew back, just as his cock started to shoot, and he squirted his semen all over my face instead of into my mouth

I raised my hand to wipe my face off, and I felt a shock from my collar. Very well then, leave it there.

I turned to see if there were any other cocks to be serviced. There were not, but at one hole two fingers moved in a beckon-

ing motion. Someone wanted to suck me off,

That was the think I disliked most about the cage. Once I got sucked, I wouldn't want to do anything else; but seeing me sucked excited the men watching, and I would have more cocks to service. I knew if I hesitated long my collar would shock me again.

I went over to the hole, and stuck my equipment through to the unseen person on the other side. I reached up and took hold of the grab bar that was hanging from the ceiling so I wouldn't put too much weight on the glass wall

He took hold of my balls, firmly but not painfully, and stretched my sack to its limit. Then he started to run his tongue slowly, teasingly along the bottom of my cock from the balls to the tip. He licked the piss hole, gently tickling the head. Then he started to suck in earnest

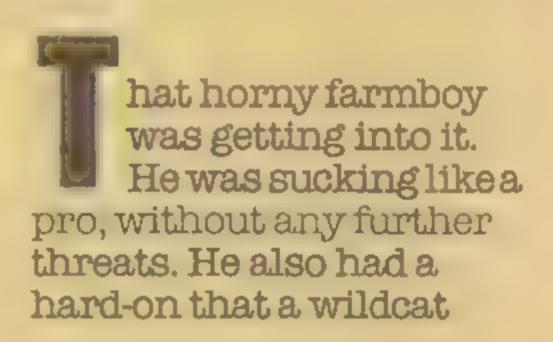
Turned on by the cocks I had sucked, knowing that every second of this was being watched, getting a blow job at the hands, or rather mouth, of a real expert, I shot my load in what must have been close to record time. He swallowed every last drop of my cum, and sucked for a few seconds longer. Then he let go of my balls. I stayed there for a few seconds, hoping to get a small breather before I went back to sucking

Then I felt a shock from my coliar again, My Master's way of letting me know that it was time to get on with it. I turned around, and each of the three holes had a cock sticking through It. Choosing the one to my left first, I dropped to my knees and got to work.

Step. Step. Run. All of my life is passing before me. The barriers between then and now are dropping. The sequence of events is blurred. I could place some order on it it...

NO! Don't think! Run!

After we were quarantined we were unable to contact anyone. Couldn't send mail, couldn't even use the telephone because they said that our blood, our cum, our saliva and our sweat transmit that thrice-damned virus. There must be a way to



reach someone, to let them know what is happening. That is why I am on this Vision Quest, the countless miles of running, going nowhere. What is the answer?

Don't stop running until it is clear

In the early morning light the mountains were clear, clean, and beautiful. Not at all like the swamps and jungles where I had fought my last war

"It's as cold as a well-digger's brass monkey out here!"

"This is the tourist season. This is the best time to come here. The cobras are in hibernation."

Cobras?"

"Little bitty ones, only two or three feet long."

"Let's be gone before the thaw."

"I thought you'd see it my way. Now, according to the natives, the garrison in the next town is mostly supplied by that railroad track over there. We just follow it North until we find a vulnerable spot, preferably a bridge. Cut their supply lines, and

make it expensive for them to stay here. The same thing they did to us in Nam."

Just before sunset we found the perfect spot. A steel bridge across a deep ravine, with a guard shack on our side. The sentry on duty was bored and inattentive. Gary fired one shot from his rifte, then the sentry was dead. Silencers and telescopic sights are useful gadgets.

Gary had gotten the one outside; any inside were my responsibility. As I approached the door of the guard shack I checked my Uzi. That was my personal property. I had brought that along instead of the standard issue MAC 10 because the MAC used .45 ammo, hard to find hereabout. The Uzi used 9 mm, which meant I could use any ammo I could capture from our opponents.

I kicked the door open and leveled the Uzi. There were three of them. "Doschvidanya, Comrades! Nobody moves, nobody gets hurt!" My accent was terrible, but a leveled machine gun says "Freeze!" in any language. I kept them covered while Gary hogted them.

We spent the night there. We took inventory of what they had, and replenished our supplies. Gary put together a couple of bombs while I fixed our first hot meal that week

Over dinner we decided about the prisoners. Gary would take the Corporal, and let me have first crack at each of the privates.

We unfied the Corporal, and refled him spread-eagle on his belly on the bed. A classic position, but still useful. Then we took one of the privates and put a loop around his neck, and put him on another bed on his left side. We fied his hands behind his back, where it would tighten the cord around his neck if he struggled. Next we fied his left ankle to the bed, and bent his right leg back behind his back and fied his ankle to his wrist.

I started cutting his uniform off with my hunting knife. Across the room I could hear Gary working over the Corporal with his belt. As I stripped the Cossack I noticed that he had a pretty good build. Probably a farm boy before he was drafted, grow-

couldn't scratch. I decided to reward the Cosack cocksucker by having his fellow trooper get him off. Pistol still at the back of his head, I forced him to go down on his comrade.

ing up on the hard work on the collective

I took off my pants, and put my boots back on. I laid down on the bed, my crotch toward his mouth. My cock was rigid and ready. I put my knife on the inside of his left thigh, and took hold of his balls firmly but gently. I stretched his sack over my knife. If I had had a field telephone I could teach this clodhopper to suck the way I was taught, but I just had to make do with what I had

I looked at him and smiled. Even though we couldn't talk to each other my meaning was clear. If any of his future plans involved his balls he wouldn't even think of biting me.

I swung my booted foot over his head, and put the back of my ankle against his neck. I pulled his head toward my cock. The head of my organ slipped in between his lips. I tugged on his nuts and he began to suck inexpertly. A rank beginner, but he would improve with practice. Across the room the bed springs were squeeking rhythmically, and I knew that Gary had his Cossack pony saddled and was taking him for a gallop.

The farmboy sucking on my tool was beginning to get the idea and began to put a little enthusiasm into it. He also began to get hard. Soon I was facing a nice-looking erection, I started to lick it gently. This turned me on to the point that I shot, pumping my cream down my prisoner's throat.

He swaltowed every drop.

After a few seconds I stood up and went over to the other private, still lying hogtied on the floor. Gary had just finished tucking his prisoner, and that gave me an idea.

I went over to where one of our prisoners had left his sidearm. I put on his pistol belt, and checked the pistol. While I kept the pistol against the base of the kid's skull, Gary retied him. His ankles were still tred together, but now his hands were tied behind his back.

We carried him over to the bed where his freshly fucked Corporal was still tied down. Pushing the pistol against the back of his head I forced his face into the NCO's rear. Soon, with a little encouragement, he was rimming his superior, sticking his tongue into the Corporal's bung hole and slurping up Gary's cum

After a few minutes of watching, Gary got hard again, and went over to get sucked by the one I had broken in. When I figured that the Corporal's ass was reasonably clean I took the asslicker over to where the Cossack was sucking Gary.

That horny farmboy was getting into it. He was sucking like a pro, without any further threats. He also had a hard-on that a wildcat couldn't scratch. I decided to reward the Cossack cocksucker by having his fellow trooper get him off. Pistol still at the back of his head, I forced him to go down on his comrade.

The farmboy sucked like a newborn calf and his hips pumped like an oil well. Soon he shot a thick, white stream of cum. The trooper caught some of it in his mouth, then pulled back, spitting and gagging, so that the rest of it went onto his face

That was enough to get me up and ready again, I pulled the trooper's pants down around his knees, laid him on the floor, and gave him a slow, gentle, very thorough fuck.

At dawn we replenished our supplies, and took anything we couldn't carry with us and threw it down the ravine. We placed the charges and blew the bridge. John Wayne would have waited until there was a train on it, but we couldn't take the chance of being pinned down by a patrol.

We left our new little friends tied up in the guard shack, "I think we turned out that one Cossack. Too bad we can't take him back home to turn tricks for us. He really got off on it."

"So did the Corporal, Popped his nut while he was getting rimmed. I think the other one was just going along so we wouldn't kill him."

"We didn't kill any of them, and someone will notice the bridge is missing and come along and until them by tomorrow."

Orders were that anyone we left alive was to be exposed to the virus. Nobody said that we couldn't try to enjoy it. And they said that they had a cure, a serum that would make us no longer contagious. They said they would give it to us when this little job was finished

The collar I wore now may have been invisible, but it chafed more than any other I had ever worn

Step. Step. Run, Wait a second! Gary and I were never in the military together! Not yet...

The barriers were down. My life stretched before me, future as well as past, a single moment frozen now. Time was irrelevant. Space was irrelevant. The barriers were gone. The barbed wire was gone

I had started on this Vision Quest looking for an answer. Maybe I had found it. Maybe the Indians were right. Maybe if I overcome the last barrier my soul will leave my body. Maybe I can send a message through space, even through time. Maybe someone will hear me before it's too late.

Don't stop! Don't think! Just run! Run through that final barrier! Run 'till you drop! Run! Maybe someone will hear. Run!



For weeks, the dreams had haunted him. The strange cravings had gnawed at his bowels. Now he was about to come face-to-face with his desires made flesh—something larger than life, something out of his control...

They entered the cellar through a door at the bottom of the stairs. As soon as they were inside, Virgil turned and locked the door.

"Wait for me over there," he indicated the general center of

the room. "I'll be right with you, big boy."

Fly stepped onto a wrestling mat of professional size that covered the center portion of the floor, and padded to one end of it. He looked around. The turnishings were spartan. Over in the far left corner was a sink with a low cabinet sitting next to it. There was a big pan and a few jars on top of the cabinet. Near the back wall was a low table. And that was all. All that was noticeable. There were no windows, but the air was cool, and fly felt a draft from somewhere ruffle the hair on his legs. He waited expectantly....

Virgil went directly to the sink. He filled the pan with hot water, as hot as he could tolerate. He placed the pan back onto the cabinet top, submersed his giant organ in the water and

held it there for several minutes. He turned to Fly

"This room is as private as a dungeon. No one will hear us here. You can make as much noise as you want. I want you to make a lot of noise. You can scream your fuckin head off... No one is going to hear you but me.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Look by your feet. There's a black leather thong with a sliding noose at one end. Put the

noose over your right wrist and pull it tight,"

Fly obeyed. He hadn't noticed the length of leather on the

mat before.

Virgil removed his cock from the now tepid water. The heat had engaged it to a point beyond grossness, beyond indecency. It was a swollen, angry, stupendous colossus, bloated beyond belief, every outrageous proportion exaggerated in phrensic detail. Fly's heart thrumped like a trip hammer, missing beats. He was a big boy...but, that...thing. He seriously doubted he had enough guts.

Virgil opened one of the jars on the cabinet and began smearing a thick, viscous substance over his impossibly bigger prick, which he had to hold up now with one hand. "Course ground ginger and honey," he explained, noticing fly's sudden skittish demeanor. "Honey for lubrication, and you're going to need it. Ginger for fire and purchase. An old aphrodisiac. This is gonnal prolong your attention, baby. Or burn it to ashes in hell."

Holding himself stiffly, about halfway down, Virgil swaggered over to where Fly stood anxiously waiting

"I don't believe we've met formally," Virgil said, extending his right hand. Fly fell for the ploy. He reached for the proffered hand. As soon as they clasped, Virgil lifted the arm swiftly and swung under it to the left, spinning Fly around and twisting his arm up behind his back.

He took the end of the thong and wound it about Fly's neck several times. "I wouldn't try to lower your arm if I were you," he warned. He tied it off and stepped back. Fly looked at him dumbfounded; hurt. "You might have second thoughts," Virgingrinned. "I'm giving you a fighting chance, just in case. Besides, you're more aesthetically pleasing to me this way. More vulnerable. More accessible."

"I'm not goin' anywhere," Fly said, feeling off-balance and unbearably flustered.

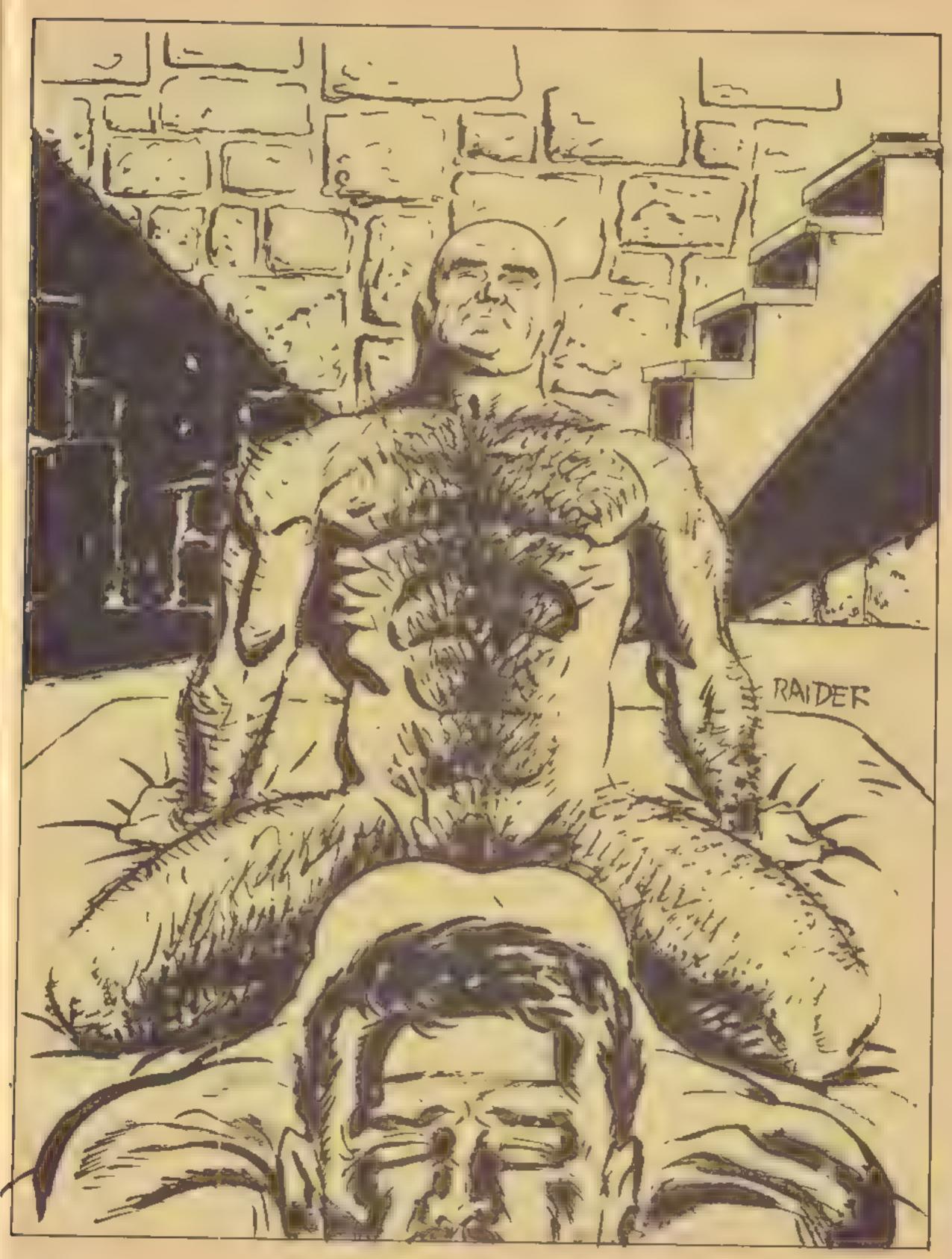
Virgil roared. "You got that straight! Now, get down on the mat."

Fly laid down on his back, tilting to his left side to favor his bound arm

'Get over on your beily, wise guy. Now expose yourself. That's right. Just like you do at home when you're alone, huh? Peel those big, hairy legs apart. Slowly. Show me how bad you want it. Slide 'em real easy, baby. Feel those buns splitting open. Don't bend your knees yet. Reach out with those toes. To the edges of the mat. Come on! Stretch!"

Fly had his eyes screwed shut, and grit his teeth to control himself. He pressed the palm of his free hand against the mat and turned his head to the side so Virgil could watch his efforts. His legs were spread in a wide V, and were beginning to cramp. He shifted his hips, wiggled his legs, flexed his broad back. He knew Virgil couldn't see his asshole yet, and he tantalized the man by scrubbing his massive body against the rough canvas.

Virgil was fighting his own private battle—an unremitting urge now to jump-dive between those beautiful legs and bury himself to the balls in the tense virgin clutch of fiery rectal tissue—to lose himself totally in one almighty, crotch-busting lunge. His palpitating pecker spat fat drops of clear pre-cum jizz in a continuous dribble, like a leaky faucet. The ginger/honey had run down over his balls, setting them ablaze with excruciating, sensuous agony. His nuts rose and fell in the low-hanging bag. Something awesome...something unspeakable was



about to happen here, made all the more phantasmagoric by the intense, all-consuming craving of each man.

"Draw your knees up! Show it to me. Way up! Spread those humps, dick-breath! Ummmm. You've been practicing, I see.

Smooth move."

Fly imagined he was entering his lover on the first stroke. In one fluid thrust, he glided up onto his knees, lifting his ass high off the mat, sprawling his cheeks enough to expose the entrance to the bothersome mystery that had plagued him far too long, and was now about to be solved in a deeply satisfying way most men could only fantasize about. He wagged his tail furiously and cried out:

ithout a single uttered sound, or sign of labored breathing, Virgil continued screwing Fly, following him around the mat, pistoning into him with rhythmic, precision pumping, using Fly's prostate as a punching bag. Fly bawled and crawled, lumbering crazily along on one free hand.

"I'm going to get fucked!!!"

"To within an inch of your life, sweetheart," Virgil echoed He was fully aware of the likely fact that no other man had ever seen fly this way. Or this way: he stepped around fly's quivering legs and, placing the toes of one foot under fly's right hip, flipped him over onto his back. Fly's cock smacked his belly repeatedly as he automatically raised his knees up and pointed

them away from his torso.

Virgil gave the man all the time he wanted to declare his private joy. He knew that busting through this man's deep layers of external sphincter muscle, then on to the pubo-rectal sing further in (and always a problem), would produce new heights of pure ecstatic pleasure. He expected to be hoistered within this firm grizzly of an ass for a long time, riding it every which way but loose, planting depth charges, setting diving records, forcing Fly's nerve and stamina until his eyes went tilt, his pores could sweat no more, and his machine struggled vainly to shut down for good

And even then, it wouldn't be over.

Fly s cock had lifted six inches off his belly. It hovered there, iggling in tiny circles, held there by the towering pole of sizzling pork his virgin cranny had somehow managed to absorb. His colon sheathed the expansive shaft and folded around the bulbous glans, welcoming the two conquering heros home, squeezing and teasing the mighty invader as if to appease a god, stroking its ego-begging for mercy. Fly sighed in whooping, chugging snorts of fulfillment. It wasn't so bad...once the head was in...and—MAN! Was he stuffed, or what? His legs convulsed, then relaxed somewhat, sliding further down Virgil's long, furry arms, spreading them into a wider split, gaping his crotch for stud breeding. He raised his head to chance a look at himself. It was a mistake. What he saw left him horror-stricken. Virgil was holding a hand wrapped around the base of his cock. Fly looked up at Virgil with a hesitant, questioning plea-

Virgil nodded, beaming nastily, "Brace yourself, babycakes!"

he snarled. "The best is yet to come!"

Fly's bulky body bucked and spasmed...his lips burst with an almighty "LMMMMPH!" as if a huge paw had just crushed a kidney and was now snaking up under his ribcage after a lung.

His ass rocked into a high arch, dragging several gritty inches of swamproot out of it in the process. Virgil's red-hot poker stoked the furnace of Fly's narrowing funnel a few fearsome inches at a time, cautiously avoiding any vital organs. Fiy's head slammed the mat repeatedly; only the whites of his eyes were showing. His mouth yawed in a locked rictus of shocked paralysis. His nose started to run; his eyes teared. "I'm being gutted," was the last conscious effort he attempted to correlate what was happening to him. The rest was pure, raw sensation...

Virgil twisted fly over onto his belly again, then pulled him up onto his knees, without withdrawing a single inch. He humped Fly hard with a few solid full-length strokes, drilling for deepstratus core samples; then slowed to angle in from the sides, spiking the walls of Fly's rectum with corkscrewing swivels, reaming the cavity. He grabbed the hilt of his hammer and jerked the shalt from side to side, then rotated it. Fly's buggered burrow slacked involuntarily and sucked the meaty monolith deeper. Virgil boxed Fly's belly with pummeling forearm punches, worrying the wobbling, weaving borehole to even greater widths. Fly grunted manfully, before choking on his tongue, which flapped and twittered against the roof of his mouth, trying to articulate feelings no one had invented words for, gobbling itself with the awful effort. He used every ounce of concentration to control his big body and prevent it from crumbling into a pile of useless protein. Virgil's man-mountain mallet was dredging the depthless ditch of his being, gagging and goring his guts, cleaning his clock, driving him right out of his fucking gourd. "Look out motherfuckers! Daddy's comin" home!" he shrieked soundlessly

Without a single uttered sound, or sign of labored breathing, Virgil continued screwing Fly, following him around the mat, pistoning into him with rhythmic, precision pumping, using Fly's prostate as a punching bag. Fly bawled and crawled, lumbering crazily along on his one free hand, stopping frequently to take it like a man, holding his crotch cocked, coming up into a low squat to shoot a squirt or two, before Virgil thumped him

back down on the mat, cutting off his flow.

Virgil worked him like a mean taskmaster, not giving him a second of rest, or a single moment to contemplate his plight. Fly keened a constant whimpering appeal of "please, please, please, please, please, please"; not knowing whether he meant please stop, or please don't stop. For that reason, Virgil steered him away from the walls. He had seen other men ram their heads into a wall and keep right on banging it against the wall, trying to clear their confused sensed

"HAAAAH! UNNNNN! OOOO! UNCHH! UNGRRR! FFFF\_SHHHH! OH! OOOOO!\_\_OOOOOO!" fly's body shivered and shuddered. He felt like he was having an acute grand mal seizure. Every time Virgil's groping hands came close to his aching nipples he begged and pleaded for Virgil not to touch them. And Virgil would let his fingers dance and flirt about the flinching, hairy pecs, stalking the screeching bosses, drastically changing fly's tune

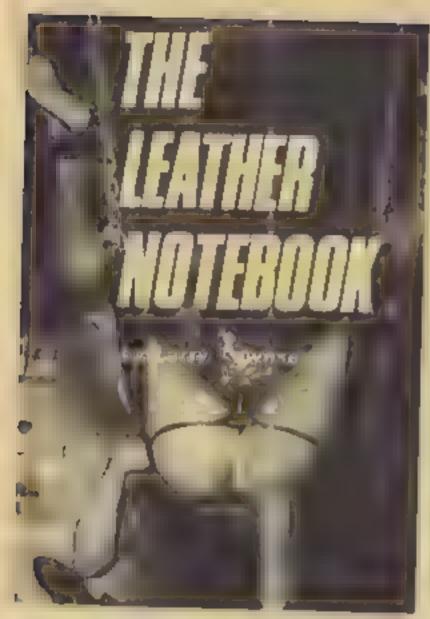
"NOODOT OH, PLEEESET PLEASE NOT GOD, OH, GOD!

DON'TH I CAN'T STAND IT!"

Fly's ass began to bound away from him on every scorching thrust, losing penetration. He pulled his cock all the way out of Fly's ass. Fly immediately raised his hips, spread his knees, and fired a fragrant, flatulent cloud of deadly nerve gas into the air. Each time he started to crumple, Virgil would stuff him up, through the descending colon and proceed to inflate him again. The noise was deatening, and Virgil would giggle and tease Fly and make him blush, before he plowed back into the collapsing tunnel, making Fly grunt and twirl his tortured butt around the elongated trunk as it sank slowly into oblivion

"What are you DOING to me?"

"The fetid, noisome, cloyingly sweet oestrus of Fly's funky, sweating ass hung in the air like a fucking miasma—a sulphu-continued on page 83



Dear Larry,

I have been an advocate of yours for many years, ever since the first Leatherman's Handbook, so it is natural that I turn to you for advice. I want to have my right nipple pierced. The problem: The areolar diameter is 1¼", but there is no nipple protruding from it. I have tried small elastic bands, but they do not stay on. What equipment, exercise, etc. can you recommend to deve op a decent nipple size for piercing?

Bill, Maryland

### Dear Bill,

This is a subject I have addressed several times in past columns, but perhaps it is time to go into it again. Enlarging any part of the body's external "soft" tissues can be accomplished by constant, regular stretching. However, your degree of success is going to depend on several factors, including the genetic characteristics which make your body what it is,

The most dramatic changes I have seen in nipple size have resulted from the use of tit clamps with increasingly heavier weights attached to them, in doing this, one has to be careful not to use overly tight pressure for long periods of time, thus cutting off circulation and running the risk of gangrene. But a regular, several-times-per-day regimen should accomplish your purpose. Don't expect results over night. It will surely take months, maybe longer. The massage you give yourself after each session is also going to help.

is it going to hurt? Of course. But pain is pleasure, isn't it?

#### Dear Larry,

You keep telling us that you don't like to answer questions about AIDS and safe sex, yet you occasionally do, so I'm hoping you'll respond to this. I am only marginally into SM, but I really dig anal sex. Getting a big stiff cock up my ass is the greatest thrill I can imagine. I now make sure my partner (Master?) uses the lubricant with the virus killer in it, and also wears a rubber. Am I safe? I know there are peripheral risks, but is the fucking, itself, really "safe" under these conditions?

A.K., Atlanta, GA

### Dear A.K.,

You are doing about everything you can to protect yourself, yet your efforts may not be very effective. The HTLY-3 virus is very tiny, many times smaller than a molecule of water. A prophylactic may be just porous enough to let it through. No one really knows, because no one with adequate equipment has tested for this. Neither is there any way to test how fast the virus can be absorbed by the body. Your lubricant would undoubtedly kill the virus in a test tube; we can only hope it is doing the same in your anus, where it has been diluted by various secretions, and may or may not have adequately coated the rectal wall. This is one reason why the Mariposa Foundation has been so slow to put their product on the market (this being the one that generated all the original publicity). They are afraid to give guys a false sense of security, and hence encourage activities that are dangerous. Some other purveyors have not been this ethical. (At any rate, before nonoxynol-9 can be marketed specifically for AIDS prevention, it will have to be tested for effectiveness by the FDA-a process that could take two years.)

Dear Larry,

I have heard about a process for enlarging the penis, similar to what they do for women's breasts—using silicon injected under the skin. Do you know anything about this, and if so can you tell me how to go about having it done? I was not gifted with much meat, and I'd like to try the process.

Terry, Fort Worth, TX

Dear Terry.

A few years back, there were a few doctors in Nevada who provided this service. In fact, it was called the "Las Vegas Treatment." I haven't heard anything about it recently, probably because it was not very satisfactory. I've known two guys who had it done, and both of them were unhappy with the results. There does not appear to be any way to keep the silicon evenly distributed along the penile shaft, with the unfortunate result that it tends to gather like a large donut behind the cockhead during use. The injection of silicon, of course, can only make your dick larger in girth. It does nothing to lengthen it. One guy did remark, however, that the added pressure and weight was a sexy feeling. If you really want to try it, you might send an inquiry to the Nevada Medical Association. As far as I know, this was the only state where it was done—possibly the only state where it was legal.

Dear Larry,

You have answered several letters about ball stretching with the intention of making them hang lower. But I'd like to know if there is any way to make them bigger. My nuts swing low enough, but they're so damned small I'm embarrassed when someone takes hold of them. I've even been told they look like two bird's eggs that fell out of the nest Have you any suggestions?

J.R., Seattle

Dear J.R.,

No. As long as they work, use them and enjoy them.

Dear Larry,

I really have a terrible problem. I am just 21 years old, and I have been living with an older man for almost five years. In fact, he picked me up on the streets and gave me a place to stay when I was such a mess I didn't know where my next meal was coming from. He's been really good to me, and I've tried to make it up to him by doing the housework and also carpentry and stuff I'm fairly good at. I've had sex with him many times, because I figured that was part of the price for everything he was doing for me. I didn't mind having sex with him, but it never really turned me on

Now, just as I've met someone I'm very much in love with, and want to live with, my older friend has been talking as If we were lovers. I'm afraid to tell him about this other guy, because I know he really cares for me and I care about him. It's just that I don't love him in a sexual way. What can I do? I'm afraid if I don't move soon, I'll fuck up the relationship with my new friend

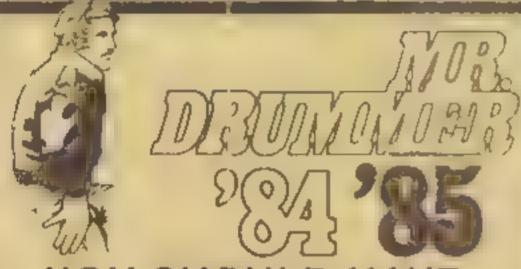
Name and Location Withheld

Dear Unnamed.

Yours is a fairly classic dilemma. You want to do what you perceive as "right," but that is going to deprive you of what you really want. In the long run, you are not doing your older friend a kindness by staying with him when your heart's not in it. You are going to be unhappy, and in the end it will make both of you miserable. Tell him the truth and make your move. If you handle it properly, you can probably remain friends and after a time the passions will die down.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, 640 Natoma Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.)





Leather's Big Night soared to new heights of heated fantasy with the showdown contest for Mr. Drummer 1985! Nine contestants from across the country yied for the number one eather the n America, and only one emerged to imphant it is Steve Reiswig with all his brawn inta ! Y ... should have been the e but if you were to the you want to want to relive Leather's Big Night he highlights are all here on the Mr. Drummer 1985 videotape. The men, the leather, the fetishes and red-not fantasies all come together. It was a night to remember 1

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# INITIATION

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY MARK I CHESTER



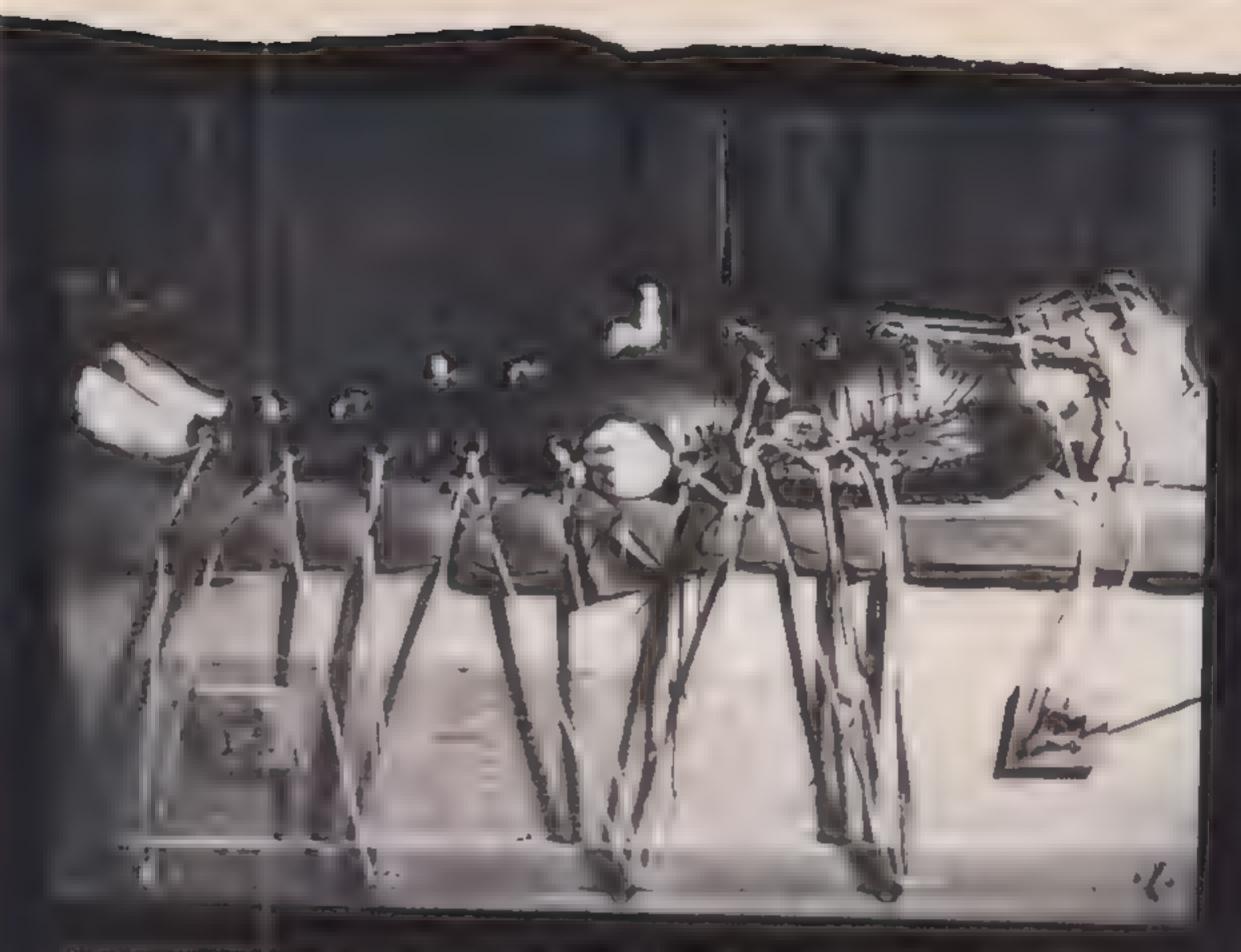
We are like two different people, he possesses my knowledge and my morals, but he rides on his own energy. His name is The Man if am shy but The Man in the Man is not. I deal with all the bullst it of life, our The Man takes all the pleasure he can.

The Man is a power Junkie. There is no denying it. He's looking for a few good presents to appear on his doorstep. He doesn't run after them usually. They come: Most who come are turned away, quickly and efficiently. All they want is someone to be a puppet in their fantasy. The Man is not interested.

The Man is always lurking, waiting, looking for an opening. When one arrives, The Man spring bolts and I stand watching in amazement. He is ruthless in pushing me aside, in making me wait in the wings while he pleases himself. I stand with my mouth open I wouldn't and The Vian knows it.

think it is a sense of sexual fascination and fear that makes The Man's nostrils flare. He smiles and laughs friendly but tinged with delicious wickedness, dark secrets pulling up at the corners of his mouth. He is warm and sharp invitingly scary.





the man easy thing to hurt someone. Emotionally, Physically, it is an easy thing to strike out in anger and here, and make someone else hurt. But it is hard to hurtsomeone and have it pour through their pleasure veins. Hard to seduce them into the jaws of wonder, Hard to find the pathway through the labyrinth.

Pain to The Manris not about whem-siam-bam-thankyou-mark it is about seauction, it is about anticipation, it is about thundercracks of energy gently spilling over your floodgates (\*Likespirevalking barefoot, and not being hurned it is illogical, but real, improbable, but true

To the ignorant, a foreign language is nothing but silly gibberish. The idea of an eroticized, desirable pain speaks in its own language. With its own rhythm and flow, its own rules and regulations took into my eyes, bitten to the sound of my woice, beating in your east Open up. Open Up. Tell me your dark secrets, Tell Me.

The Manuaught sentie rolling laught like rustling leaves. But it cuts because it says, it already know your dark excrets. But tell them to the anyway. And The Kid tells him With his eyes. And the laming touch of his sking And his expectant breath at the touch of The Man's hands.

It is a touch that sinks deep. That explores freely at will, it draws moans from The Hid; his eyes shut, head tilted back. And it is a moan so saw and filled with area that it is adrenalin to The Man's dick. It is a moan that says. Take me. Take me. Please!! What can The Man do?!

You sen. The kid we virging Well, not a virgin in the standard sense of the word. But at 29, he is a novitiate into this other world. He has been with other memble has played around and even had them tie him up. But he has always had to be a director from the bottom side. He has always had to maintain control. He has never been able to completely let go.

So, in a sense, this is his first time. And first times are special. Everything is new: Doors to uncharted territories flung open wide, each new doorsevealing yet another door along the path. And once those doors are opened, they can never be closed. They can be denied, but they can never again be closed.

The Man understands: He feels for The Kid. Because he can still remember his first time; thou the first time that someone applied painful stimulus to his body. But the first time that it all clicked. The first time that he was sent rocketing out into space to float weightless in a sea of sensations and timeless ness from which there was no tieline except for the man in the army boots; the man who was taking care of him. It is an experience that will remain with him for the rest of his life.

He knows, that what he is sharing with The Kid will inevite ably change The Kid's life. It is a sacred ritual and it is sacred duty to share that energy. To continue its life and pass down its secret knowledge from man to man. The Kid knows that sometime in the future he will also be called upon to pass on what he has learned. He will then become an integral part of



the chain that binds sexually radical men together from generation to generation:

Up until now he has just had his fantasies. Cowboys and indians. Special merit badge for knot-tying in Boy Scouts Autoerotic trips that explode in the loneliness of a gay man into bondage and radical sexuality in a small rural town. And Drummer magazine.

He is not the first young man from a small town to call The Man and attempt a connection. The Man is open and friendly, but soon he demands that the interested party give as much as he takes. The Kidtalked of tying himself up, and doing scenes that explored his dark secrets. The Mansmiles across the telephone wires. An opening.

those with something to give from the boys. To separate those with something to give from the vampires. The Kid is to tie himself up, and at the end of the scene jack off on a piece of paper and describe the scene in a letter. Soon The Man receives a wrinkled paper stuck together in the mail with the following:

This morning after everyone had left for work exact not got ready to play: Since I wanted a little suffering in the scene I put on my long-jount (top and bottom); my 501 (well-worn); thick-wood socks my black cowboy boots flannel shirt (long sleeve) and my leather belt.

dry so I knew it was going to be a hot morning. And got the first part of my scene ready. I laid down in the grass and spread my legs aparts marked where my heels were, then reached loversmy head with both arms extended and marked where my hands to ched. Then I drove a stake into the ground three feet below my foot marks at a 45° angle and three feet above where my extended hands touched.

That made a Y pattern and I was ready too the second part.

After getting what is needed from my toy chest'd went and got my ice block out of the garage freezen the night before, I froze a can of water into which I placed the ends of isin foot rope: I had everything so I got started.

head was so it formed a loop 'tied' with the ice block ather made a slipknot carefully placed the handcuffs and pulled the knot tight. If then tied each foot to the other stakes giving myself about a three-foot slack. By this time it was retting a little warm with all the clother en and I was very proused livith same feet sied and any handcuffs ready a scored back as far as possible. Since this was a Western bonder bandans, then hand one more for a blindfold, I then haid down and reached above my head until tiek the handcuffs. When I got a hold of them, I locked them around each wrist, Now! was set, so hald back and relaxed. Well, I tried to relaxed.

The sun had started to get warmer, My cathat least (think it was my cath checked me out and sat on my cheek couldn't move too much and a wanted to move whoever it was of because my chest was getting hotted. The cat finally left and was thankful. After that I was left to myself and a few flies.

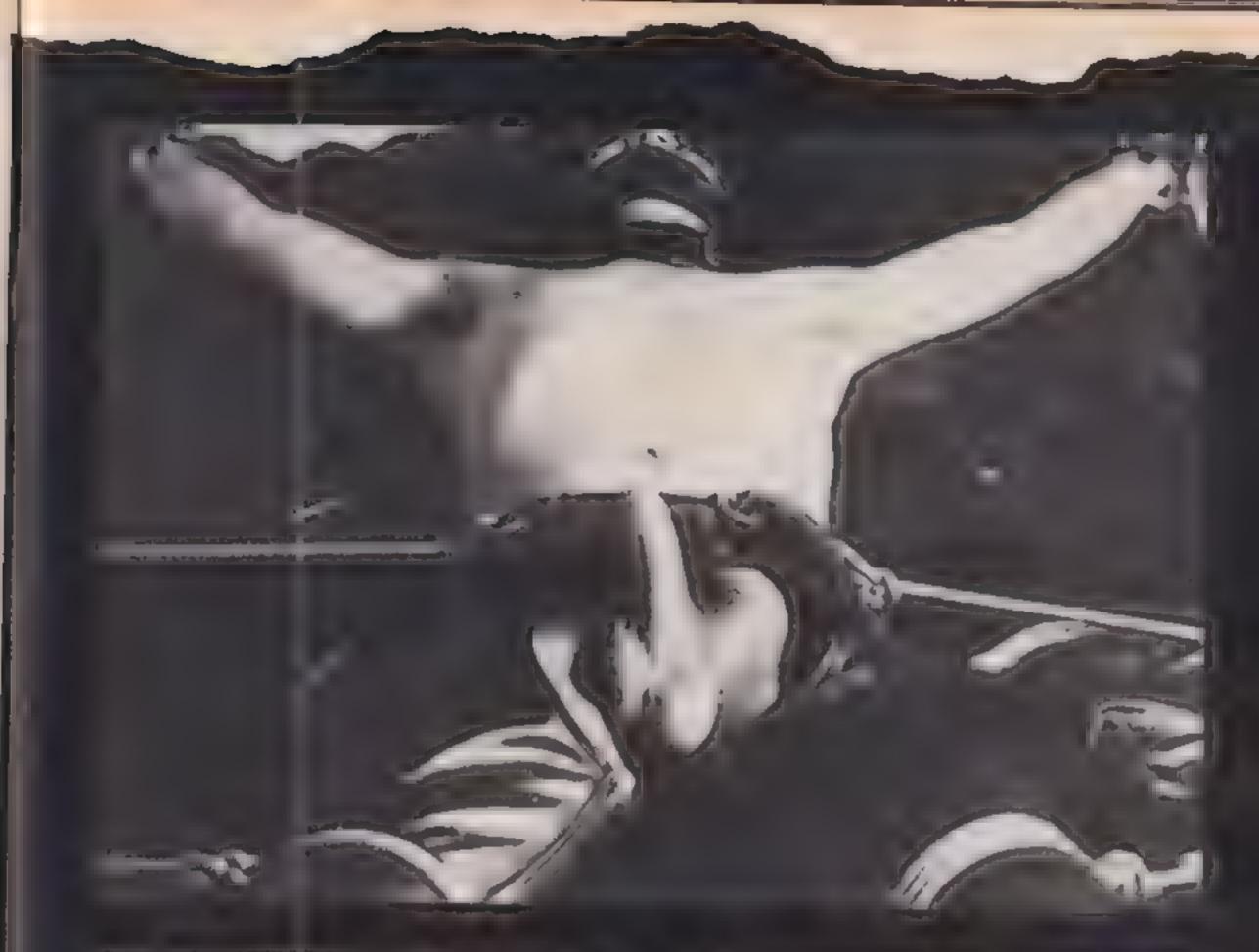
While I'm like this it think about different things and people: My main thoughts were about someone sitting next to me, in the shade, just watching and coming over to me and pleying with my body. Falso thought of how it would be if you tied me up like the guy in Drummer issue #61 ("Bond dage Confessions"). All this time it had a hard-on that just wouldn't quit!

"Finally the ice melted: Funlocked the duts after I took



PRUMMER SE





off my gags and blingfold and unbuttoned my 50ts, Got whold of my hard-on and pumped aways was bot-

You see? What could The Man do

The Man was buried deep within me. Everyone I knew was afraid of radical sexuality. I got labeled kinky for wearing a cowboy hat a felt leolated and alone. But through my PO Bookcame a connection to dreams and fantacies that fienly innately understood. The very act of going to the Post Office and putting my key in the lock and withdrawing letters became intensely sexual.

The Kid and The Han-connect in other ways Before homoeroticism, even liefore masturbation, there was room The smell. The texture. And they share their explorations into autoerotic bondare scenes. A very apecial spece and time://Somehow/th-sedime appropriate/imaybe inevitable. that The Man and The Kiel have connected:

献 能 a healing connection. And it is something unknown. th continuing pattern of stimulus and response. As gentle at the translucent flicking of The Man's tongoe against The Kid's glistening darkly blive skin. As raw and flashing as The Man's teeth settling or one of The Kid's puckering nipples A kind of florcely tender dance that shifts back and forth spinning both partners breathlessly into the dark

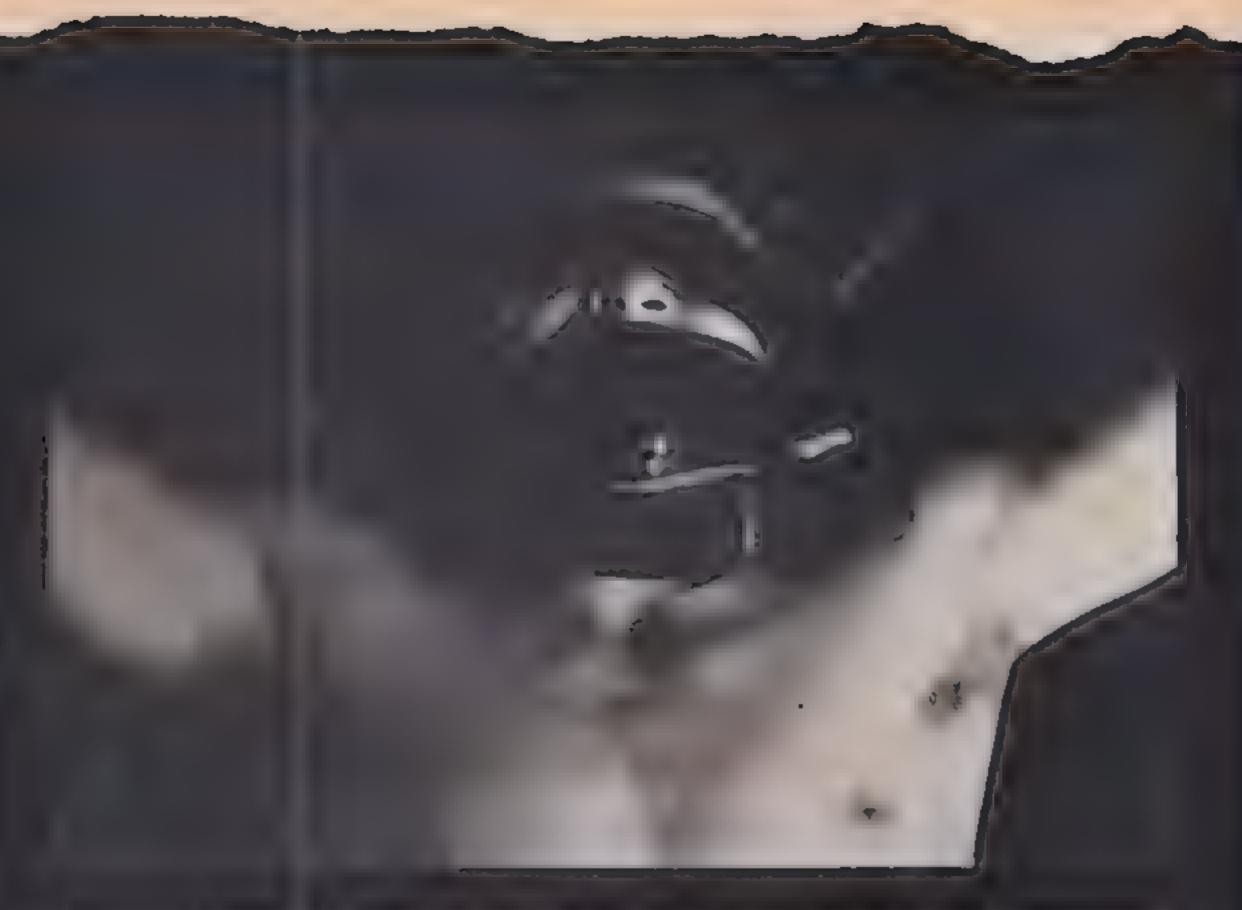
The Man penetrated The Kid's defenses his spiritual armon Makes The Kid tender and vulnerable: Open to ivery feeling and sensalion. Open to every idea and suggest

tion. Bit by bit it is an exploration that constantly redefined and enlarges their common tenttory. The Man leading and The Kid following whold by gentle, strong hands. The Man nots out to own a piece of The Kin, that no one else will ever he able to touch. What he doesn't tell him is that as he owne It piece of The Kid, so The Kid will own a piece of The Man. It is just something that The Kid understands:

The Kid wants to experience bondage and citwork. The Man knows that the only way to do that is to go for it. So he does. The Man talks to The Kid, exhorting him to take more; to do it as a present for The Man and to give The Man all that he is feeling. The Kid doesn't say much except for year Moving to the melody played by The Man on his body

The explorations build up; one on top of the others & complete leather bondage suit that correts The Kid tightly all over his body. Covered with D-rings so that he can be further tied down A catcher's mask over a head tightly wrapped in gauze and then duct tape provides the frame to tie even his head downs: The Man lets The Kid just floats eway, lose touch with his body until he wakes to find himself ndrift in a black void and calls The Man's name "#" n lost " The Man safely brings The Kid back home:

And there is more. The Kid smiles when The Man pulls out a ball of string. Piece by piece The Mangreates a body mult out of string that binds and tightens with every step that The Kid takets An afternoon in the sun is exhibitionistic With cording visible on only one arm, their trip is revealed but not exposed to the uninitiated. The best of all to The Kid



In a herizontal spread-sage that trestrains and areater an

interreguelnerability::itemakes The Kid's dick quite hard.

But it was his nipples that got The Ward Attentionly s heuple of hours If he Kid anipples are seeder and some the lakes where breath und uncontravers along the Man passes his hands ever his right pectorals. His body stretches unflamed, and leave into The Municesupport. But The Man doesn't let up For two days he keeps going, feeding input making The Kid's dick bounce and throb and thee layering paint onto the supplem Seding his dick tramble furthythm with his passion paint if nelling his body shives and spasm at The Mancemover metal neeth from his sits and holds him hightly in his armitis Good Boyl Good Boyl Little organize of feeling shoot through The Kid.

The Manipleys pleasury games agains, the special dist exciting The Kid, and thereinputting paints o that The Kid in lost in whicipools of sensations and sivers of confusions but warms at to stop and he demends more all at the same time. It leeks to sharply intense build make your himself, away the floor not know what its distance he gives himself, away the

gives himself up to The Man

Fingers clamps sundpaper, tigerbaim. One by one Layer inter-layers But that junot all in the Manutles 500-Kid-le-e modified hog-ties arms transed and leshed behind his back and feet pulled up and bound to the lines that are stead fastly holding the Kid's arms The Man wants to know just how much The Kid wants what he is asking fee. So, bound in is next little package The flid crawls the carpeted hall; The Man knows that The Kid wast twist back and forth across his tender burning the interder to move himself forward. The Kid tries desperately to move without touching his chest to

ing carpet, but it just can't be done. At the end of the hall, The Kid's chast is on fire, his tits more raw and sensitive than ever, But when he looks into The Man's eyes, he knows that he has proved himself worthy. Proved to himself that this is what he really wants it want this need. The Kid's matinee idot eyes tell The Man what he wants to hear

The Man laught, Slow and deep. It is a soothing sound to The Kid. The Man laught because these are really children's garners played with the intensity of an adult minds it is

make-believe; deadly serious play.

The Kid and The Man break for a day, other realities also need to be met. But in that days The Kid's nipplet go from has hat to thuck, back to almost the way they were before play started. The Man smiles: So The Kid offers his tits up to The ManicAgains Please: I need, I want. The Man holds him tight; and then begins all over again; telescoping three days of feeling and sensation into the couple of frours that are of to The May and The Kids The Man wants The Kid to think of him with every bump and sway of the train ride. home. With every inoversent of his skin-tight T-shirt against his chest.

The Main tries to break the Kid, to make him cry from physical paint The Kid doesn't But when The Man holds The Kid in a tender tight embrace, a sad good-bye. The Kid's mans flow freely, it is hard to taste meeter and then return to water, Water feeds the body, but nectar feeds the soul. The Many in kinds does not want to let The Kid return home While future play sessions will be just as hot, inaybe hotter; it will never again be the same. The Man knows that next time, The Kid's innocence will have been lost. And once it is lost, it is something that can never be regained.

# ----

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PRINT IT OUT: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not the number of characters, Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish

WHERE WILL YOUR AD RUN? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under "Nationwide" or "International" instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

**DEADLINE?** There isn't any You'll get in the next issue, even if your ad is listed under "Late Submissions," Subsequent insertions will find you where you belong if yours is more than a one-time effort.

**DISCOUNT?** You've already gotten it. Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

WANT A BOX NUMBER? Add a buck, that's all The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address mmediately. That's a bargain!

PHONE NUMBER? Run your number for instant results But Include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your and our protection.

PAYMENT? Pay by check, money order, VISA or MASTERCARD If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

CENSORSHIP? No. Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad These we cannot accept, And you, of course, must be 21 or better

TO REPLY TO A DEAR SIR OR USA BOX NUMBER: Enciose your reply in a stamped envelope with the box number penciled on the back. Enciose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them the same day we receive them.

If the ad has a USA Box number, follow the same instructions, but send it to: USA/Bud Berkeley, Box 26011, San Francisco, CA 94126.

ITS THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be

THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A COMMUNICATION CENTER FOR LEATHERMEN! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as DRUMBEATS) we are doing just that. NO DEADLINES, NO \$7 BOX CHARGES, NO \$20 CANCELLATION FEE, NO \$5 PHONE VERIFICATION FEE. AND ONLY 50¢ A WORD!



FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS: Your ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain!

### WE'RE CHEAP AND EASY! ONLY FOUR BITS A WORD!

	ONE TOOM BITS A WORD
DEAR SIR  ALTERNATE PUBLISHING  640 National Street San Francisco, CA 94103  NAME	Cost of Ad ( Words x 50¢)
ADDRESS	Card No Exp Date
CITY	
STATE ZIP	(Lam 18 years of age or older)
PLACE MY AD JINDER THE FOLLOWING HEADING	A discrete that I am 18 years of age or order and that the data or my gat is true and correct  A A A A Section and for a A A A Section and the data or in the Adequate Section  A A A A Section and the Adequate Section and the Adequate Section  A A A A A A Section and the Adequate Section and the
	80LD HEADING (30 letters & spaces maximum
	AD COPY (please print

### HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 50¢ PER WORD!

## DEAR SIR:



### MATIONWIDE

8-G HAIRY AN MAL wanted by 27 U.C. Jahan top (617)236-

05

MASTER

Handsome, muscular frim well-built.

48, 5'9's", 145 lbs seeks slavemasoch at lover permanent temporary or weekend who is frim under 45
well-built. All scenes into being facelocked, toilet trained, whipped heavy
logging, FF WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax
electrotorture, piercing, B&O branding stroking, piercing, B&O brandeq part dunor in autoria. Send pictue to seek Maste's pleasure. Box
4240LF

who is into leather BAD heavy S&M is will administer military discipline physical training confinement and verbal abuse. My slave must be willing to be pierced, tattooed and shaved Your Master is young black hair moustache. 57° 155 lbs., musci iar and experienced if am rooking for a slave who is 35 to 50 and experienced. Your mind is the only thing i aminterested in Discretion is a must. I can travel, you must travel. Long-term relationship wanted. Your picture gets mine. Box 4485\_F.

COSTUME SCENES

Animal suits, fantasy creatures, demons, rubber mask eroticism extreme makeup. Am I alone? Serious only please. Box 4799

Versalile (top or bottom) seeks others nto fucking, listing, WS, rimming SM more Am 29, 160 lbs., 5'10", brown hair/ eyes, beard Bridwell Box 7686 Allanta, GA 30357-0686

BOOTS, BIKES, BONDAGE
If you dig the feel, smell and creak of
total eather the herplessness of proonged, yet lotal and tender bindage
(top, boltom), write Box 33, Riner, VA
24149

#### LOWLY GRUNT SLAVE WANTED

Want to serve a former Marine? Not into budshit or playing games and is ser ous about wanting to serve a good MASTER. This former MSgl is seeking a fulltime submissive male to serve as it is directed instructed ordered or commanded to Bondage discipline C&BT IT or anything else this MASTER so chooses Slave will be in a strict disciplined military lifestyle. Send letter of application and appropriate photo for inspection to Box 5002LF.

Hunky and attractive WM 5'10", 155 brown hair and eyes has 40 seconded acres of woods and comfortable home. I seek a nature lover into outdoor activities, fitness, good nutrition and trave. I have the freedom and time to explore nature and seek someone with the aesthetic sense to enjoy it. Seek permanent relationship with leather buddy or daddy's boy. Let's explore geographically and sexually. Photo mandatory. Bob. Box 938, Mer. n. CR 97532.

STRONG

centered, Intelligent, responsible handsome man wants same for long-term 35 63° 200, sadistic affectionate top needs partner for pain, love, kink getting on with tife. Full replies with photo to PO Box 20052. Midtown Station, NYC 10129

YNG TOP WANTS GROYELING DAD

Hot masculine dude. 25 brn/hzl 58°, 130 tbs. looking for masculine older man (30 s-40 s) to train and abuse. You must be in good physical shape and be wiking to put yourself through the paces (80 C8T, TT, 77) for the opportunity to use your mouth, ass, or whatever else I demand for our mutual pleasure. I am experienced, sand but thorough and relentless. Safesex slandards practiced. I travel frequently on business, will come to your turk it necessary. Send recent photo with letter to Son. Box 4727LF. Start groveling.

#### FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

HERE IT IS

New Eng and area. 65° white with 9° = 6° look My dick needs long slow sessions with attention to uncut skin Looking for men 18 to 50 who know how Healthy Absolute discretion. Will answer all interested Hard and waiting Box 4708

### IDEA-WEAR A CONDOM!

DADDY'S MAN

After ten years of being "out," I ve matured to this one man looking for another man—plain and simple. Professional, bold, clean, physically fit, and confident, high expectations. 31 yrs 5'9" 157 lbs., considered hunky haiding, hairly and currently bearded the man I see is between 30 and 45 years of age, of good physical presence, has facial hair and possesses an appressive nature which constantly seeks to satisfy its various needs including a varied and dynamic sexual appel te

Yes. I'm tooking for a lot. Then again, I'm offering a lot, devotion and commitment, love and sexual intensity. A sincere response and current photo get the same from me. Reply to PO Box 23635. Seattle, WA 98102. (LF4538.

BACKPACKING, X-C SKIING, FULL LEATHER

Moving to SF or Seattle by year-end 1985 Japanese-American, 31 y g., 5'4" 125 dbs., ex-gymnast tight hard body good-rooking, bearded, macho, Into malesex in full leather caps, cycle jackel light chaps, boots, gloves, ballstretchers, fucking, secking, CB&T rough contact 70% top. 30% bottom depending on partner Safe, no smoke-/dope. scat. fist. I'm in management highly-educated, spend most weekends hiking/backpacking, bridge player, comfortable with straight social life. Your SF or Seattle feather stud, white physically m-shape, menta vy sharp 25-40 y o., no smoke/dope Goal hiking or leather partner to committed relationship. Picture with letter please Will reciprocate Box 4544LF

HTLV3-POSITIVE

Low T-Cell, GWM. 160 pounds, blond. blue, cut, workout regularly, seek hot Master for total commitment. Willing to relocate (rural or urban). Box 4784

VACUUM PUMP GUINEA PIG Scumbag and dildo sucker WM 38, 5 10°, 175, obsessed with massive cocks needs force-feeding, also cock and hipple bloating/forfure with heavy-duty pump, Med./GH/kinky scenes, VA amyl. Max, (914) GVJ-PGXM

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body mind, and will Freely give to me your unquestioning obedience, servifude, and worsh.p. Become my property to do as I please Wear with pride the leather collar I will custom make for you. There is no other way You will have a long list of regular household slave duties, which you will perform naked. You may be required to work at a conventional daytime job on the outside, maybe one beneath your skill, and turn your earnings over to me, but you will know that it is right and proper for you to do so. Your reward and pleasure will come from providing service and pleasure to me and my life partner, and, perhaps, another select man. You will be ready at all times to submit to a wide range of S/M related sex, usually as passive. occasionally as active For rebellious action careless performance of duty or intraction of orders or rules on your part, your physical and mental punishment will be inevitable, severe, and painstakingly sadistic. A major part of your life of service will involve leather and motorcycles. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine reserved. Your body should be in reasonably good shape. You must be in good health. You may use moderate amounts of alcohol and lobacco. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Les. PO Box 511265, Salt Lake City LIT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

ONE MASTER WANTED

who likes far-out night-time service, royal daytime partner lim 10, prefer younger, Latin, Black Asian or white Anything you rike that's safe Photo piease—all answered Box 4072.

HORNY AFFECTIONATE DADDY
42 6' 187 lbs , non-smoker seeks intelligent, obedient, self-supporting son into light verbal abuse, being spanked eating Daddy's ass, having Daddy fuck his face and ass and sleeping in Daddy's arms. Relocation and monogamy expected. Letter and picture to Sir PO Boit 1095, Richmond, VA 23208

MASCULINE VERSATILE BOTTOM

seeks hot, hung 25-45. I am W/M 36, 6't", 155, beard 7\%" cut, into leather, ito bondage. ASSPLAY spanking Mirrored slingroom. 200+ mt farm, hayloft, outdoor audity. Am also looking for someone to live on the land with me. Off I-B1. Dave, PO Box 65, Bulls Gap, TW 37743.

PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED by butch attractive, well-built 33-yearold Master Must be from masculine, 18-30 Training will include long whippings and endless fuck sessions. Sox 4445

> BOTTOM SON WANTS HOT TOP DAD

Hot bottom man into hik ng, camping backpacking would like to meet hot top men for 1µn in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 ibs., br/br moustache masculine, good but di hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine well-built not fat well-hung who know how to take charge of the act on. Also interested in but ding a relationship as a good son to a younger, very masculine Dad Letter with photo to Box 423. Kenai. AK 99611 (LF4403)

FIND YOUR DEAR BIR IN DEAR SIR

SON-SLAVE WANTED

by Daddy/master in late 30s. If you have a serious desire to be the son/s-lave of this blond, 6.3" affect onate but no-nonsense. Daddy/Master include photo and phone with your response. Assistance with relocation available if necessary. Box 4426LF

HOT, HUNKY, TOP

GWM, 34 years. 5 11°, 185 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, ha ry chest with big nipples I am a stable intenigent, healthy professional I'm looking for similar men to 40 I am into hiking photography B8 and good fun. Enjoy J/O, litwork massage into cowboys U/C, leather No drugs, tems, Send

DAD LOOKING FOR SON

If you are fem or into bars games, drugs, or any other kind of buil and move on to the next ad Bul if you need a REAL dad with a lot of love for you let's talk. SON will be GWM 18-35, quiet intelligent, industrious, loving, obedient, affect gnate, submissive very much daddy sill teboy and enthus asboally bottom. He needs alpe magent. ife ong ip ofective and totally monogamous relationship with his dad, who wing ve him the ove security baren tal guidance and dominance he needs legal adoption a possibility DAD is GWM top, 37 birbt moustache 6, 210, professional with many interests and a in to offer his son; permanence securly direction, protection love and affection when parned bare-assed punishment when deserved. WE will live in the country and develop mutual interests that will encourage your growth as my son white we have fun. become best friends, and develop a sexy and healthy father/son family relationship based on respect and discipline. You will submit a complete description of yourself, your life and background as well as your needs in a relationship with your dad; you will include your address, telephone number and two photographs (snaps ok, revealing not necessary) no more than six months old and you will receive as much in return—same day So snap to it, kid! O.A.D., 11900 Winterthur Ln., #101, Reston, VA 22091 , F4524)

BOOTS, BIKES, BLUE COLLAR WORKERS

Fate-time brue coller worker by day and occasional part-time outrageous cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles and blue collar men. If you wear your boots at work and ride your bike to get there, maybe we can praclice sale sex in your garage, playroom o barn, Likes mechanically minded men muscles from hard work outside not pumping iron in a mirrored gym. Attends many bike runs and bar anniversarys in and out of the West and Rocky Mtn area. Positive NO NOs drugs, paper pushers tenn's shoes computers, rock videos, opera and high tech pieppies & riches Suis 35 61 220 bs but eyes how ha and regives same who sia idei on their bike in bed and with the bools on Box 2707LF

HAIRY TOILET WANTED

Then e mail 42 6 = 40 8 one to waits permanent le acquish powith small, dark, raunchy, aubit as veranimal with amolty hairy powers and asaholounto mutual local sexulous on yilligo booze, drugs family Relocate to Indyl Box 4750

**ANIMAL WANTED** 

Two firm but loving owners (GWM 29, brn/brn GWM 44, or/gr uncut) with slave/dog (GWM, 20, bl/gn, uncut) have positions available for additional animals to be domesticated co lared, and kept as pets. Must be prepared to relocate to warm, sunny Arizona Non-smoker only Photo All answered PO Box 55584, Tucson AZ 85703-5270

#### FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

BOSSMAN RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH

State Hearthy hunky man. 47 5'7" 155 bs , we I-burt rugged good looks, self-ship yet caring bright, warm, imaginative, sensuous tactive bearded hatting, big-dicked taltoed, successful professional wears leather Levis, boots as well as autisities & jocks, divorse interests and a nice guy Looking to meet another manibuddy over 40 together mentally and physically to horse around with for a night or lifetime Write with your phone number to RCS PO Box 1064. New York City NY 10022 (LF4748).

#### WANTED: SLIM YOUNG SLAVE/SON

Must relocate—all expenses paid including insurance by 47-year-old dad Write w/ photo(s) Box 4791

#### DEAR SIR-WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

Yes slave want you introduce one term. My slave gets properly haled for s avelrained and sed for hypinas ine. There will be rewalds pair ules . hores bondage discipline (H&II etc have a he ea e restaints tools and equipment a stave needs am tai trim, hung, 34 GWM and stabie. My slave must be 21-1' submissive, and ready to move in I believe a slave should find happiness thru serving me, and be kept under control Write about your body present limits. expectations, and other qualifications Respectful questions get answered. OSA, PO Box 20835, Reno. NV 89515

BLOW YOUR OLD MAN

Mandsome white grizzled, whiskered boot-wearing Dad 58, 5'10", 175, with Ihick, uncut, 7" full-time hardon, seeks self-supporting, submissive silent, worshipful boot-licking long-winded cocksucker son/slave. Live together Permanent Write Occupant Box 8925, MPLS, MN 55408 (LF4721)

ALABAMA

GOOD SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

I am a very good slave and a masochist I am seeking good times with good-looking Leather Masters who en, by being a Master as much as lenjoy being a slave to my Master I will be a good uring) boy and ass wipe. I enjoy being huminated expend y nipoble places and I need to suck lots of cocks. I need daily whippings and I can take a of all abuse and use. However, I do not wish to be permanently marked I love leather, chains, ropes, handcufts and restraints and being bound up for use or abuse Please. Sart I need you. Oon't you need me? Please, Sir! I will pbey a 6 make you plo dirt your staye Thank you. Sir Box 4460LF

TEACH ME. SIRI

WM. 6. 220, 44, full beard, desires friend/Top to show me how to be a bottom. Into some 8D CBT didos of the real thing. Have selection of auto-erotic" hardware on hand. Must get to know and trust respondents before getting it on. Mutual discretion is expected and assured. Montgomery area preferred. Box 4481LF.

LEATHER, LEVIS

FORESKIN HUMILIATION

2) year old WM cut at age 17 due to humiliation, especially over doctors examining uncut penis. Photo exchange Phone J/O. Write to Day of PO Box 59806. Birmingham, At. 35209

ALASKA

### ALASKAN LOOKING FOR

Straight acting hairy, cut GWM. 37, 200, bive/bin Quiet evenings home. hottub, gardening split wood, lish ocean trees Pavarotti, violin USA 603

LOOKING FOR W M UNCUT

40-80, short, little body hair 1 m Al, K. 58, 215, Hawaren Meet correspond, sawp nude pics Box 4-122, Anchorage, AK 99509

UNCUT WANTS BAME

Would appreciate hearing from and meeting uncircumcised men. A photo would be nice. Thanks loads! USA 287

ANCHORAGE

Handsome Latin man, 31, wellendowed, wants tun and lunk with white uncul maies 25-40 Into creative sex, no hangups Send photo and letter to Box 3130 Anchorage Alaska 99510

ARIZONA

ANIMAL WANTED

Two firm bullloving owners (GWM 29 brn. brn, GWM. 44. gr/gr uncut) with slave/dog (GWM 20, bl/gn, uncut) have positions available for additional animals to be domesticated, collared and kept as pets. Must be prepared to relocate to warm sunny Arizona. Non-smoker only. Photo. Al. answered. PO. 80x 55584. Tucson, AZ 85703-5270.

PHOENIX DADDY

looking for young WM who needs to be taught a lesson. I will administer a good bare-ass spanking and tuck your mouth for good measure. Send detailed letter with phone number. Newcomers welcome. Box 4522LF

UNINHIBITED? SO AM II

Like to write and meet others into C/W and skin. Like long, prolonged French sessions and cock pleasures. Enjoy d all USA 113

NEW AGE ARIES MALE

30s stender attractive Just happens to have very handsome foreskin covering a magic mushroom inside in which magical healing powers reside USA

MORTKERM CALIFORNIA

VERSATILE COUPLE AVAILABLE for friendship and whatever we enjoy—cards, bowling and safe sex couples or the enways. It be the ename of ed? one 39 Tel. (408) 227-3774

RAUNCHY SEX

Raunchy sex in San Francisco wanted by GWM. 22 Box 4678

DADDY WANTED

W/M 41, bodyhunder monogamous affectionate needs quality loving Box 5233. San Francisco, CA 94101-5233. NO FFAI

YERY MUSCULAR ANGEL TYPE BIKER

looking for others into bondage, whips, dirty leathers, bikes, talloos and other shit. 40 years 6 ft. 225 ibs. Send photo & letter to PO 8ox 161495. Sacramento, CA 95816 (4575LF)

TATOOED SLAVE

W/M, 52, seeks master for long-term duty any age any weight I have good body tattoos and masculine. Paul 80x 4713

**HOT HARD LEATHER ACTION** Full leather chains erect hippies hard pecs defined stamachs arms & legs ringed repples, fat dicks, uncut dicks with stretched overhangs, shaved balls & assholes, heavy C/BT, T/T, Y/A DISS, BRIGHTAS, Deer Sweat spil. Grease oil & lubricants S&M getting sloned heavy sloppy kissing, pig sex. I want it all—in a SAFE, hot environment!! I'm 28 5 10" 165 fbs with a very fight gym body defined rippled washboard stomach. firm pecs & arms shaved balls for heavy stratching & hung thick! I'm very versat le & very energetic' i'm look | q for a stud who is just as energetic. . 5 35, has a light defined body, hung well and is a no-nonsense leatherman! Let's get together and play it hard in leather!! Call Buddy at (415) 346-7418.

searching for slaves. You hot, under 10, trim, capable of heavy bondage whipping, IT & C/81. Me hot, 41 muscular A DS aware Have well equip and black-room. Send application to Box 4714. First consideration for applications with photo.

LEVI FREAK

Hot bearded, 61° 40, will get into most anything with partner who also tooks good and leers right in skin tight 501 Levis, raunchy or new San Francisco Box 4755

MUSCULAR SLAVE

needs sad slit owner Continement torture, total control Send photo Box 4802

ASSWORSHIP

37 years, 6 feet, 155 lbs, blond, good-looking well-built (spec, ass) 7 inches uncut, shaved. Wants contacts with sale assplayers interests mutual assand fart-snifting, squalling over each others faces with open holes see you shift, have you pee on my hole, under wear, rubbers, big asses and holes, shaved), parties with many willing asses. Write me and tell me your preferences. Box 4797

EXPERIENCED SM MASTER

searching for slaves. YOU Hot, under 30. It m, capable of heavy bondage, whipping. IT CBT ME Hot 41 muscular, AiBS-aware Have well-equipped blackroom. Send application to Box 4512LF First consideration for applications with photo

Harley-riding Devil seeks demons for black-leather or black-rubber connections in my liner Sanctum. ("I shove a leather-crotch fluck to your hooded-head You are bound in a leather or rubber straight-tacket Surrender your sens-bility with application to Boxholder P.O. Box 99033. San Francisco, CA 94109 Enclose photo Video record-

**BB SLAVE NEEDED** 

ing a possibility

I want your well muscled rugged body to struggle, sweat, and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough forturous set of curts gnoring your screams for mercy. Your BOSS is no hot slave/animal training ored-up flex n', hot wax endurance trips CB/T, TT 4-wheelin' rock, smoke and country ways. Not into phone trips or builshit. If you're not in the area, write. BOSS, PO Box 30091, wa'nt to Creek. CA 94598. If you're in the area and a resady to sweat, call (415) 944. 9984, before 10,00 P.M. on week nites anytime on the weekends. Reep America. Mean.

PIERCED, TATOOED

GWM 41, tatooed, pierced, adverturous Seeks men Cigars, uniforms and all basic pleasures Photos exchanged All answered Box 4256LF

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted, gloved/leathered, uniformed top interested in training a boot
licking cock sucking asship a inteed to
meet up with cops bikers, leatherman
and daddies with attitude? A mean
streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy
80 heavy VA moderate SM hoods
gags gas masks enemas boots and
toys This horny hairy WM 29 6' 160
brown hair beard & moustache needs
cigar smoking cops and teathermen to
show me my place and keep me there
Will correspond Photo for photo. Box
3711LF

SIR

want to wo ship you. Sit tate 30s

My your 6 166 ship of a conhigher a moneyament elaborating
with a naturally diminant takechaige loving and caring ing muscled
ock wrestler footbal player opinit
lary construction workers 25.45 into
opht TT, physical BD, sweaty
muscles—show me new things Outdoor scenes among the redwoods? I
want to please you, Sirt Ric, 1632 J
Street Eureka CA 95501

BOTTOM PIGS

Experienced erolic. sensual Top willing to workover and train a property
submissive, bottom pig possessing an
insatiable desire for prolonged workout on his pighole. My range excrut-at
ingly de icale to bruta ly ha sh
depending upon my mood and your
need. Bottom must be 1 ght, fit clean
I'm white, 37 handsome 6', 160 cut 7"
and its control. Box 4472LF

**BOTTOM SLAVE** 

Two hot, GWM tops want bottom/slave to train and serve them. We re 34, experenced and AIDS-aware, into 1 ght & moderate S&M 8&D. CBT/TT Limits respected & expanded Good attitude important. Respectful replies to Sirs with qualifications, experience photo & phone Box 3441 San Francisco, CA 94119-3441

SLAVE BOY/DOG needs Master with whip P 0. Box 4077, San Francisco, CA 94101

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST Whip and tortura this healthconscious, intelligent, professional, bootlicking, cocksucking forture stave. ento 501s, military boots. Fr. Gr. BD, SM. whipping, and ball torture. Moving to SF soon and visit SF frequently now Nautilus, computers, bridge, travel books No WS, scat, FF, rear Fr Send phone to Box 4532LF

YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN wanted for ath bondage. No SM I'm GWM 47 (504) 831 9298

> LEAN, HARD, DEFINED MASO-SLAVE

seeks frim Sado-Master Ready for dog training complete toket service, bondage, C87 piercing, digars. Any or all. but more important, your trip. your way I am 42, 5 10", 150 Travel Photo. phone, descriptive letter to PO Box 5908, San Francisco, CA 94101 (LF4519)

SLAVERY-OWNED-TORTURE If you are haunted by these words, if you feel compelled to slavery if you need to serve, then you will submit an appropriate application to John Phil-lps, PO Box 2755. San Francisco, CA 94128. A man. A Master Sensitive yet cruel Sophisticated but tough Patient experienced perceptive. Accomp nshed and successful Early 40s, tall wed-built, damn goodlocking. Real slavery doesn't happen in a bar lover a weekend, or by fantasizing Permanent ownership is achieved by thorough exploration, extensive training and total commitment over time. The most intimate, personal relationship that Iwo people can experience is a true master/slave relationship (LF4533)

HOUSEBOYS & SLAVES Which is what you were born to be and you know it. We are willing to Ira in the right 21 35, husky, amenable man for complete service. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showprece. You will serve men older than yourself Sirong discipline No but shift Send something about yourself and a photo to Box 1000 You can call me Siri

SEEK DOMINANT GWM over 50, experienced in VA, CBT, 6&D very hirsuit Prefer out Bize unimportent. Must be clean and sane and respect timits. POS:TIVELY NO: Scat TT, WS, heavy pain or raunch No. monies involved at any time Plefer non smoker but not recessary Weight unimportant, but no freaks I are not Gr/p, bulam Fr/a-p lan not cut, but am retracted all the time I am new to leather, but interested Box 45301 F

WANTED: MODERATE SLAVE Live aboard houseboat near downtown SF Must be clean-cut straight appearing like boats, leather lattings dogs Tall, brond uncut a plus No drugs or heavy S/M Serious only send picture and full into Box 4798

**BUTT SLAVES WANTED (415) 752-0971** 

TOTAL BONDAGE

For cute, young guys by handsome top in Central California Valley Letter with picture (returned on request). Box 4701

TOP THIS DADDY

GWM bottom, 40, 155 lbs., 5'8", good condition seeks student jock for daddy-/son relationship. CP/VA/HuM Box 4677

SLAVE BOYS WANTED While daddy, 30's accepts pleas from Submissive, obed ent bottoms to serve him Open to many fantasies. Letters with photo answered first Box 4723.

TATTOOED SLAVE

WM, 52 seeks master for long-term duty, any age, any weight I have good body, latteos and masculine, Paul. Box

SACRAMENTO LIVE-IN LEATHER 5'9", 33, 160 lbs., medium build, moustache, Asian leatherman seeking a permanent live-in relationship with another leatherman with same interests. Willing to relocate in Sacramento Your photo gets mine. Box 4687

SLAVE/DOG

29 years 6 175 masco ne handsome heathy save dog men a y phys. cally sliong submissive total ylobe. dent into \$ M B D FF IT WS and more out ing to hot handsome mas. co ne demanding Master/Trainer serious about his business. Suite 205 2040 Polk St., San Francisco. CA 94109. (LF4554)

WM, 32

logicing for others into leather and 2 PG Box 4021 Whittier CA 90607

WM DAD NEEDS SON Daddy, 50, very horny seeks son with large cock bails and should be Greek active. Dad wants son for permanent stay together and take care of son and receive my love No S/M Pholo latter to Joe Saulsberry, 9860-A Mission Sivd., Glen Avon CA 92509

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNA

PRO-SIZE NIPPLES Hunky, fallooed bodybuilder 39, 145 ibs., 5'6", with bungry rapples seeks bodybuilder into long uninhibited ses-sions of litwork J/O muscle, etc. Tattoos a plus. Photo a must. PO Box 480651, LA CA 90048

JOCK NEEDS DISCIPLINE Goodtooking Tanned WM athletic hung slave boy, 6', 165 fbs. 27, blond/br seeks goodlooking Coach, master, older brother, dad to use my fight boyass and hungry mouth I'm into jockstraps. Speedos, gym shorts, leather Enjoy bondage, 3-ways (gang bangs?) and wrestling I need discipline hand paddie, strap spanking. Your photogets mine Dave. PO Box 4645, Laguna. Beach, CA 92652

HOT, BUTCH TOP 37 seeks young passive leatherboys for good time. Send photo and phone. Box.

NEED HOT, HUNKY, VERY THICK DARK, HAIRY, MUSCULAR, MAS-

CULINE HORNY TOP STUD Sit on my face, open my hungry hot receptive hairy hole-wide and deep Bell my buns, TT WS Like huge wide diddes, both big hairy muscular arms Love to tongue, tick, kiss and eat hol juicy, hairy holes for hours! Not into really heavy SM. B&D or CBTI Put feet.. anywhere! Tongue-clean hairy chest and armpits. ass-want to salisty my top Like long, no-holdsbarred sessions. Well-trained and experienced. Will try anything Box

SLAVE DANNY Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving whipping, piercing of armpits & hits For parties photos, groups or one Master (818) 846-9486

SLAVE TRAINEE WANTED Daddy (While, 48, 6'2", 230 lbs.) and his boy (Black, 19, 5'11" 155 lbs.) are looking for a slave to train. Nevice okay Dad will leach his boy to be a Master Only full-time, live-in long-term SERIOUS need apply Complete description and photo/phone to: Box

YOUR WORLD-WIDE SOURCE OF TIT-TOYS FROM BASIC TO BIZARRE

Wholesalers & Dealers

### -T CATALOG Nobody does it better!

Manufacturers of quality Tit Ctamps, nipple one restraints, and novelnes. The originators of the famous adjustable alligator til clamps Catalog and samples on request. Wholesalers and distributors contact.

T-T CATALOG

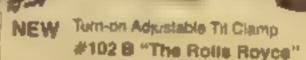
T-T CATALOG 250 Warren Street, Brooklyn, NY 11201

TOP OF THE LINE SERIES The Rolls-Royce of Tit Clamps

For those S Maies who have to have the very Dest- and for those special individuals who are into collectibles of tit clamps and tit play

Introducing the Rolls Royce another style of diai-type adjustable tit clamp, expensive and worth every dollar!



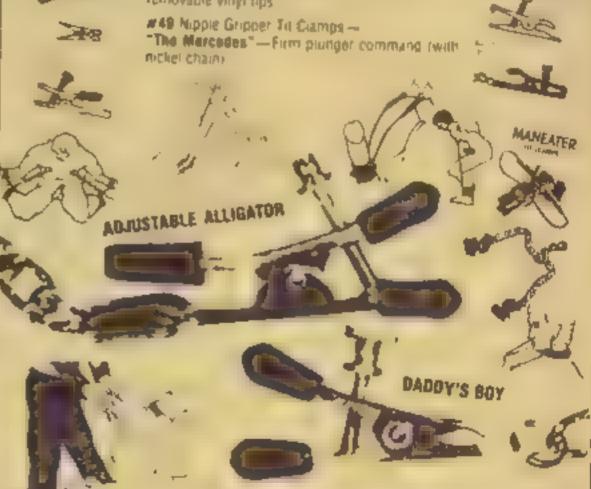


The Rolls-Royce itself—the ultimate in elegance form and function

### TOP OF THE LINE SERIES

#102 A Tier on Ad able T . #1 av "The Cadiffee"-Dia: M for Murder (with black removable vinyi tigs)

#102 B Turn-on Adjustable Tit Clamps-"The Rolls-Reyse"—Dial control—the ultimate in elegance and function (with nicket chain removable why! tips



Retail—at fine leather shops and from your favorite mail order company



Two Black Harley Bikers
Tony in full teather or full C H i P gear
and uniforms with tak, hot black boots
ail to be serviced by hot, hung leather
studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are
both hot, well-hung good ooking, and
into FF WS. JD, VA. boot service. GB
and other hot scores Have toys sling
m mors, and video. Mike and/or Tony

LEATHER ACTION
Leatherman, 6' 175 lbs. goodlooking
seeks same for hot healthy leather/un form action, discipline, SM io iddoor
hike scenes, Box 4148

(213) 777-0122 Box 47552. Los Angeles

CA 90047

SON WANTED WM Topman Master 46 5'8" 140 lbs mustache seeks completely bottom. thoroughly-submissive son N shed or SM abose Don't wa Hay a lay way to the from the second of the second ke, ikeu am w of other state or service of d) a w or . Dead J r ker Preter sim trim quiet affec to type boy under 36 who needs a real Dad and knows a son s duty is to obey his Oad and service his Dad's cook, Permanent and live-in-As an or Lating welcome. Boy a phone number gets an immediate call from D d Box 4551

BEAR SIR-WHERE TOPS AND HOTTOMS COME TOGETHER

GWM 30s, leather/levi guy in shape clean cut & healthy seeks others in Torr Redn. San P LAX area for friends /fun on/off motorcycle. Lit. Ph. # to Box 4248

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/SON
If you have a serious desire to be slave/son to a business executive who is a
no-nonsense dad, call Dave at /213)
102 5461

Needs Daddy 5'10" 155 lbs 34 brown hair—needs Big Daddy with big leet beard, dominant No pain—FF W S OK I'm very affectionate and I need Big Daddy to love and serve 1 on 1 lefa-lionship Photo to Joe Box 4736

Are you tried of the bull shift yet? Finds the you tried of the bull shift yet? Finds the because your potential and about the have you to be fully readized? Does your destiny remain unfulf fled? Still waiting to be used trained displayed and challenged the way you should? And the finds of the way you should?

with me. Everything you might have been is history. If you've got guts enough to submit totally to the actuality of a real-ofe sadomasoch stic retait on ship then contact. Frank Albrigh at 1619) 578-3629 weekdays 4 to 8 P.M. Pacific time). (LF4729)

SLAVE

Stave Danny will submit to bondage and lortures for groups, parties inho os or one Master Phone (818) 846-9496 Thank you Sirs: (LF4720)

SLAVE

Seeks sane, demanding, permanent Master into humiliation bondage, average base Slave, 34, 54° 125° bs., St boniss ve Oriental Box 4684

**TORTURE MASOCHIST** 

nterested in expanding limits on S/M. CB. TT, whipping, piercing, bondage weights mummilication etc. Not into FF or scat. 37 yrs. old, 611, 250 fbs. Box 4704

"PONY BOY"/BOTTOM/M/SLAVE

ARE YOU MY MASTER???

Am I capable of sustaining the conditions of a permanent stave? Maybe I could be your most prized possession I gotta know! Me young well-educated cute, stender sexy sensible, submissive You probably 30 s, tailer nicely hung exciting manify physique aggressively sensual attitude it serious, confident and patient, please write for photo and detailed application, Box 4786

Dool lickin bottom seeks egotistical demanding atrogant lype to serve and worship With surrender mind and body for your use and abuse. Org bools or rough feet—clean or dirty menta and physical workouts. SM VA hirsuite bodies, hoods collars gloves uniforms kernel training, military discipline 52 to 180 lbs. Travel USA Box 111LF.

GOODLOOKING DAD

looking for special brother for Joe
Someone to help with chores to share
a brother they never had Osscipline to
be applied for training and awareness
You will become a hol man-boy in time.
Submit a letter stating general facts
about yourself Abilities, achooling
etc. If you have doubts enclose in
seared enviceope to Joe as he can
assure you by phone of life's ultimate
experience. Positive growth-priented
family. Box 4535( f.)

white camping companions etc. If are also a bold, consenting about 1. — you good pic will get one you d pay to get Maybe an invitation, too. Write Holder, Box 6344. Rosemead CA 91770 in Europe and respective to the payer and seeking world are also a bold, consenting about 1. — you good pic will get one you d pay to get Maybe an invitation, too. Write Holder, Box 6344. Rosemead CA 91770 in Europe

HOT BOTTOM IN LONG BEACH WM 31, 6'1', 170, blond/blue with moustache Looking for one-on-one with pider Master/Daddy who is same size or bigger with moustache and is hat Hoping for long-term, not onenighters. Would like gym buddy to work out with Need someone strong and affectionate. Someone to administer discipline and punishment, fuck and fist my ass and kiss and hold me ff. you re the right man there is no limit to how much I'll give Write Occupant 33-2nd Place Apl 5 Long Beach CA 90802 or call (213) 435-4500 between 9:00 A.M. and 11:00 P.M. No JD calls! 4577 F

S M B/D

Goodfooking, 37 seeks "ver abuddy for ass beatings, whippins Reach limits and beyond Mananoug-Reply' 80x 4783

WM, 32

WM 32 looking for others into leather and 2 PO Beit 4021 Whittier CA 90507

Daddy 50, very horny Seeks son with large cock balls and should be Greek active. Dad wants son for permanent stay together and takes care of son and receive my love. No.S. M. Photo letter to Joe Saulsberry. 9860-A. Mission.

Blvd Glen Avon CA 92509

ADMINISTRATE PUNISHMENT
GVE GT Hvy Spank Trn Stave and Master Sonr Daddy Workout Military
Administrate punishment as needed

European 5'8" WM 25-45 healthy No

talloes uncut drugs C/R Place ftr & tel # to Box 4785

L.A. ORIENTAL MASTER WANTED Novice white male 48 slocky, bearded shaved head seeks fraining by quietly masculine Oriental under 35 as occasional panty wearing maid and presonal cocksucker. No pain but william to expand other timits. Box 4754

NEED TO BE ROPED, GAGGED, HELPLESS?

Gol a hot defined bod? This handsome rean, muscular top. 34, 5.11" sane sense of humor wants to the you up shut you up and jack you off Safesex your place, no SM weekdays before 4 P.M. Photo or honest descript on to Box 318, 7985. Santa Monica Blvd. Suits 1.19. West Hallywood CA 90046 (LF4/148)

TOPMAN THAINER FOR

ermanent challenge bondage blond whulder, stable triancially successful needs directed training mentor and Dad to develop shape and mold subject. Have facilities, equipment and deep drive to meet your challenge and go beyond! Looking for quality and teather experience have much potential—and the time is NOW 4245, 8306. Witshire Blyd., 8 H., CA 90211

Colling Colling

FORESKIN WORSHIP
GM seeks men who like their foreskin
worshiped I am 32 5'8', 130 lbs 7's'
cut Please send photo to JWR 2269
Market St., No 112 San Francisco CA94114

FUR & FORESKIN

Husky "bear" 38 lush uncut. 6-plus
inches wants to meet trim guys 18-35
for 30 Fr etc Foreskin not required!
Box 60264. Palo Alto. CA 94306

WM 35 5'6" 165 lbs light brown hair brown eyes 6" hard 2'4" soft into small or any size uncul guys with lots of foreskin overhang or those that shink into themselves. Also into WS piss games. Would enjoy overnite stays, Like outdoor scenes, into astrology. USA 264

SANTA CRUZ & BAY AREA GM seeks same for friends travel correspondence, and fun I am 28, feanblond, cut Speak French & English Call Thomas (408) 426-5099

foucated GWM with sense of humor 617 155 lbs 30s, br hair/eyes, moustache seeks M romance social friendship USA 261 (415) 776-7837

Foreskin authors need you. All ages, types in good shape. Photos or descriptions to Bud Berketey. Box 26011. San Francisco. CA 94126.

EXTREMELY EXPERIENCED HEAD

only No Sais/Suns/Hobdays Phone No Wisecond letter, is wanted USA 251

LONG SKIN INTO JO Une-on-One dig walching cuts beat it and skins rolling. SF Bay area. USA 248

> THICK COCKHEAD, LOOSE FORESKIN

wM 46. 5'10", 165 lbs good body seeks all into foreskin action Have darkroom, ike porn and JO scenes Into toreskin stratching Will experiment CSA 246

GWM 32 5 11", 150 lbs 41" chest 28" waist 8" bodybuilder 8r/Gr moust ache looking for a milar into regaining foreskin and unculs who are into hot skin action USA 239

BIG UNCUT SPERM OOZING Goodlocking, insaliable Hispan , pumps hot intestines or salivas by eithras Enjoys fow sizable swill breads Knowledgeable! Prefer 6' or JSA 237

by cut. slim goodlooking WM, 30s br hair/eyes Prefer hosky build Caucany age No cigs or trade Photo please to SiL No 314, 4670 Hollywood Bivd , L A CA 90027

Are you the kind of Daddy that I kes to sit on your boy's face and shove your uncut hose down his throat to take a piss? Got a beer bety? Hispanic? Harry white trucker? Want to make him earthe cheese from under your floppy to a skin? Like him to sit between your legs and clean you from foreskin to assholo? Obedient son doesn't have to be fold twice. SF boy is 30, goodlooking \$ 11" 150 ibs. fair and fairly harriess uncut thick cock and waiting to hear from his hasty Daddy. LSA 271

exp French a Total Massage offered to heary uncuts who prefer not to rec procale! 40s. buich face fem body S F Alan (415) 648-5875. Lateox

WM 51 62" 185 lbs. cut wishes to meet you. USA 222

Help me with serious research in exchange for sensuous good times! No SM Size age unimportant Write Box 684. Berkeley CA 94701

UNINHIBITED SHARING Interested in uninhibited sharing of erotic stimulation of foreskin and shall Jerry Jansen 37A Moss Street San Francisco CA 94103

UNCUT NON-SMOKER SEEKS

62°, 170 lbs. 37 dark brown hair brown hair broyes, moustache, like vege gardening, anliques, antique autos play prano, country-type aving. Cal Rick (415) 576-2953

S 10" 175 lbs 5" uncut, goodlooking bodybuilder 35 Like busky WMs big 1" 5, small uncut cocks Suck JO, lantasies No luck/SM 14711½ Burbank, LA CA 91411

Wants mutual friends for FS worship and pleasure. Also water sports enthusist. Weekdays, some weekends. Write with delais. Empty alt. USA 187

Send me your foreskin or photos of your incut cock to Rick 178 Church #3 San Francisco, CA 94114

S.F SATYR
Attractive 28 year old man. 6'1", 200
los., 8 thick, uncut inches. Fantasies
too hot to print; too exciting to not
make read Jamie, Box 40561, S.F., CA

M.O. WANTED

94140

I am seeking a well-qualified surgeon (M.O.) to do a cosmetic re-circumcision for me. Southern California area only Any recommendations? Please advise! R.D. Mager, Box 5341 Pasadena, CA 91107

GWM, 29, PROFESSIONAL 6 UNCUT

Brown hair/eyes seeks discreel GWM undut, married okay 28-40, to Peter Christos, Box 126974, San Diego, CA 92101 Photo if possible No wierdos

CHEESE REMOVAL SERVICE! Hot, husky WM 38, wants to shift and lick that smelly idirty skin and wash it down with hot piss! Box 31151, San Francisco, CA 94131

PARTIALLY-CUT WHITE PROFESSIONAL

nen to like to stretch their skin and signal time together enjoying each other a cocks and minds USA 114

NEED SIRCUMCISING, SIRI Want to contact others needing it too ACORN No. 3, 833 Post St. No. 542 San Francisco, CA 94109

"INFORMED CONSENT"
A 9%-minute videotape about circumcision shows actual surgical procedure.
Send SASE to informed Consent Box
493 Forest Knolls CA 94933

REDHEAD

30 wants sale, sleazy skin sex with uncut Dad. Pic gets same. Box 14064. Station G. Sen Francisco, CA 94114.

HAVE FORESKIN & VIDEO CAMERA

Want to hear from other with homehade viceds of their uncut glory. Will trust. Acided attractions shaved crot. This cheese, WS. Set your lens for close up and lets furn each other on JR Box 14578. San Francisco. CA 94114

UNCUTS WANTED Order GWM wants any race, 18 and up Write Meyers, 1946 N Kenmore, L A CA 90027

Would like to correspond with man who has restored foreskin by stretching or who is in process. USA 274

Who want to get it on 1-to-1 basis bet's talk and MEAT to to the our fantasies Cray (213) 661-0839

HAIRY UNCUTS WANTED
30-year-old wants 25-45 hairy uncuts I
ke foreskin, body hair, masculinity
iight SM verbal domination, Moustache et iked USA 267

CUT

43-year-old GWM with beard, harry chest seeks uncut vacation companion dedicated to exhibition sm, stretching and ??? Write a few words about yourse f interests and what you think makes a great vacation USA 408

HOT BOTTOM NEEDS TRAINING U/C top needed to regularly plow tight bottom. Colleg ate humpy and superhung. 25 138, 5'7" Relationship-oriented sincers Photo. Please—tell me what you'll do with me Repry to Dalabase PiO Box 4250 Berkeley. CA 94704

**DIVORCED MAN** 

Lives in rural area of Fairfield (Travis Air Force Base location). Attractive straight, but curious. Part American indian looking for pow wows with other uncut males. Phone weekends (707) 864-0346.

UNCUTS WANTED

experienced in stretching by 6, 170 lbs hairless cut. Phone 6 photo gets same Box 103FQ

PANTING B G BEAR

de stie a se a the Head of the

wast a tive of rame for my wast a tive of rame for my will guy, would like to meet country guy (A-tail-hairy) average tooks for PO Box 128, Santa Ysabel, CA 92070 Photo gets mine

M d-40s WM 57", 155% brown, blue educated likes his eager son to slowly crean him from foreskin to asshore take Dad's hose down his throat open his asships wide to gently swallow Dad's hard dick and more! Redheads welcome, other dadd es too Crassical music to C&W dancing, homelife tri, to the country quiet times Raunchy tastes aspiration but A.DS aware and put of the fast tane and expect the same Detailed letter and photo get same S.F. USA 507

GWM

38. 5'11", 170 br/bl several lattoos 9" uncul, 1-1 seeks correspondance/meeting other uncut GWMs especially Latinos Friendship sale sex possible relationship. Send photo letter USA 648

LA CHUBBY, UNCUT, MATURE GWM 67, 250, 40 67 cock, nice skin Fr/a. Gr/p loves older uncut men age 45-85 only Cuddling to lunky No size/wit hangups Luv U All CA75. USA 641

HOT, HUNGRY MOUTH

White male, 49, 5'8', 170 ibs, dark blond blue eyes masculine and uncut 8' thick cock, Br p. Fr/a Looking for other white or Latin masucine uncut male who is into uncut cock worship 1 am very hungry for smelly cock cheese, cum filled heavy balls Leather & levis, sweaty crotch and jockstraps also turn me on Please write—photo gets phots. USA 529

GOODLOOKING
well-hung man, 30. 6' 165# 8' handpule Have true fet shifter uncuts, aged
18-49 Interested in phone calls photo
exchanges meetings for loceskin worship, USA 528

WM, 48, 6

8" thick cock delightfully covered, gorgeously uncut with self decidus stiding fully retractable foreskin desires photo exchange experience swapping pensals I am married, bi-sexual, discrete meeting possible USA 527

GWM 35 seeks Fr/Gr action with unduts anywhere, especially Latins and Asians, Travel often Answer al. Tom Lovelace, 6520 Selma, #420F Hol-

DEEP MASSAGING THROAT for uncut men needing French service (415) 563-0528

ywood, CA 90028

UNCUT SO. CAL TOP
Into foreskin stretching and F.S. fantasies, CBs would like top hear from hot
man into same. All replies answered. D.
Master USA 530

WELL-HUNG

Recently blinded heavy into JO, would like to correspond by tape. Can send photo Write HAL, c/o B II Braem 4086 1 by Rd., Sherman Oaks, CA 91403

BROTHER/DADDY

Handsome, uncut 42-year-old big brother/daddy seeks young 18-28 preferably uncut liftle brother/son for mutual. If and creative safe sex and fun Write Felic 1522 For an exp. St. CA 9411?

**UNCUTS ONLY** 

l' 41 uncut 8' 5 11" 165 lbs., dig p ss cheesy dicks. Ef aunuhy jock photos Box 493. Shingte Springs. CA 95682 30 minutes from Sacramento.

BOTCHED CIRCUMCISIONS, SCARS RESTORATIONS, LONG FORESKINS MY OBSESSION!

van Schildene 1453 E. Compton Bivd

ACORN Club seeks quantied Sircumcisers, any location, must dig our size e A + N 633 Post St Box 542 St + A 94 M

> HEY HUNG GUYS WITH SKINHEADS

This mature GWM has keen sense of smell & well hat suction power for your unwashed, uncut prick, Sir! (213) 465-6732. Write: Box 6292. L.A., CA 90055.

BEST BU/EXPERT COCK PLEASER Heavy hung, uncut, mature men only No tals tems Day outcalls only in SF & S. Marin, write to D. Boyle Box 451 Sausanto, CA 94965

UNCUT PHALLUS WORSHIPPER Wish to correspond with other uncul pharlus worshippers like myself. Experiences and photo if possible, etc. USA 149

EXPERT DOCKER

8. Foreskin Stretcher Healthy WM, 38. gives fast head to disease-free men w/fa1 dick topped with extra long slimy foreskin. Blind meal ok (213) 665-6511

CUT DADDY WANTS UNCUT SON! Are you ready to let Daddy take YOU in hand? Write and lets see what happens R.R.H., 85 Corwin St., No. 2 San Francisco, CA 94114

### COLORADO

ACTIVE ASS

W M 6 3°, 165, 40's wants dominant guy(s) that will give me light B&D TT, ass spankings lots of VA and cock to worship and be a slave too Leather and mature turn-ons but no FF W/S or scat With poppers and hard cock my ass gets very active Denver area but will correspond anywhere Reply to Box 4731...F

SPANKING

Boyish. 22-year-old needs spanking Send name number fantasy & description to Scott Auter, PO Box 10672 Denver CO 80210-0672

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170. ibs , hungry and submissive. Seeking expert level-handed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be simpped, immobilized tied up chained, spanked steadily, but not brulat y tit my tight round firm buns glow. then use a condom to luck me Dominate with ropes rack, paddie whip chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends Toys some til work, but no heavy pain. No WS. FF scat shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful but not hum liated bottom. GW PO Box 18005, Denver CO 80218

COMMESTICUT

LEATHER SM BIKER

Lacking for bottoms/slaves who knows what leather slavery is and is good at it indeed, SM sex in dungeon and on my bike will train respect i mits. Write—enclose photo if you're ready for leather sex. Box 3957LF

LIVE-IN SLAVE Cive in GWM 18-28 slave into heavy C&BT, TT, FF Call Al. (617) 497-0651 Must leave phone, qual fications, description

DO-WETRO

BEARDED MASTER

12 5 10 105 lbs lbg thick experienced, understanding. Seeks clean healthy staves for big lexual sessions in my fully-equipped "den". All scenes except scat. Novice gavs get Tt C. am in the Anapolis-Baltimore-DC area. Letters with photos get answered. Also tooking for other good Masters. Box 3893t.

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN WM 3 , 5 10°, 155. Bl. 8., moustache. goatee SM 6D. CBT TT WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom Write PO Box 2341 Manassas, VA 22110 (LF4696)

A MAN

170 lbs. solid muscle, 5'10" 39, dark. bearded InterChain 226. I am essenhavy domina I and fetally make the bit can be walm invino consciera e and always sens at 50 from thence pased on interprine expense e maturity and self-acceptance. Years of residence in Stockholm Paris and Ber-In have given me European hexibility: am my own man and not captive of any role Ardent handball enthus ast Besides FF am into all sides of Fr Gr titwork and mulually sat slying S&M Like both intense one-on ones and group scenes. Very health conscious but that doesn't keep me from enjoying ite Sound interesting? Write Bob, PO Box 30651, Sethesda, MD 20814-0651

net ed by ici ear wire action into normal scenes a S.W. Sie e chay at leters. Cigo Hie bit is Slaving bee poppels to the and stort relet make no K.S. and and sick you firty unwashed meat as you discharge make me back off or water my eyes don't bother I want the realing to x 4068.

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

**BLAZING PADDLES** 

WM stud seeks lough guys for rec procal rounds of classical seat-of thebritches, ankle-grabbing lift-you-off the-floor ass busting. Box 27082 Wash, DC 20038

HOT FF BOTTOM

DC Metro, hot FF bollom into intense scenes enjoy unusual and interesting mind games. Also enjoy at tile surprise and novelty not expecting your classic top-bottom situation. A little imagination, concentrate hard. I'm 6'+ 180 lbs. WM. and a real surprise. Alex. Box 4732LF.

FLORIDA

BOOT SERVICE

Locking for construction worker in eans or leather daddy type to make me ick his boots and manhandle me Please make me earn your boots and the privilege to grovel at your feet. No strings, safe fun only, please, Your photogets mine Occupant, Box 140283, Miami, FL 33146-0283.

"THE SARGE"

33. 6 ft 165 abs. short brown hair clear-shaven, good coking fun lover eatherman. Lookin for a few good men. If you are muscular, defined clean and together, a man who takes care of himself and knows how to take care of another man, if you've got the spirit, maybe you can join my corps Sarge is top but a ways welcomes correspondence from other tops. Send a picture for an answer C'mon, don't be shy. Now stand at ease and start writen. Box 4526. F

HAIRY, HUNG DADDY

seeks Staveboy Daddy's Boy for possible permanent relationship Daddy is 49 5 10 hairy and hung big. Boy is younger (but egal age), smooth with a big uncut dick and low hangers. Boy must be obedient, eager to serve looking for love and security Daddy can provide good home life, training strict control, and all decisions. Can travel anywhere or meet you here in Florida Photo and submissive letter required Box 4453t F

I'LL SUCK YOUR COCK

Im on my knees sucking white my friend places on me Shavedhead cock and bails PO Box 6072 Port Charlotte Ft. 33949-6072

LIVE IN DAD WANTED

39 year-old redheaded ass-eating tocksucker wants to sett a down. Have pirt shiface, short, nice body luxury house, pool don't work. Dad must be nto igent, like me, no drugs, well spoken working, can live free lift part time employed. Must be strong hairy on the tall side, firm, yet loving and protective. Very sincere. Alcohol OK I love man smell can get a bit kinky Barry. Ross. 14624. SW 144. Court. Miam. Ft. 33186. Phone (305) 251-4838.

**SLAVE NEEDS INSTRUCTION** 

Stave with little experience looking for Master who can provide proper training. Slave is 35, 5'11" 200 lbs., blond blue eyes, into doing Master's wishes Limitations. No drugs, scat piercing or marks. Please, Sir, train me to serve your Box 4461LF.

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training in heavy bondage and light SM competent top interested in safe sex Discretion required and reciprocated take Legnard, #24751, Ft. Lauderdate FL 33307

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS

ATHLETIC W M

29. seeks down-to-earth, well-built masculine man for friend and possible layer. Enjoys the outdoors, the beaches, working out, fine arts and quiet times cuddled up together. Write P.O. Box 5121, Winter Park, FL 32793, 5121, Photo, please.

Masculine, imaginative adventurers sought for bondage, whipping, slow torture, sweat. Versable WM 32 6 160, slim, masculine seeks men with covero type forfure fantasies for sale sane, discrete sessions. No injury lasting marks, fluid exchange. Photo appreciated. Box 4637

by Master (30. 5ft 10 an. 165 lbs bearded hairy) Most be submissive obedient, healthy, into leather heavy SAM B&D Gr/P Fr/A FF/P and more Must submit to complete training for duties. Sincere only Apply with photo to Bridweil. PO Box 7686. Allanta. GA

THE REAL PROPERTY.

FT LAUDERDALE

Masculine experienced top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for training in heavy bondage and light S&M. Limits respected. Discretion required/reciprocated. If your not serious enough to include a photo then save the stamp. Jake Leonard. PO Box 24751. Pt. Lauderdale, FL 33307.

TIT TORTURE

Hot nipples ready for hot Master 6'2' 170, handsome seeks same 8 us eyes uncut, for your pleasure. Box 10181 Fort Lauderdaie FL 33334 or ca.1 (305 564-0217)

Hot masculine muscular, 44 yr old white molorcycling leatherman seeks permanent relationship with man told leather un forms, boots. Speedo swim briefs and big bikes. Must be open, honest, mature, 35-50 yrs, and willing to become my workout partner motorcy cle buddy companion, triend and lover into light to moderate, health-conscious S&M Prefer the top role but et my switching with man espect No.

WANTED SLAVE BOY
Must be small and young Will work for
mid forty year old dad Write w/pholo(s) Box 4787

tems fleaks alkies druggles or wer

dos Sendipholo piease Hox 4 LBLF.

TRAINING—COMPUTERS
Would rike to join with others in At anta
in enforced training and discipline
Aiso, would like to make contact with
others with computers. Box 4710(F)

This Allanta slave awaits your discr pline and orders I am 33, 5'9" 140 ibs and need your help and training please Sir. Box 4409t F WM 27 60° 180 lb slave Sir this southern boy needs to worsh plyou and your boots. Sir! Sir This boy is into WS shaving 80 SM. TT, and rough assoliay. Sir! Dominant Master needed Please write Sir or call (404)881-0294 Sir, this bool boy is on his knees wailing for your orders. Sir! Box 4483cF

LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES
A lanta WM 35, 5'10" br/br, 142
mature, prof. employed, into leathe
bixes boots Seeks similar health conscious man for permanent reasonably
discreet relationship Letter with photo
gets results. Box 4789

HOUSEBOY & ALL HOT MEN
GWM duo 29 and 36, both 5'10" 150
bs , moustaches, smooth/ha ry Seek
hol lops or bottoms, a ogles or couples
for hol times with no hang-ups. Any &
all scenes with multipai respect. Got a
fantasy liet us make it a real tyl Also
looking for houseboy/s ave, five in or
out, with initial input considered. Will
train, no experience OK Photo, phone
detailed effer PO Box 76125. Atlanta,
GA 30358-1125 (4700cF)

FART IN MY FACE

Let me lick and suck on your durty ass Piss in my mouth. You white 18-40 120-170. Me. 40 slim, white, not into body hair. Spanking and fucking possible. Box 4707.

MATURE MALE MASTER

white seeks slaves and submissives for casual sessions but interested in teacher role, dopies, drunkles or leather queens Want men 18-50, white or Oriental who are healthy in good shape well-set-up and know the score Prefer between 51° and 60° and 130 to 180 bs Box 4404LF



GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED Chicago Master 43, 6'3", 190# with well-equipped Dungson/Playroom including along wants submissive slaves or bottoms for obedience training bondage, humi lation, discipline fraternity initiations, paddling, C&B work SM exhibitionism, etc All limits respected. Photos of sessions available if desired Novices accepted Race no problem. Will be Drummer Dad to deserving young stude. Also require or as onal services of slave to maintain & care for leather toys and playroom and to perform miscellaneous tasks. Send photo if pass bleto: PO Box. 2630. Chicago IL 60690

TALK DIRTY TO ME, SLAP ME, FUCK ME

Gay white male, 30's, assitt slave seeks white, mature leather master to apply kill forture iface fucking, assirimming cockibal forture, linger fucking. didd play, restraints and hard fucking Pighole avarable for orgies. Please send descriptive letter with hat photo-Johane Box 4793

### DOM: DOM: A

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**BONDAGE SLAVE** 

anxious to serve. WM 160, 5'10"5" falt with some smited experience is anxrous to be put into your control and to partorm services which my master demands. Also interested in initiation the by ryself or with D' . . . . AT TO BE FF 9 BEEL the shock but would expect strong discipline for masters pleasure. Can travel on weekends in Northern and Central Indiana, or even West Central

g or tested of the tested or p inner elles being ked as an animal arc commerces Oscietion essent a Box 4475. F.

FT WAYNE AREA

Bling me your fantas est W/M 5.11 180 lbs blond/blue hairy into eve y r . I ig and maying gently a rwy ofnavy SM w , pro padd or Frasie av Msy tip to meney years, e we can we knoty to the term ideal lands. s es logether. Can travel and entertain. Photo appraciated, but not necessary Reply Drummer Box 4705LF

HAIRY TOILET WANTED

Theatre man, 42, 6', 150, 8' uncul. wants permanent relationship with small dark, raunchy, aubmissive animal with smelly, hairy pits and asshore into mutual toilet sex. Serious on y! No booze drugs family! Relocate to Indy! Box 4750.

CASTRATION

Genital mulifation/modificationfantasy reakty, T/T, CST, piercing temporary/permanent, correspondence, possible meeting. Box 4"82

**BIG MUSCLES** 

Looking for men over 25 years old build wal. big muscles. Also no feminine guys need answer. Photo a must! Will answer all with photo! S/M type Ok! Box 4803

### LOUISANA

MOTORCYCLE COP New Orieans, WM. 30 6' 165, LF4458. seeks WM into the smell taste feel of hot brack leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather tablack leather boots breeches gloves. chaps jeans jackets, belts, caps Prefer to be boltom, but versat le. Also nto toys. My breeched ass works on a HD by days, and I ride a V65 Magna at night in leather. Also have Kawasak N.n.a and am heavy into motorcycles

and motorcycle gear. Police unifoms

and gear also Into BD SM-light to heavy scene, action only Cigar smoker Phone JO ok. Call (504)282 0729: PO Box 57161, New Orleans, LA 70157 No novices, if you eren't dedicated to leather call someone else

UNITE

TIE ME UP AND ?

Serious bondage bottom interested in pre anged sessions. Box 2186. South Portrand. ME 04106. All answered (LF4459)

MARYLA! P

LEATHER TOP WANTED

GWM 36, 5'7" mascubbe altractive seeks a real man for heavy bondage. hard baltwork, etc. Name your desire. Box 4790

MASSACHLEETTS

BLACK LEATHER and BONDAGE W.M. 27 6 1", 185 needs booted gloved. arrogant Leather Master for dog training, humiliation, heavy VA and heavy bondage (gags hoods collars, cuffs. etc.) Send me your orders, Sir, and I will obey Complete discretion requested Box 4576LF

**TOTAL LIVE IN SLAVE** 

Dad and Son want a GWM approx 6 tall 170 lbs islim body no facial hair, who is ready to relocate immediately to a small town and live in a large house. You will do house and yard work, but will not work a job. We will support our s ave. We are into leather rubber sM. BAN IT IN A Y PAY JOH'S well equipped to provide discipline when required. No tems, drugs, FF or scat. For initial contact, call (413) 267-5278 before 1D P.M. Eastern time. We are ready, are you? A doctorate in slavery is not required LF4247

YOU A TICKLER?

Frim, short barry, very ticklish 6M craves the unendurable touch of a compalible man with a playfully sadistic streak. Torment my tender feel and manly but sensitive body, make me augh and plead til I'm weak with exhaustion hole exchange optional salesex a must Also seeking pengals—your hot letter gets mine PO Box 1944 Boston, MA 02105

**RAUNCY—HOT—WET SEX** 

23 years old 5'9" 150 tbs., brown hair brown eyes has beard & moustache. 7'h' cul hose active and passive Dics leather/Levi action, bl work, lots of piss drinking, 69, recycled beer swap. well used jockstraps, sweaty bodies. Scott PO Box 42 Milton, MA 02186

GMIN

35. 5'9" 140 trim well-built, masculine seeking same 20-40 for Master/slave relationship. Would like to be examined. in my skin-light levis and T-shirt with white Hetop Nikes, bound at wrists hanging from ceiling. Paddle my light ass in levis. Then strip me, forture my cock and balts with leather straps, then shave my masculine cock hairs till I'm baid. Shave my assicheeks until they resmooth. Keep me hard for hours untimy Master makes me cum Box 4405LF

INDEPENDENT BOTTOM

Boston area seeks a mature (35-plus) Top, who wants the willing service of an intelligent, thinking and bottom into bondage, discipline WS, raunch, and umforms 1'm 40, 5'11", 170, blond clean-shaven, smooth body, cut. Uttmale goal is a hearthy dominantsubordinate relationship involving the intellect, spirit and body. Sir, let's explore the possibilities. Reply to Box 4474LF Ail replys will be answered.

WM, 41, 6', 185 LBS

Softom seeks top for pleasure trips into gain. Turned on by bondage, whippings, tit-cock-ball forture and jots of piss. Not into drugs, scal IF blood and damage. Seek sare top/buddy for mulually satisfying times. Photorphone for early meeting. Box 4724LF

NEEDED: LEATHER MAN

Bottom man needs knowledgeable erolic top man into bondage. I am 33 56 140 bs and eager to learn more of eather hoods gags res ansig ves chaps locks ber and hit's eles with e at a hot top Att ap is will be answe ed as you o der ! ave a o' New England Box 4 5 F

**JACKSON AREA TOP** 

36 6'0", 170 lbs well-built, long thick uncut 10 topman in o man is man leather SM sex oR FR FF B B 1" WS toys-yas name it Ya Masca I no 20-45 with hot eager hine 5 rum 5 sive and willing With with philliph spens, it and your favor le fantally, thos 14.14. F

W. WINESOTA

FETID FORESKIN

on raunchy 38 year old Think 510 p.g. needs allen on lings other rain 'y Ireaks who are 35-50 mely d v hairy UC & mean Hot, fillhy correspondence welcome (4571LF) Grant PO Box 6194. Minneapolis, MN 55406

WICCAN PRIEST

rides 1000cc bike, sane SM Wants to contact those with similar interests Write for details. Box 4527LF

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER! Pholo phone please Write to Box #1090S

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship Daddy/Master 6 165 41 stable, sensitive, sincere, toving, dominani/leather Son/slave slim smooth. 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others con de ad a bmissive obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security Son should desire affection as well as light SM 8D humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS verbal abuse, being tucked must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Baddy Master and will derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4262 F

DILDO BOTTOM I m blond, hairy PO Box 65232 St. Paul. MN 55165

PRISONER AVAILABLE FOR TORTURE

Blond slave 22 seeks dominate master for confinement and forture Whips, spread-eagle, TT, CB&T, dildes stretching, obedience and training (612) 874-9239 Box 4703

机多数。多多 图图)

LOW HANGING BALLS? WM age 35, attractive, wants to be

slave for man to age 45 with big hang ing balls. Everything goes, 80x 4396

w.\$\$@JA'

SEARCHING FOR LEATHER MASTER

heavily into bondage enemas, rubber shaving, etc. Stave is white 26 yrs, 170 bs, medium build, novice needs training and servitude. Master will have devoted slave. Please write soon, Ser Box 4565LF

WANTED!

While mate who is serious about our way of life. Who expects to be treated as property and will make his Master proud of his property. All responses to include address, phone number and photo which will be returned on request Box 4719LF

**MASTER SEEKS SLAVES** 

Diean healthy discreet, together I'm 5'9" 140 das, from & athenic, Prefer muscular athietes—football players, body builders cowboys—who need to be dominated humiliated, paddled & control ed by a smaller man. You know you need it want it deserve it. The u fimale in submission. Write, with photo 8 phane PO Bax 3754 Bazeman, MT 59772 3754

S. W. L. AMJ. S. BING.

SLAVES WANTED TO BE TRAINED Looking for submissive GMs 18 to 30 for on-location fraining in good sexual service by 39-year-old master slave trainer. Must be will noto traver Write. Paul Emery P.O. Box 477 Intervale NH 03845 or phone Sir (603: 356-6101

STUD PRISONER ready to be fortured. Box 4747

**WANTED SLAVE** 

ME MASTER is 45, 62", 195 lbs brown hair (getting & , file thin top) brown eyes hairy body quiet type straight acting and appearing good sense of humor, not into games or lantasy trips. Own home in country in Northern New Jersey Enjoy working a good body Used to own my own private photography business special zing in bodybuilders, musclemen, MASTERS and their slaves so know what a good body is. Muscles are a plus, but not a necessity I am not a bodybuilder myself but appreciate that type of body into computers slaves and taking care of my house YOU slave, late 20s to tate 30s quiet lype straight acting and appearing well behaved important), no nonsense type who knows his place. You must have a warm mouth that I kes to be filled with warm meal. Enjoy wearing some leah. fer body harness, cock and ball harness, etc. and understand the meaning and value of discipline. Not into drugs. of any type If you can not get if on yourself and, or with help from me. Fam. not interested. No problem if you are not fully trained. If you want to learn, I will take the time to train you. Live in the vicinity of Northern New Jersey WANT Service and a good time but a quiet time in and out of bed for weekends with the possibility of having you move into house on a permanent basis. Bax 291LF

TORTURE CHAMBER ready for or soners to be chained to the rack and tortuled Box 4695

NEW JEASEY

GWM 38, 57°, 140 lbs extremely health-conscious, into spanking. TT crotch shaving. CBT enemas VA home at on. I prefer to take rather than give, but will consider trade off with right person. No exchange of body " Jids. PO Box 74 East Brunswick, NJ 08816

39 140 LBS., BLOND

green, 8 cut hot, hung horny and into everything you can imagine. PO Box 9152 600 West 58th Street NYC, NY Bux 45571 F

LEATHER, RUBBER, S&M Leather, rubber S&M, 8&D jocks, WS? Jeffrey Carlyle PO Box 413, 8-ngham ton NY 13903

SLEAZE STUD

WM 45, 6', 170 lbs good ooking seeks same into Levi/leather dirly jocks smelly armpits, cheesy dicks, spit sweat W.S. timming, scat Any raunchy scene Harry, uncut preferred Box 4645

COPS

Hot 29, 5'8" 140 albiel's handsome masculine, healthy, looking for unitermed cops for lanlasy and worship Box 354, NY, NY, 10108

TOTALLY JADED

39, 170 (bs. blond green, 8" cut, hot hung horny and into everything you can imagine (4557LF). PO Box 9152, 600 West 58th Street, New York, NY

MACHO TOP

m a mid 50s macho lop, with a mid 40s body and a mid-30s mind tooking for a macho man who needs care and affection and is willing to commit him. self to creating a mulually rewarding re at onship. Must also be writing share mutual trust whether it involves sexual lim is linances or friends I am 155#, 5 10°, medium harry muscular and alhiel c. sensuous dominant, sex ually experienced and versat a and uncloseled, so am not boking for a discreet relationship I also happen to like bars, baths, raunch and responsibility. I have never had any STO's and am AiDS negative and medically knowledgeable Professionally i am a accent at financially secure and can support you fully within hints but expect you to have motivation and a rational purpose in life or be writing to et me help you find one. Your lac a features, physical condition and emotional materity are important to me so please send a recent photo My lalover was a model but that's not a requirement. I do expect you to be sincere honest and to respect yourself and your body and to be willing to make yourself important to me haven't ment oned leather but wouldn't advertize in Drummer it that were un important. Box 4520LF

STUD Ve STUD wresting lighting WM 6' 185 lbs 19 extremely good-looking blond bive dyes, muscular stall on LF4407 Look ing for other hot muscu ar study into wresting, fighting for tap. Winner lakes a !--looser gets fucked long and hard. Looking for men, who are 21-45. top, G. A. muscu ar and willing to lay heir ass on the line in wrestling, fight ng, ball tug-of-wars, cock fights and other combat for hot hard matches to submission. I get into wrestling eather, oil, piss, mud naked aid in jock straps. Looking for men who are arso into ball tud of wars, wrestling with balls hed together and other holhard combat that leads to sex. We bot toms need apply, only looking for serious lighters. Brack bodybur ders/wrestlers and moscular hispan ics can try If they think they can handle (I. Shickwall no to meet the man). can't beat Wahna wiestle? Localed outs de New York City visitors/cha lengers welcome. Wr te with picture to MS PO Box 712 Kngs Park NY 11754

#### DEAR SIR-AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

BONDAGE SLAVE

GWM 37 good body seeks bondage master for safe sex S M training (ni CBT, TT paddling exhibit onism and ong-term confinement One-on-one or group scenes Box 6236 FDR Stello NY NY 10150

MID-HUDSON VALLEY

Masculine, bearded master 33, 6', 160 bs. with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot frim and under 35 Reply with phato and phone # J Miller POB 3086. Kingston, NY 12401 (LF4092)

ASS LICKER

available for individuals or groups Anybody over 30 Also cocksucking NYC only Phones get faster reply Box 323 NYC 10023

#### RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

ARE YOU MAN ENDUGH?

Hot hairy NYC jock, 39 5'10' solid 160, into man-lo-man heavy body contact face punching and verbal action between 2 raunchy jock-filled studs Also spit hairy pils and pecs. Wants a man who gives what he takes. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

SCORE YOURSELF

Are you 1) Young 2) goodlooking 3) muscular 4) healthy 5) submissive 6) obedient? Are you prepared for 7) Slavery, 8) training 9) punishment 10) two tall, goodlooking blond men in their 30s—Master and slave? Add one point for each YES If you score a 10 send details for each YES accompanied by recent photo for verification of first three questions. Extra points will be given for essay detailing additional qualifications. Box 673LF

18 THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

WM 42 discreet sincere, LF4471 cut seaks licenced surgeon, especially His panic any age/race in the Tri State Area to lengthen piss slit enlarge tits 'n ppies implant multiple piercings t is/hippies cock, balls, ass "lang belly) and catheterization to remain for days, plus extensive urological, cys loscopie, protoiogical exams steriod and estrogen therapies Anesthetic poss bilities optional. Have adequate health insurance and am prepared to pay privately if necessary, for profes sional lalents not reimbursable into cock suturing, ball-sac reduction recta enlargement and severe recircumors on Contact experimental animal" at 516)285-5181 9 PM - 7 AM Mon-Fri and 24-hours weekends. Write Box holder Box 3092. Grand Central Sta tion New York NY 10017 Please call doctor-your slut needs this

MAN-TO-MAN

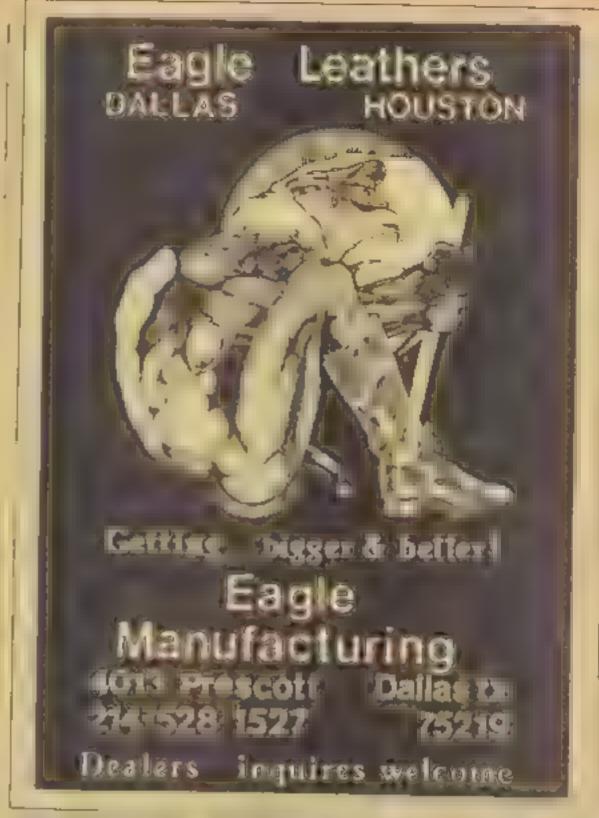
Masculine bodybuilder, 32 years, 45 chest, 32 warst, sond, hard muscled big arms & pees, dark hair moustache Italian masculine and straight appearing interigent and sensitive wants to meet dominant no-nonsense take charge man into manly physical action and intense mental and emotional exprovation. Extremety health conscious Our physical and emotional limits expanded. Nick PO Box 1350, Jackson Heights Sin, New York, MY 11372 (LF4020)

TOP/MASTER/SADIST

I am a safe, sane, very experienced top/master/sadist into all S/M and more No drugs—no damage I will hurs you but never harm you. Dr scenes with professional equipment part of scenes you will not forget Write Sir Paul Breeme PO Box 148, NYC 10016

FANTASIES FULFILLED

Trim bearded master 35, needs slaves or bottoms for obedience training, burnally of scipine, and verbal abuse/humiliation. Have well equipped dungeon and broad eager tool. Applicants must be healthy trim, under 35. Arrogant in this & novices welcome. Reply with phone & photo. J. Miller. Box. 3086. Ringston, NY 12401. [LF4092]





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ISSUE 6





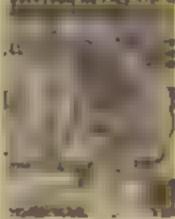
SSUE 10





















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ISSUE 27





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ISSUE 30







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BONDAGE MASTER.

40. 64" leather cigars, un forms, tal toos: looking to own a total slave! If being stripped, shackled shaved and trained to serve one Master permanently has been your lantasy here sithe chance to make it a real tyl! Lots of equipment to lame the slave and reach him the meaning of restraint. A Hetters answered, but those with photo and phone number get first priority. Write to Bondage Master 263A West 19th \$1. Suite #160. New York, NY 10011 (LF4730)

NEEDY FUCKSLAVE

WM, 42 (boks younger), mascume ntelligent, obedient true-spirited good ooking slim clean-shaven, rust red hair blue-gray eyes, yields trim (145) 5.10° all to masculine, trim, intelligent, goodlooking, healthy sincere well-hung experienced, saile white commander to around 45. Quest ntense mind-body fusion through control abuse and deep-plowing. No scat FF, heavy pain. Ready for long-term commitment to serious focused, caring master Exchange photos, phone-s/letters. Box 4725, F.

MY SON THE SADIST?

Daddy Bear, 40's fall big. GJM seeks trim to muscular mean son who wants to administer punishment to his Dad via ropes TT VA handcutts ere Dad will have to reciprocate by overdower. ng son and wrest a him to submission and mote out so table punishment to capture his body and mind! Safe-sane SM plean health-conscious, nonpromiscuous JO sex only! No drugs scat FF, W S No body fud exchanges! Daddy Boar is educated successful cuddly but on mean, sadis tic side. Send details of your farrasies. real slic needs and photo if you seek sol d. grown-up relationship Box

MUSCLE POWER

Super hot, muscular jock is looking for other muscle-bound jocks into muscles bodybuilding leather going bare toot and barechested. Showing off ou hot bodies and big bulges in tight sweat pants or 501 jeans. I am looking for straight acting muscle jocks wh want and demand the best in hot, uninhibited sex and man-to-man action I get into wrestling boxing bodypunch ing general horsing around, posing and flexing sex challenges heavy ball work wather Har eys oil sweat exh bition smi piss and hard sex I am W 29, 5 10", 170 lbs of man with a rock hard, ripped body I have brown hair and eyes, mustache hot, rugged good rooks, and a 12" cock, and a real cocky straight attitude fam health conscious so I hmit myself to a few hot and horny muscle-bound men like myself You must be 18-40, a true muscle jock into the above with a spirit of adventure. So if you are interested heav ly muscled and into muscle, then reply with picture. Then we can gel together pump. up, on up and put our hot muscular bod as through a hot sexual work-out-Reply with photo to Duke, PO Box 165. Kings Park NY 11754 Let's work out our hot horny muscle urges on each other Box 4746LF

**LEVI/LEATHER DAD** 

Harry WM. 40, 511° 180 with thick cock and arge bal's will train and discopine sons, abuse and use bottoms roughhouse with other dads. Enjoy bondage, tit and bai forfure hot wax clothespins, whipping ass, cuddling classical music travel, motorcycling bullshitting fough Ols and skilled Tops may expand my horizons. No scall FF drugs. Have house with playroom in Kingston, NY can travel the required with faller phone speeds reply. Box 47161. F

CRAVING DISCIPLINE

31, 165, 5.11°, handsome, harry mustached professional desperatory needs to be leashed, collared trained to obey masters every command within limits of safe sex). This dog seeks master 28-40 in good shape Photo/phone 8ox 1038 Southampton NY 11768 (LF4715)

**HEAVY BONDAGE** 

GWM 38 58", 145

through my 8 S and turn me into a useful piece of property. Need strict Master to take me from easy flestyle break me and train me to be the obed ent and willing slave that, was meant to be flope to find title of fulfill ment through the use and abuse of my Master in satisfying his wishes. Box 4698, f

MUSCLE SON WANTED BY BB

to grow develop and even become competitive, for dad who will be BB coach Prefer boy over 18, who is not alraid to show off his musc es and have dad exhibit him Must be ready to adhere to strict fraining schedule and keep dad happy as well as serve him in his apartment in NYC Good situation for a big man with big goals Ph/Ph/Letter to Drummer Box 471711

TOPMAN, 40. 5 8", 155 LBS

and enough sensitivity to make any bottom quiver for more wants to hook up with a man with a hung y built and the right mind to know his place in a man's world. Photo repres will be ans well about 4788.

BEARDED, 35

Leatherman, 6' 160, top seeks bottom for hot health-conscious scenes. No holds barred so long as we both can walk away feeling we haven't put our health at risk like muscular men in haps with beard moustache. Especially like hot older maningreat shape your picture gets mine. Box 47121.

DOMINANT WHITE MALE

40 good ooking, basy go no but firm. ooking to meet guys 18-35 who are inneed of a brother lather image, good friend or more I'm dominant in bondage, shaving, light SM Greek and other lantasies depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, he ding fording and am peoble and under standing as well. Inexperiencedthat's OK have bis of palience. You should be a non-smoker light drinker and non-fem I travel the LS as well so this ad is not restricted to NY and Long stand. Respond with photo and phone if possible Box 1027, Valley Stream, NY 11582 (LF4711)

**OUT OF PLACE** 

m ready into a very light score I'm ready into a patient affectionate responsible top who'll take the time need to slowly expand my I mits I'm a big goy 36.62" 220 bs with a shaved head Each I ma I test the water I find someone trying to push me too far too fast I'm looking for a man can lean on and rely on someone I can let go with and defer to after a long day of making decisions - I hope you re out there Please write and send a photo if possible Box 4708LF

INSATIABLE FUCKSLAVE
CWM 42 6' 190, undut moustache
desires to service demanding horse
hung Assmaster Live Upstale traver
wackends Box 4680



OWN QUALITY SLAVE MANSERVANT

Experienced attractive, husky 50, 5'9' 184, for full service Box 4 30

SLAVE SON/LOVER

28, handsome, while male, not big on pain, but disc pline is fun. Love sucking Loe (212) 741-3282

HOT, BUTCH N Y.C. BOTTOM WM 43 (looks m d thirties), 6' 190 lbs., thick brown hair and moustache, thick and cut 8" cock in certuits. Construction worker look, Hooked on hot sex and hat, big dicked tops who know how to manhandle and take control from this butch and masculine and handsome 190 bs strong hunk I want to explore hot wild and creative SAFE SEX includng wrestling bondage, toys, verbar abuse, fantasies sucking, getting lucked, etc., etc., in addition to the above I enjoy loving being oved downhal skiing, theatre, scrabble sailno, beaching the arts family and triends I am warm loving bright, horiest fun, and a ways horny for hot mansex. Send letter, phone number and hot photo to Box 4776.

SAFÉ, HOT BONDAGE Healthy, hot handsome, WM, top. 36 5'10" 150 lbs , bland, gym body seeks healthy WM bottom 24-35, with smooth, sum good body into hot sex and safe, light bondage and discipling Laper nude photo, phone to Box 4689

ASS SLAVE Needs to be dominated by caring Maslet with a mean streak for expioring/expanding lim is. A so need triwork CB/T, humil ation. Stave is WM 33 6'2", 160, and handsome. Health consc ous Box 4690

PIERCING SCENE(8) WANTED from experienced piercel—temporary and permanent, NYC (718) 238-2701.

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH? Hot harry, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160, +nto man-to-man body confect verba action between two raunchy jock filled stude. Also, pecs, spit and hairy pits. J.O and hot sex. Wants a man who can take what he gives Photos answered first Box 4573\_F

> UPSTATE LEATHER MASTER DAODY

WM 6'2", 180 lbs. masculine Master Books a ayes for training, possible permanont reial onship. Must be submis-Sive & obsident Havey own home in country Box 4756..F

NY/NJ/CT AREA COP SCENE WM 45, 160 unitermedicap looking for some with mounted or highway uniform into gop fantasy, 370 and more Reply w/photo/phone will get sure response. Uniform a must PO Box 689. Broaklyn, NY 11202

> GASTROENTEROLOGIST, UROLOGIST

patient needs total colonoscopy. I seek only the legit mate experience. Also seek cystoscopy Will fravel Serious ad for serious responses only! I am GWM 34, 5 10", 160 Call (212) 874-1325

> UNUSUAL SLAVERY OPPORTUNITY

 iva in and be cared for You will work In Long stand. NY doing Inside and putside work. Submit pholo and

resume to Box 4255 LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER 49. 6"1" tr.m., clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time lested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and re miorce proper allitude and behavior. Box 4781

WANTED: CHUNKY DADDY/ MASTER

GWM, 30, 5'11", 190, stocky-build. br/bl. needs love and supervision of good-looking, macho, chunky Daddy/Master to 40. I'm into VA, domination, humiliation, Gr/P and assolay toys, armyl WS, rim and group scenes. Looking to expand horizons with proper gordance. I'm successful, intellagent, professional, so I'm looking for a man who is the boss in bed, but willing to share my life out of it. Please, Sir. Photo and phone number appreciated Box 4795

### Morth Carblina

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

I hope I have let enough time pass to give all the jerk-offs and time-wasters a chance to either get serious or get igst 1 still seek a live-in stave I do not wish to waste time with idle, Jack-off fantasies. If you are serious about being a slave, then we can talk. You will be interviewed tried and trained You will be loved when earned, punished when deserved. But always cared for Your pleasure will be to maintain a sound mind and body and to always try to please me. You will be disciplined as my father disciplined me, and will be a better man and slave for it. For a serious interview call Randy (704) 865-0983 or write: 1729 Hudson Blvd: #76 Gastoma, NC 28054

### OHIO

William William

effectively incorporated with marine bootcamp by former English grep school dormitory prefect. GWM, 38. sharp and super physical shape Inspections, physical workouts PWS uberal duses of paddie, strag, be t and/or cane applied in a no-nonsense Jashien on recruit's ass. Send picture to Box 4764

Awaits cocks and fists. GWM, fate 20's. dark good looks, good body seeks tops. Please reply with photo PO Box 12032. Columbus OH 43212

> DADDY MASTER WANTS SON SLAVE

WM Daddy/Master 38 5 11" 200 stocky build seeks son/slave for fun and games, S&M B&D, TT, shaving training & service Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE WM Master 39, 5'11", 195, bm hair & eves seeks slave for S&M B&D TT watersports, shaving training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

TALL BIG WM

Tall, big WM 50 haw to Wayne County looking for new friends and possible permanent relationship Box 4706LF

**BM, 25, NOVICE SLAVE** seeks master for slow introduct on into the blestyle Photo, phone please Write

PO Box 12170, Columbus, OH 43212

### OKLAHOMA.

**MASTER SEEKS 2ND** SLAVE-HOUSEBOY

(2 GWM) Master and slave seek permanent houseboy/slave to finish household unit. New slave must be 20-30 years old. Into all scenes except scat and serious vilury. Limits respected. but will be trained to soit Master, Must be able to relocate. (NO FATS, FAKES FEMS) Only senously interested need to respond. Send personal information. phone, and a recent photo a must Wire answer all. To: StR. PO Box 23561. Oklahoma City, OK 73123 (LF4534,

FLOGGING

This punk needs a damned good flogging Call Jim (405) 624-1820

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER Sub-white male, 34, 6' 160 lbs. seeks dom male to serve. I am into most

scenes. Sir please call (405) 391-2159. after 7 P.M. with instructions

이렇게 얼마나 아니다.

NEED TRAINING CONTROL? Salem, 6, 178# Photo/age to 8ox 4507

EAT MY ASS!

Working man seeks others for nostrings sex. A beer, a joint & a JO boddy. Nothing up my ass bigger than a linger. Also likes jockstraps and group sex Portland, Oregon or the Northwest BOX 4455LF

OREGON LUMBERJACK

who is heroically handsome, hunky and profoundly professional (35 GWM) seeks similar sapien with no asence of skin, sensitivity, sincerity, skill nor skull (503) 223-34.3

> HOT, MUSCLED BAD TOP WANTED

To train handsome, fit 30s novice, Take me deeper into pleasure/pain. Photo/orders to PO Box 12671, Port and OR 97212

### FE. MISTEVANIA

LEATHER IN NEW HOPE Just moved to New Hope handsome intelligent 35, 5'10" 170 lbs., bland wants safe sex with leather Relationship possible. Complete your fantasies and mine Letters & photos accepted at PO Box 542, New Hope PA 18938-0542

**VERSATILE BOTTOM** 

needs hung dominant top I'm into a/p Fr & Gr Really like to suck cock and be lucked by cock, dildo or butt plug-Would like my limits expanded, but respecied into bondage, enemas, WS. FF I'm 40 57", 160 bs blue eyes, cut Please send orders, desires and phone to Box 45801 F.

**MASTER/TOPMAN WANTED** WM. 5'9', 185 lbs looking for Master-/Topman who is into prolonged bondage, with masks, hood straigh ackeis atc Bools, uniforms, watersports, whipping-you name it No limits except no drugs or permanent markings, NY, MO, W, VA, VA, DC, PA Area Box 4531LF

PROBES PROBLEM TOLIN

Tight, goodlooking WM, mid-40's. seeks nottoms who know their place and other tops who can trade oil. This man offers safe, sane SM action Only interested in mascufine types—no heavy drugs latties, blacks. If you can lake II, let's do it Philadeiphia area Box 4685

UNCLE SEEKS NEPHEWS TO SPANK

Strict uncle, 37 6", 155, seeks young obedient nephews for frequent visits to my northeast PA home for strong spanking discipline and safe sex hephews must submit totally, spending hours in nude servitude and receive long, bare-ass spankings by hand, paddie, belt, combined with loving, safesex Also share uncle/nephew retationship in other activities, such as sking, dining out, etc. Prospective non-chubby nephews, under 33, reply with hot photo, to Box 4801

### FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

**PORTLY DADDY** 

seeking animal degenerate in submissive tension. Post raply in clear, kinky submission. Need unafraid depictive edifice Box 4752

**BASIC TRAINING** 

Recruits wanted for "Active Outy" by Moltary Brill Instructor Basic Training in a strictly-disciplined military setting will include a thorough pre-induction physical exam, servicing spit-shired military Jump Boots and physica. training Discipline administered to recalcifrant recruits with I te SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying sess on. O) is looking for A FEW GOOD MEN" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to re-live their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, BOX 242 Penndei, Pa., 19047-0848, A. responses acknowledged, but those with photo/phone answered first LF4257

> PITTSBURGH AND TRI-STATE AREA

Muscular top, 29, 6'3", 220, X-co lege football player is accepting applica-1 ons for a body slave. Applicants must be straight looking and acting, muscuar and between the ages of 17 and 40 Will consider newcomers, but you must be ready to serve a Master of you renot sure you want to serve, don't waste my time with your application. Send your photo and application to MASTER, PO Bax 55, Grenshaw PA 15118 (4484LF)

ROUGH, WILD SEX am 32 6', 170 lbs or hair or eyes swimmers build, good-looking straight appearing 8%" cut, dig real men, SM CBT poppers amyl, J/O Gr-Fr a/p—rough, wild man-to-man sex No scat or WS. Send hot photo for guick reply JC, PO Box 1454. Uniontown, PA 15401 (LF 4047)

WANTED BONDAGE MASTER Once you get me under your control you set the amits 37 year old bondage slave needs natural master capable of extended heavy bondage, sensory deprivation and behavior medification Please send orders to PO Box 2091 Phitadelph a PA 19103. Am able and wil-

#### SOUTH CAROLINA

ling to travel to your domaine (LF4674)

LIVE-IN SLAVE

Commant, Italian GWM saeks to move in with qualified slave. Qualifications are: Age 25-35, Height 5'3"-5'11", Weight Not over 10 bs normal weight Hair, cotor, N/P, moustachemandatory body hair-OK, Race, N P Education: HS grad, some college Demestic good cook & housekeeper Employment, must have ateady income. Ass small buns, light hairless. Cock size not important, must be cut, Sex Breek A/P French P monogamy bondage Health Must see physician regularly. Ail applicants must submit full resume with current photo and phone. All letters will be answered only if rules are followed Box 4252

COLUMBIA GWM 32 5'11", 145 lbs slim hairy, 8" uncut seeks healthy masculine pariner for mutual SM exploration & satisfaction, B&D, CBT, tit/assolay, didos prerding, shaving Very versatile

TEXAS

Answer all Cap travel Box 4744

LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS

Austin area WM 38, 5 11", 175, hairy ex-cop seeks dominant leather/uniform Topman, Master, Am turned on by touch, smell taste and feel of leather high black boots, fell ponce uniforms and gear Also into SM B&D, TT, VA, humiliation and WS, Gr/p, Fr/a Photo phone gels priority response No. scal fats fems or bracks Box 4528LF

HOT, LONELY AND VERSATILES
6', 180 lbs healthy and cut WM with stocky bond medium chest hair desires slave/Master meeting and possible lasting relationship Enjoy JO. IT (am pierced and tatooed), chains and leather, jocks and other athletic gear Widing to experiment with right per son 25-45. Younger appearance than my 50 years and could assume dad role Photo phone and description to Box 4454LF gets mine. Da as a fee

MUSCULAR SLAVE

Healthy hot , 8 M 27 6'0" 180 lbs gym body needs not master for bon dage, discipline, C8/T Tt, J O Sale sex Sir! P O Box 541242 Mouston TX 77254 1242

DALLAS

Safe sax with a super-clean healthy while top I'm into bondage C/B, the torture, spankings W/S and verbal abuse Age 48, 5'9" 140 lbs Box 4743

BOTTOM NEEDS TOILET

GWM, 22 61°, 150, 7° seeks hot healthy white topman to 45 Sit on my lace and let me eat your load. Am nex perienced but want to be trained. Also like piss fucking dildoes. Send photo phone, picture of your hote is a plus houston. Box 4679

SLAVE

Obsessions blood boots branding breath control bondage choking confined in memeric control discipline, dog training domination electricity gloves gut punching hoods interrogation knives leather need es plercing piss rimming shaving sweat latons tor fure, uniforms violence interes a satiray, enemas listing, plastic, rubber Salanism, scat, whippings, serving lovers Pretty much anything for intelligent MASTER (713) 928-3318 (LF4792)

HOUSTON

GWM. 35, 56° trim seeks submissive under 40 into 8/D and S. M. including whipping TT, C-BT, electro-forture and piercing. Live-in position possible for bottom with right qualifications and capabilities. Send photo with letter Box 4673

BIG DALLAS NIPPLES

want to be manhandled GWM 37, stim (6, 155 lbs.) seeks muscular or trim topman/men for C&BT TT WS, shaving obedience training & 8/0 Healthy sex only No fats, crazys or over 45 Dungeon a plus Picture preferred but not required Box 47221

HANDSOME AND UNCUT wants to meet other uncut 8" thick cocks for safe sex. Send into or pictures to PO Box 767. Stafford, TX 77477

WM 31, 5 f0

140 ibs. seeks slave for long-term BrD, leather. Levi No tals, fems. Only serious into bondage need answer and cul for total domination. Foto required for immediate reply (21-35 yrs only) PO Box 34244. Houston, TX 77234

SERVICE-WORSHIP

first ad anywhere Well-buill, good looking 6' 170 lbs brigt hairy chest big cock. Looking for one man in good physical condition who seriously roves to have his big cock and babs wor shipped then serviced by an eager deep throat. Not relationship oriented but would like to meet one man, black or white, to service on a regular basis into long sessions of worship and deep throating. Like smoke, amyl and making you leer good in northern Virginia but willing to travel. Box 4792

NEED MASTER DADDY

33-year-old GWM young, goodlooking. 145 lbs., 510" seeks mature, secure Masler/Daddy to train beginner/novice for possible permanent retail on ship Am lired of fanlasy and bars Need Master/Daddy to respect obey and worship who is patient and considerate of slaves. limitations, but knowledgeable enough to expand them and altimately control both my mind and body Slave Into toilet training, WS bondage, verbal abuse and humikation; seeks introduction to plercing Master is honest, interigent, healthy and financially secure. Slave will need to continue working while being trained Thank you. Sir Box 45291F

DEAR SIA-WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHERI

58, 5'5", BAN, BAN

130 lbs. Top wanted by masochistic bottom into SM WS. TT & CBT Greek passive. French active & passive Tie me up in bath lub & piss on me Stripe my ass with my cat of 12 tails (12 count em) Dino. PO Box 25776 Seatt e WA 98125 (206) 367 4980

TOP MASTER

wanted by bottom/stave 29 64" 250 harry Into B&D boots. TT cigars I'm ready sir! Box 4667

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

YOUNG MASTER WANTED
Novice slave 30 57", 140 lbs seeks
young slim master 18-28 into humidia
tion, forced stripping, hazings and init,
aliens. Respond with photo and phone
no. it possible to Box 4794.

.NTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airman postage Current ales are 40s per %-ounce Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

SHIT MASTER

Shit master (40) wants to vary his pig stave 5 (35) means Leathermen/masters interested send a rmail letter with asswipe sample. Later your dirty underwear can be sent for photos of stave worsh pping and mouth cleaning I Master will swap samples with masters with staves to feed. Slaves can also beg sample from master Ar but those with photo/sample answered hist Box 4726LF

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

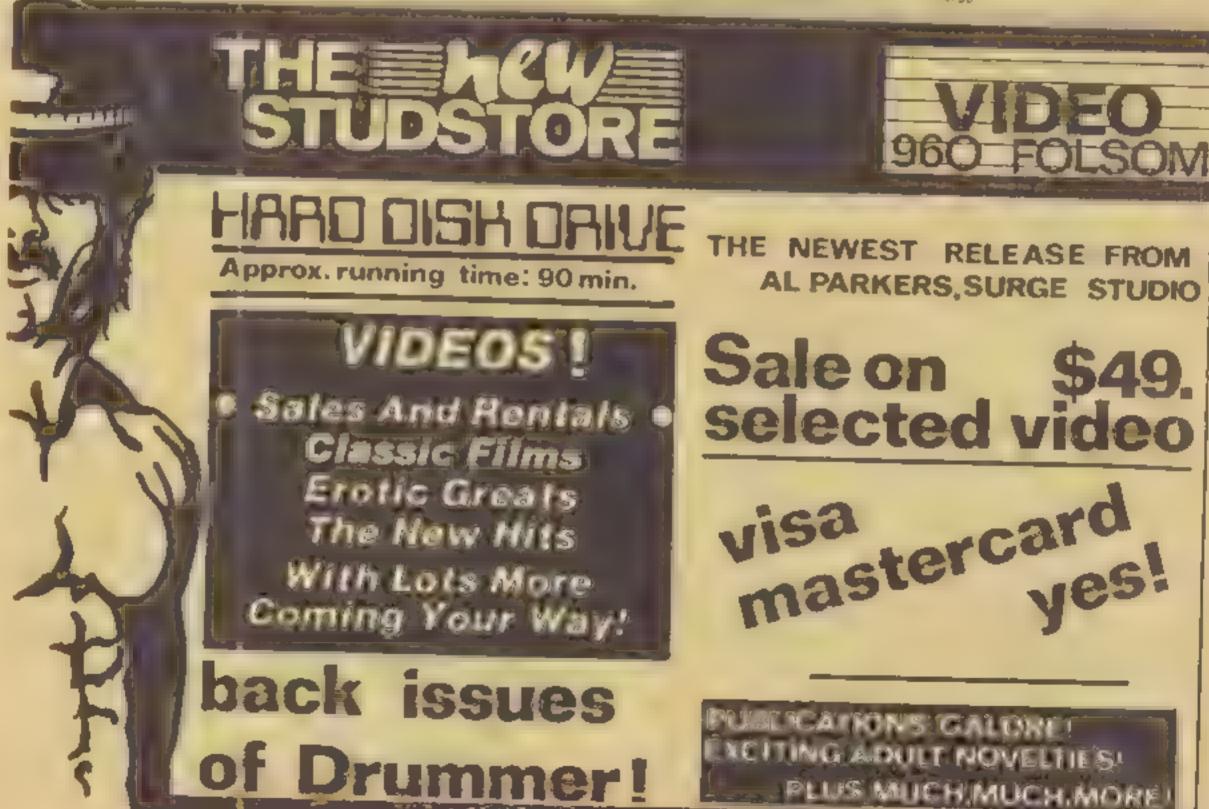
**网形型**[凹/#

READY TO COMMIT

Being top or bottom to momentarily satisfy one's own needs is unrewarding. This 5'9" 160 lbs 38-year-old bottom is ready to commit himself (mind heart, body) to the training of a heavy built, ser ous, demanding but loving and protective Master. Do you exist? PO Box 872, Station H. Montrea. P.O. H3G 2M8

DAMAGE PIG

30. 6' 175 (bs. 'lashed toul-mouthed pig into body damage burns, culs lists, boots, W/S, seeks buddy to explore hm.ls I need it bad man! Box 4795



### NETHERLAND AMTILLES

ASIAN MALE

Inexperienced Asian male, 26, 5'6", 135 the seeks GWM up to 35 for penpafriends lover Blond twins are turnons. Write with photo. Vacationers welcome-discretion. No lats fems, blacks drugs. SM Haresh Moorjani C/O P O. Box 105, St. Maarten, Natherland Antilies.

### WEST GERMANY

AMERICAN IN GERMANY Ex-patriol living in Franklurt area, 35 biond 6 155, moustache-seeks leather/levi contacts for friendship and sex Enjoy poppers, cockrings, chaps toys (1 CBT, WS. Moustache and hal y chest pleterred Am willing to provide short term accompdations to American men visiting Deutsch and it return for same when I visit USA Dis cretton assured to European contacts No hard drugs or chain smokers. Have video and playroom for mutual plea-Sure. Box 4456LF

BERLIN, 40, 6'1"/170 81 hearded uncut, into L/L FR m/p. GR.p. hts, coming to US, wants to meet leathermen Send Philtr to Hans & Brass 74 Stresemannstr #1120, 1000 Bornn 81 West Garmany

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# DRUMANIA DIA

THE LEATHER UPDATE ON FILMS/BOOKS/VIDEO/AJD.O



In conjunction with Paul Schrader's new movie Mishima, Aperture has published a new edition of a collection of photographs of Yukio Mishima, by Japanese photographer Erkoh Hosoe, called Ba-Ra-Kei, Ordeal by Roses. This edlectic set of portraits, taken during 1961 and 1962, were first published in book form in Japan in 1963. At \$35, this sumptuous oversized book reproduces a historically

compelling project, as Mishima and Hosoe are two of the most widely known Japanese artists throughout the world, in writing and photography respectively

But don't look for insights not Mishima's true nature in this group of pointillistic moody portraits with shadowy, bizarre and surreal imagery. Hosoe sees these photographs as "the destruction of a myth" and so he

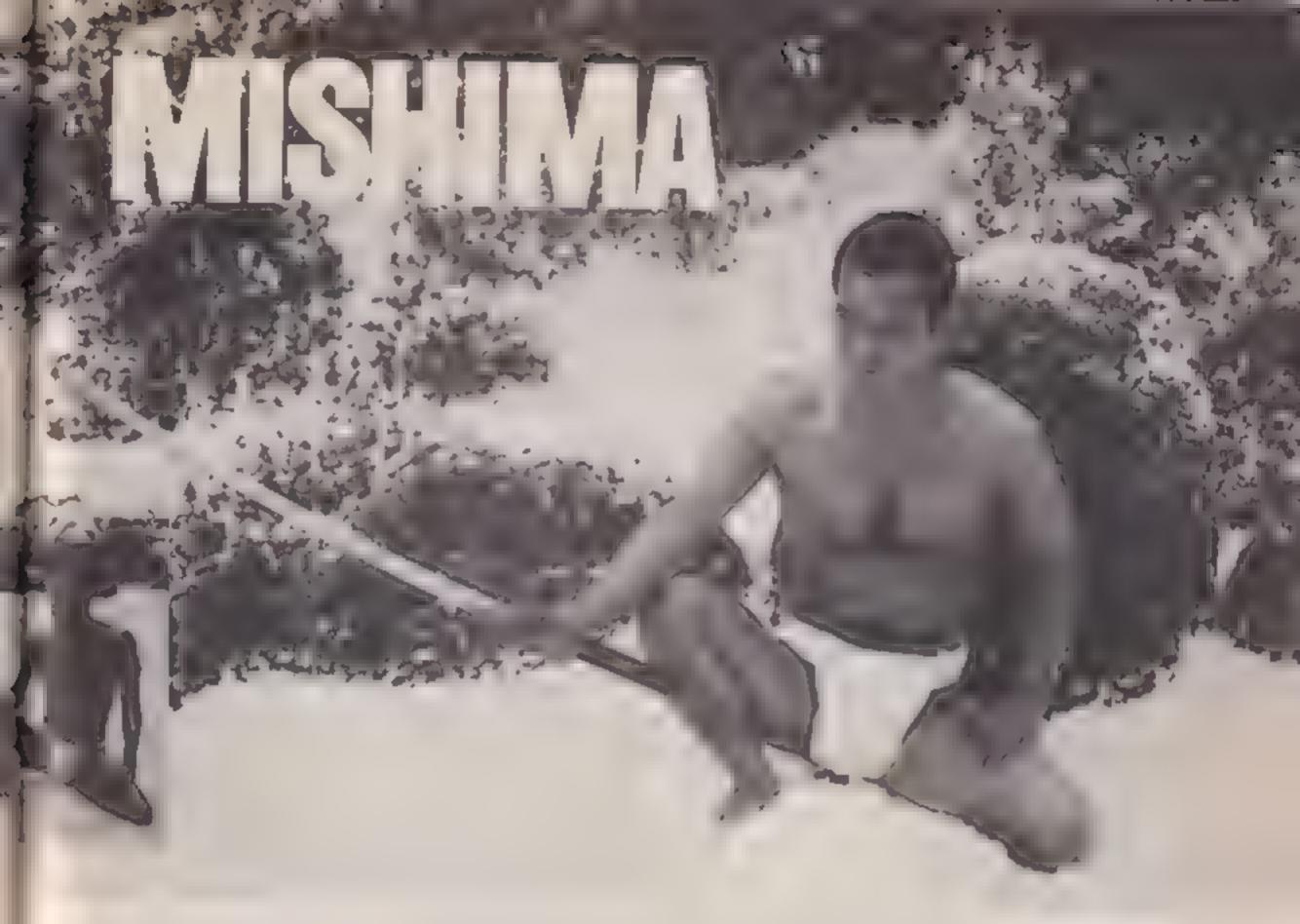
manipulates tonalities, visual clarity and perspective and creates a dream-like chaos But the new image he creates totally ignores. Mishima's homoeroticism. Only an image of Mishima, in sungiasses and Levis, lavered over a reproduction of Saint Sebastian (Mishima's earliest masturbation fantasy) comes close to suggesting Mishima as he truly was in his heart.



"Sooner or later I felt I would have to analyze comprehensively the root source of this desperate, nihilistic esthelicism of mine."

Thus wrote Yukio Mishima for his autobiographical novel, Confessions of a Mask, detailing his peculiar family circumstances and a fantasycharged childhood of "Night and Blood and Death," of the lure of ancient warrior codes. of the bonds securing men to purity, honor, beauty, strength ...and to other men. He was to touch all of them, from his first orgasm at 12 in accompaniment to Guido Reni's painting, Saint Sebastian ("The arrows have eaten into the tense, fragrant youthful fiesh and are about to consume his body with flames of supreme agony and ecstasy"), to his voluntary self-publicized demise at 45 ("So long as you have chosen death, it does not matter whether you have died 'in vain'—death cannot be to your discredit")

Between the first ejaculation and the last flowed an



enormous body of work-33 novels, numerous essays, classic and modern Noh dramas. poems and screenplaysbringing one of the 20th century's greatest writers to the attention of the Nobel Committee three times, (They waited too long, the Prizegivers of Stockholm, unaware of Mishima's timetable.) He wrote every day of his adult life-or rather every night from midnight on-and underneath the flood of ink ran a single-minded strain of gay sensibility, from the pubescent Confessions (published in 1949 at age 24interestingly, the same year as Gore Vidal produced The City and the Pillar at the same age) through Forbidden Colors "damp familiarity" and "sticky meeting of glances," recalling the guilt-edged underworld (1951-53) of a Stonewall day and the new taboos borrowed from another country through a full integration into his works of a sexuality that transcended gender and a sensuanty that merged with

everyday behavior. Though he understood that it was pain he truly required, this conceptual pain, the minute he brought it to mind, seemed to merge with pleasure.

Mishima came into his prime, physically and mentally, in a shell-shocked Japan in a frenzy of economic, political and social reconstruction that would stun the world and, in a subjective sense, drive one of its finest artists quite mad in his passion for what he saw as lost tradition, desecration of icons, values and estheticism. He looked to Europe and America, and performed for them, an international media darling. He let his vanity hang out; it was as often abused as caressed, a demanding masochism not as easily satisfied as that of his characters. The actor, Osamu, in Kyoko's House: "Here was his youthful flesh, concern for him so ardent it would not be satisified short of wounding that flesh, the flow of blood unmistakably his own-here the drama of existence mate-

rialized for the first time, blood and pain utterly guaranteed his existence "The boxer in the same novel (a character of reactionary politics that would be mistranslated, like others, into a "facism" attributed to its author) describes the sensation of death as "the way your body trembies when you've finished a piss you've been holding in." In The Sailor Who fell from Grace With The Sea, with its climax as horrific as anything Tennessee Williams ever dreamed up, "the kiss was death, the death in love he had always dreamed of...roused inside him, stirred," However often he spoke of death, and acted it out on screen, it was rarely, and then only in conceptual terms, in a traditionalist context, not his own. He didn't hunt white whales, nor tease bulls with red capes. He did not kill

Mishima was a lateblooming bodybuilder (at 30, after a lifetime of invalidism), a serious dilettante in swordsmanship, kendo, militarism

and the performing arts, a husband and father, and a spectacular suicide. The shockwave response to some of his more outrageous escapades was often no more than a reflection of the international press; to his ritual samurai seppuku, a little more. Suicide in Japan is neither a sin nor a crime, but it is not to be committed in the offices of the Self-Defense Forces. The act itself had been prefigured to the last cry in a dozen writings (notably the story, Patriotism) and acted out on screen lovingly and at excruciating length in the 28-minute Rite of Love and Death, shown in France and Japan to sometimes fainting audiences. Only at writing was he a true genius and a true professional, though it may have been a case of over-rehearsal-the November, 1970 disembowelment was sloppy, and the handsome young Morita, his Shield Society (what was left of a private army numbering 500 at one point) second-incommand, had difficulty



administering the coup de grace. A third young soldier decapitated them both. Heads rolled. So did the world's presses. Japan's powers-thatbe were embarrassed for a time and then, as the old saying goes, the nail that had stuck up for so long was at last hammered down

Put another way, like Popeye and Jehovah, the Japanese have never gone in for formal self-definition, Freud is not their national sport. Without making a careful study of the complex psychology, including a tangle of social obligation and a vortex of constantly altering positions and responsibilities (all of which Mishima fulfilled!), we can go by a simple graphic formula laid down by Edwin Reishauer, first post-War U.S. Ambassador who visualized a society (and its individuals) in terms of a triple-tiered pole of plastic, steel and bamboo, Briefly, the plastic outer covering is colorful and glossy (noticeable), indifferent to nature, fun and frequently foreign—both a mask and a one-way mirror to the outside world, reflecting tts stily image at frivolous angles. Meanwhile, the steel holds its own, representing industry and discipline. power, force and commitment. At the bamboo core, there exists a flexible connection with the physical and spir-

itual universe, an attuning to harmony and balance, a liteforce that must outlast and outvalue all other transient conscious of concrete structures.

Americans are quick to recognize masks (plastic, leather or whatever), we're not so hot at bothering to look at or recognizing what's beneath them. And the Japanese are past masters at using masks, not to hide, but to reveal-to reveal only and precisely what they want seen.

One way to look at Mishtma's life and works is through an American glass, backwards, and see superficial, twisted and ugly visions of homosexuality and death. For that cockeyed bird's-eye view, try Paul Schrader's movie, Mishima A Life in Four Chapters

Schrader didn't bother wondering; he just stuck new masks on top of old. Plastic on plastre.

Paul Schrader has already given us (and he can have them back, any time) such shallow and salacious morality plays of reasoniess, passionless violence for the prurient puritan voyeur as: Rolling Thunder, Hardcore, An American Gigolo and Cat People remake; scripted Taxi Driver and Raging Bull (an exception to the nasty norm due to director Scorcese's superior artistry). Central characters,

one and all, have been publicly designated by Schrader as "unpleasant and aberrant "Aberrant," by the way, is the current synonym, in the mouths of plous hypocrites out for kicks, for the old familiar "pervert." Now, that's how he refers to the Mishima of his Mishima. A Life in Four Chapters. The film itself he describes as "a little, experimental, foreign language movie." There is something unpleasant and aberrant here-and it ain't the man born Kimitake Hiraoka, a k a Yukio Mishima

The secondary title, A Life in four Chapters, was acquired somewhere between Mishima's not very auspicious Cannes premiere in May and its late-September release via Warner Bros. in the U.S. It is moot whether this choice of title took into account that "4" (shr) and "death" are verbally synonymous in Japanese. If so, the look-at-clever-me huance is lost beneath the English subfitting (co-scripted by brother Leonard, who does better alone, i.e., Kiss of the Spider Woman), and a heavy-handed narration by heavy-voiced Roy Scheider, There are actually only three distinct sections—Beauty, Art, Action set up like a club sandwich codiy reminiscent of the wax models in Tokyo snack shop windows, with The Harmony of Pen and Sword (a

smooshed-together reprise of the first three) at the end. Of the three form formats (blackand-white, video transfer and standard cotor) the last is the mayonnaise—what M shima's widow refers to as The Incident—in between each glossy, impermeable layer of sensationalized biographical ncident and Vincent Minellistyle stylized drama; a glimpse, chronologically, of the Last Day wherein four fictional and one "real" suicide come to unimpressive climax.

Lovely to look at in design and proportion are Eiko Ishioka's sets for the dramatization of three Mishima novels (The Temple of the Golden Pavilion, Kyoko's House and Runaway Horses), Unfortunately, they are not particularly evocative of the writing, possibly because the novels do not themselves evoke sense of place, but of interlect, internal vision and that invisible "bamboo" soul. The plots are baldly telescoped, classic-comix versions of rich mood and labyrinthine purpose. John Bailey's slick cinematography further attenuates any emotion.

Pleasantly disturbing to the ear is the music of Philip Glass, especially if you've never heard his score for Koyaanisgatsi, Einstein on the Beach or the Winkler & Sanborn video, Act III, all of which are recog-

(left) The young cadets in Mishima's novel RUNAWAY HORSES take a blood oath to rid Japan of outside influence and return to the ways of the beauty of the sword (above) Ken Ogata as the mature Mishima has committed hara-kari and awaits beheading

nizably mimicked (if he weren't Philip Glass, he could sue himself for plagiarism) with the exception of brief durations of the thrilling reverberations of Talko-type drums.

Last, and worst, in this subtly vicious incursion into matters over which Schrader's ignorance of his subject is outweighed only by his Paul-prying intolerance, the casting of accomplished actor ken Ogata as the fourth (main adult) "Mishima" is an appalling physical misrepresentation. In toto, any resemblance to any person, living or dead...etc.

the Hero Spirits: "Strength is decried, ... Virulent and manly spirits have fled the earth." In this hemisphere, at any rate Mishima is not one of the worst movies ever made, but it is easily one of the meanest Don't bother looking for it But if you can find John Nathan's biography (not Henry Scott-Stokes'), you'll have a ripping good time to fill in the gaps between novels.

-Penni Kimmel

## T. R. WITOMSKI

#### LITERARY COMMENTARY ON VICIOUS GOSSIP

Mr. T(heophilus) R(oderick) Woisme is, of course, the famous gay writer. Of his works, Cute Shoes, Slow Nights at the Baths and Other Tragedies of Modern Life, Transsexual Enema Nurse, and the Scatfreak tetralogy are, very likely, the most respected.

Every year on August 8th, Mr. Woisme begins writing his "serious book—the big one, the one they've all been waiting for." Months ago he chose the title from a long list of them he keeps as a bookmark between pages 16 and 17 of the sixth Grove Press paperback printing of Story of O. On the afternoon of the 7th he is alarmed because he has not yet thought of a plot to which Vicious Gossip might apply.

Mr. Woisme is awakened by the ringing of the telephone. On the phone is an irate lesbian screaming. This suggests to Mr. Woisme that he begin Vicious Gossip with an frate lesbian screaming. On paper, though-praised be Jesusnot in actuality, she screams all afternoon, over and over again, in all possible ways, and only now, at dusk, is she screaming satisfactorily. Mr. Woisme can only write barefoot and facing west with a window on his left side. He does not know why.

Several weeks later, Mr. Woisme thinks deeply about a bit that ought to go into Chapter 3. But where? How can he inject a totally meaningless anecdote about Octavian swimming the Channel while the other characters are desperately worrying about whether Hildegard murdered the dwarf gynecologist?

Mr. Woisme is easily distracted. When not actually writing down a sentence, he is found wandering around his hovel, picking up and putting down small tricks. He frequently hums more in sorrow than in anger, Patricio's theme from Hubert's Johan Embron.

It is one of Mr. Woisme's better days. He writes so much that when he stops he is quite ill. After restoring himself with sauerkraut, he rereads Vicious

Gossip as far as he has gotten with it. He smiles to himself, believing that Harold's reconciliation with Rebecca and subsequent death from AIDS is one of his better ideas.

Mr. Woisme finishes Chapter 9, and he now must decide where the plot is going and what will happen to it when it gets there. He wishes that he had not killed off the dwarf gynecologist, who would have been most useful in revealing the truth about Gregory at the end of Chapter 18. At the moment, no one else in the novel knows the truth about Gregory.

Out for a walk, Mr. Woisme stops near the toxic waste dump. A peculiar smell—a combination of orchids and artichokes—reaches his nostrils. He jots down a few notes he suspects may be needed when the action of Vicious Gossip shifts to Anton's apartment in Chelsea.

Mr. Woisme is almost asleep when he mind flashes on the perfect epigraph for Vicious Cossip: "She can't (something-or-other) so she talks." His mind's eye sees those words near the bottom of the right-side page of an old magazine. If he finds the magazine, he will be most vexed if he discovers that he himself is the author of the quote,

After journeying to Montoloking Heights in search of a tape of Dirty Adult Babies, a video he has been talked into reviewing by the friend of the ex-lover of the editor of an obscure newsletter, Mr. Woisme's attention is captured by a bin of second-hand porno novels. He comes across a copy of Frat House Orgy, his thirty-third novel, and finds he had autographed it: "For Xavier—may Bangkok be forever!" Bangkok? Xavier?

The first draft of Vicious Gossip is more than half finished. But, problematically, for the last several days, its characters have been becoming a tad too real. Last night a minor character named Micah showed up at dinner. Mr. Woisme had been aware of

Micah's passion for leather, but had not known that he used mustard on his french fries.

Mr. Woisme is skimming through the early chapters of Vicious Gossip, which he has not looked at in a very long time, and now he sees Vicious Gossip for what it is: dreck. He thinks himself mad for continuing to work on such grotesque drivel. Why didn't he become a spy? He will burn the ms. Why is there no fire-place? What is he doing in the gazebo with the ducks?

Even more frightening than writing the first chapters are writing the last. The characters are boring Mr. Woisme to tears. The plot has grown into a huge monster with dangling tentacles. He has lost the ability to summon up verbs and has just constructed a sentence consisting solely of seventeen adjectives. Furthermore, he has insomnia. Even reading Black Joystick (his fifty-first novel) does not induce sleep. In the light of dawn, he realizes his carpet is out to get him.

Though Vicious Gossip is aimost finished, Mr. Woisme feels it is his community duty to attend a performance of Mas carellioni's Chechia Ortlebia, which is being done, for the first time since 1763 by the Stonewall Friends of Neglected Operas. Unfortunately, Mr. Woisme cannot even figure out one of the opera's twelve plots since his mind is on Vicious Gossip.

Mr. Woisme writes the last sentence of Vicious Gossip. His calmness and the tidiness of the room are deceptive. The ms. is stuffed into the file cabinet—between "Mineshaft" and "Muziak, fred" (editor of the North Dakota Gay and Lesbian Blade) and Mr. Woisme is distraught. He has no feeling in his legs, tiny explosions are erupting in the back of his head, and his beard is falling off.

The next day, Mr. Woisme is barely conscious. He aimlessly lollygags around the hovel, leaving half-filled coffee cups

DRUMMER 79

and half-eaten bananas everywhere. From time to time he thinks about getting dressed He dismisses the notion as being unduly vigorous. Nineteen days pass.

Sometime later, with a case of cheap vodka nearby, Mr. Woisme begins to revise Victous Gossip, Rewriting is even worse than writing. Not only does he have to think of new things, but he is forced to remember the old things. Before Mr. Woisme is finished, two-thirds of the ms. will have no resemblance to the original version. Among many other changes, the dwarf gynecologist has found the hidden room in Quentin's castie.

Holding Vicious Gossip not very neatly done up in aluminum foil, Mr. Woisme arrives at the offices of his publishers, Sakkcloth and Ashes. He is, naturally, deathly afraid of elevators, but today the stairs look menacing too. The entire enterprise suddenly strikes him as being very stupid and he thinks he will simply drop the ms. into the river and save a lot of people a lot of problems.

Mr. Woisme escapes from Messrs. Sakkcloth and Ashes.

who were most anxious to go into all the intracacies of a scheme to beterosexualize all of Mr. Woisme's work, and goes to call on a dear, dear friend, who is too busy to see him.

Before returning home, Mr. Woisme allows himself to be taken to a literary party held in the private room of La Escribitore Idiotica. Among his fellow authors, few of whom he recognizes and none of whom he knows or wishes to know are Edblack, Morddred, Halderberstadant, Cottilian, Dwinkin, and Averett, The conversation deals exclusively with disappointing sales, inadequate publicity, worse than inadequate payments, libelous reviews, others' declining abilities, and the unspeakable torment of writing, of which everyone speaks much of.

Vicious Gossip is over, but not finished. The galleys arrive and Mr. Woisme cannot contain his disgust. At first he believes that Sakkcloth and Ashes have sent him someone else's novel Later he faces the ugly reality and has to weigh whether it is more important not to come off sounding like a nerd or to keep strictly

within the number of permit-

Mr. Woisme receives the sketch for the cover of Vicious Gossip. He can't believe it. Just exactly what drugs are Sakk-cloth and Ashes on? Mr Woisme wonders. The cover is totally valueless and tasteless, too, Also, his name is barely visible. Mr. Woisme looks forward to an exhilarating few hours explaining these sentiments to Sakkcloth and Ashes

The ten free copies of Vicious Gossip arrive, There are forty people who expect to receive one of them, Mr. Woisme cannot afford to buy the thirty additional copies. which is good in a way because if he gave everyone who wanted one a free copy. no one would feel special and he'd get a lot of little notes of thanks ending with the remark that Victous Gossip seems a tad down from your usual level but you probably needed the money real fast

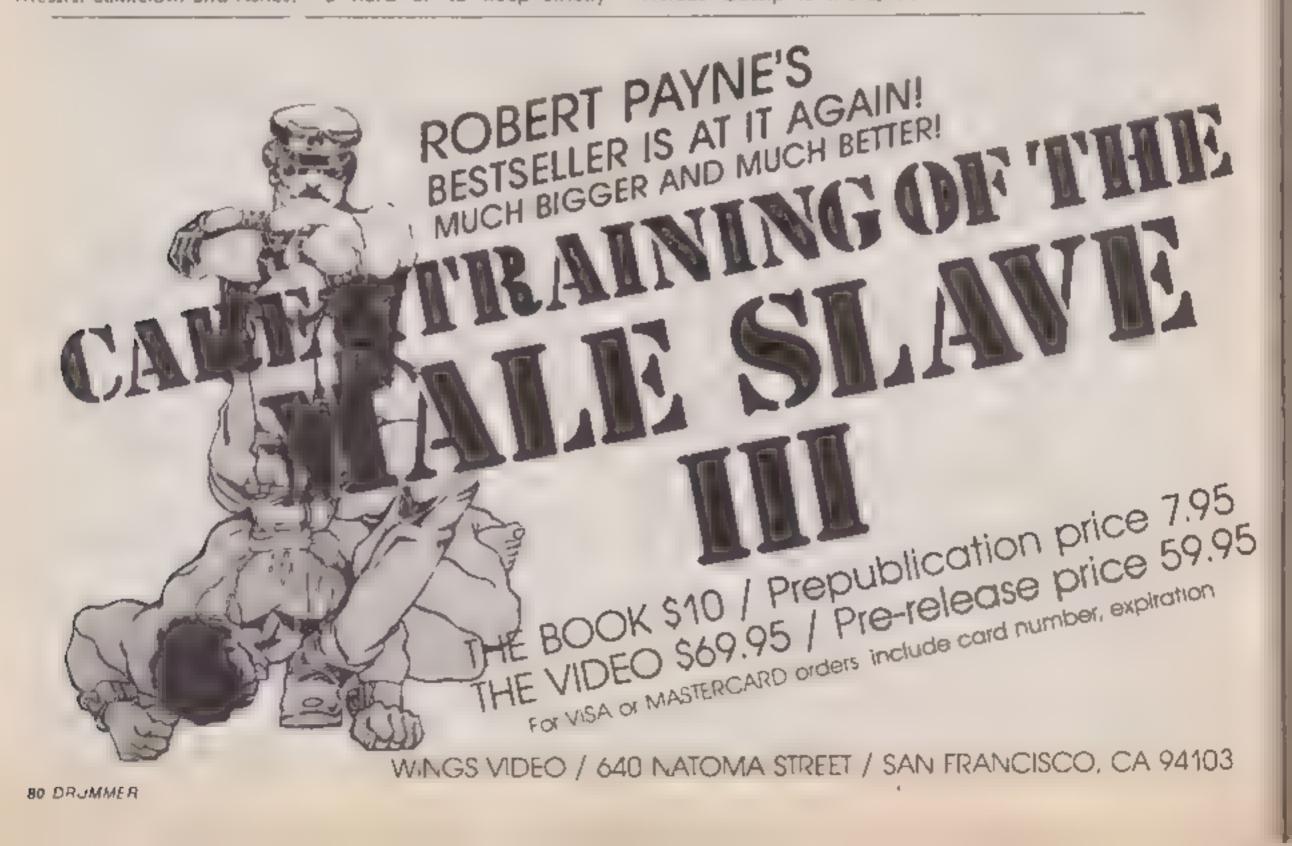
Mr. Woisme goes to the West Village to do some errands. He has been uncharacteristically thorough, and so it is late afternoon before he stops into a bookstore Having made certain that Vicious Gossip is there, he

spends a pointless half-hour studying the titles of other books.

Sakkcloth and Ashes thoughtfully send Mr. Woisme the reviews of Vicious Gossip, a very large heap due in no small part to Mr. Woisme's nasty habit of reviewing the books of others. Before reading the notices, Mr. Woisme prioritizes; he will first finish reading Noteworthy Gay and Lesbian Martyrs of the Eleventh Century which he began in 1947 only to bog down on page 42.

At a gathering held vaguely in his honor, Mr. Woisme is having a pleasant enough time until Dr. Garibaldo demands to know just what Mr. Woisme was getting at in Chapter 14. Mr. Woisme has no idea what Dr. Garibaldo is talking about. The confrontation goes on for many hours and eventually results in Mr. Woisme begging schoolchildren for Valium.

Standing in an unsavory bar, Mr. Woisme finds words going through his mind: whetstone, foreshadow, gutta-percha, opaque, subcortical, towhead, purblind, elegit, curdle, whereabouts, polycystic, cyclopropane, bysinosis, betimes, maltreat....—T. R. Witomski

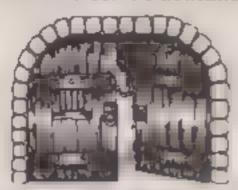




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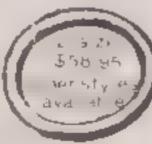
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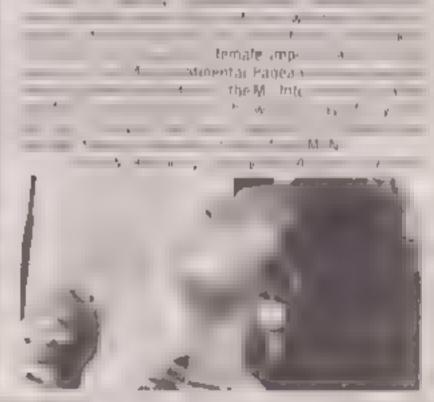
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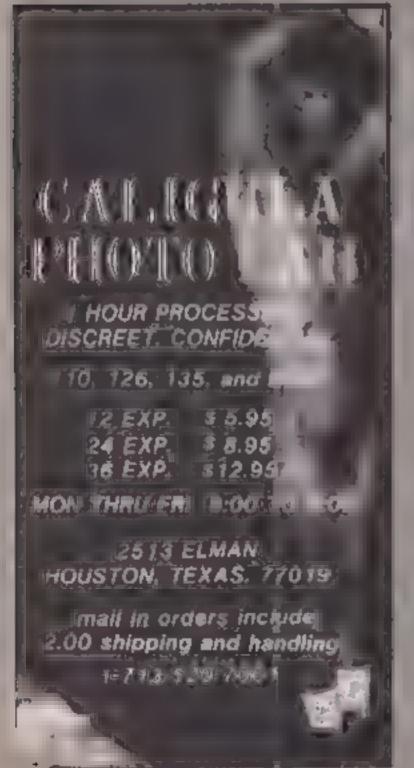
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continued from page 44

rous aphrodesia

Vargue's blazing ginger/honey torch grated the delicate lining of Fly's bowe! like sandpaper, and seared his profoundly pouting touch-hole, singeing the swollen membranes, awakening the primitive sensations that primordial life must have felt finding itself stranded on dry land-somehow surviving, evolving, adapting fitfully to the solid, savage tool of its pathetic existence

At long last, Fly's entire body grew numb. He wasn't able to move any of the muscles in his face. His mouth hinged open, emitting hollow hoots and gruesome groans. The bicep of his bound right arm cramped painfully. He let the arm droop. He flexed his thick, bullish neck. The tight thong bit into his skin and dented his windpipe. He felt like a zombie about to rise from the good earth, propelled into life by the great raping

rooter that was massaging his heart the hard way.

Every side-spatting upthrust from Virgal brought a few more cells of his being back to life. Virgil was resurrecting him from the inside out. These new living cells shrilled with a stimulus of vague uneasyness. Fly suspected the spreading waves of pulsing, electric pleasure would threaten his very sanity if he couldn't muster control of them now before all hell broke loose. He did the only thing he could think of. He reared up off the floor and cocked his body in a stiff, severe arch, head thrown back, his good arm thrust back, fist balled-a spiraling rope of spunk splurted from the end of his boner; a shimmering geyser of seed erupting from his soul. He closed his eyes and envisioned hamself herst girem his gover to bern. I he body convulsed in a paroxysm of Jibbering quakes. His bruised knees pranced on the mat. He started to jog, jamming his insatiable, devouring bunghole up and down on the massive stump of Virgil's heavy ramnod, fucking himself like a raving lunatic. humping the hairy gristle several times before his balls shot another steaming salvo across the room. The harder he bucked, the more rounds he got off. He couldn't stop cumming. Just when he thought it would end, another lump would spew forth from his quivering cannon

MAN, OH MAN! It was impossible, but yes, no, OH DEAR GOD YEST It kept getting better! "Virgil! Ooooooh, Virgil!

VIR...GILL!"

Virgil knocked him down and punished his pucker some more, forcing the issue, Cutting his climax short. But not the fabulous feerings. The seeping schlong kept on pounding vigorous vitality into him. It spread into his chest and chewed his nipples. He figured he might be able to survive another lew minutes of this delightful, blistering brutality before he had to rise up off the floor again, before he completely lost his marbles. Soon he knew he was real an organ manuallies scal would be dry; drained. He wondered then if Virgil would seriously consider returning him to his grave, this time for good.

For Virgil, the spectacle of Fly's Bunyonesque body pitching and stammering, teetering, blundering and blathering about the mat, handicapped by his bound arm tethered to his neck. was almost beyond endurance. His dick gushed a runny, sticky

prelude to a major, imminent orgasm

Virgil played with the big, hairy buris as he rode into the valley between them. He mussed the hair with his fingers. It felt so silky. His hands guded over the firm, dimpled gluteous muscles, stroking and kneading the bucking beauties, distorting the elastic, bearded mouth into which he distended, making it chew its meat thoroughly. He couldn't remember ever having seen a bigger, more perfect, fuckable ass. And there certainly were few men better equipped to ream it right—to knock the bottom out of it for good, to seek out and destroy the last pocket of resistence

"Son of a britch!" Fly heaved, squirmed and panted, his pelvis somehow prying apart enough to allow another bone-jarring muzzle-loading plowstroke full length up his innards. His rigid intestine felt like the barrel of a howitzer being stuffed with shells as fast as he could fire them "Are we at war, saluting the president, or what?" he gasped. "Fill 'er up!"

fly slipped into a pseudo-psychedelic coma, skimming the scum off the surface of his passion...afraid of flying...afraid to submerse himself, to even wallow in the shallows....He dreamed instead

Point the barrel of your asshole straight up...like you want to blow a hole in the ceiling...that predator prong will dive down into it like a rigger driving a well-shaft beneath the crust of the earth...there's oil down below, boy! Open your mouth in case he comes out in China...leel all the hair around the opening giving up the ghost, staving in around that probing prod. following it down into the deep darkness until the widening sinkhole claims even the base of your ball sac...OUCH!...

he great, stout, helmethead, with its broad, blunt tip was difficult to squeeze past a tenacious anal opening. But once it was in only a fool would try to force it out. It would tear you apart. It was Virgil's security device.

God-damn...you just know the bastard is laughing at you, getting off on what that plunging pipe does to you...hurts you a little . . . makes you feel so good you want to scream and cream your fuckin' head off...and when he pulls it out...you gurgle like some great vacuum is sucking your guts out your asshole...and he does it soooo slow...you feel every twisting tug...evacuation...yeah, good way of putting it...your whole reason for living is quitting the field...the big, bloated head stabs your external sphincter, pouting the red ripe ring obscenely, the thick ridge, purple and swollen peeks through-...you hold your ass real still ... he pops it all the way out, leaving your ass slurping and sore, the anus a mass of tender, twitching bunched nerves, gaping and gulping ravenously to the hammering of your heart . . . you spread your legs still more and ...

The great, stout helmet-head, with its broad, blunt tip was difficult to squeeze past a tenacious anal opening. But once it was in-only a fool would try to force it out too fast. It would lear you apart. It was Virgil's security device. Once you were on if, you never crawled much more than a foot away from Virgil.

fly huddled in a low crouch, bowing his back, jacking his tush up and sprawling his legs. He felt like he was all ass in this position. Apparently Virgil did too. He rose up onto his toes, his huge hands depressing the small of Fly's back into an even deeper crook, the full weight of his body making Fly's big butt thrust at him lewdly. He threw some kidney punches into Fly via the shit-chute. Fly stretched his good arm to the side and mashed his nubs against the mat. Every sound, solid, socking shove from Virgil made them drag forward, scouring them, nearly ripping them. Virgil's column of course cock felt like it. was strip-mining the lining off his rectum, and he wondered if he would ever walk again. Or want to. Right now he wanted to scream

"ARRGHHH!! VIRGIL!! AAAAAAHH!!"

"You're learning," Virgil proudty praised his pupil, "Scream

and you won't need to cum,"

Fly's screeches became brazonly higher pitched as they continued screwing. And more drawn out. A revelor's rebel yell of. unbridled passion. It felt almost as good as having his ashes hauled. God, the things a man's love muscle could make you do! "Je., SUS!" he shrieked, the sound reverberating off the walls.

fly happened to look down just then. Lying before him on the mat was a fat, double-headed dildo. Now, how did...? This was no toy. It was big. Fly wondered if it was a reproduction of

Virgil's own eighth wonder of the world

Virgit pulled all the way out of the slackening hole. He noticed the throbbing, distended lips still had a slight pucker. He would have to ream those little wrinkles until the hole had a nice smooth bore. Until he could slip a couple of fingers into it and feel nary a nibble. The thought of this handsome he-man being unable to control his wind in public places—possibly even shitting his pants—drove Virgit forward again. He sank

e was getting too much of a good thing. It was becoming unbearable. Resting on his right shoulder, he fumbled with the dildo. It felt slimy. He parted his lips, waited for Virgil to fill him to the brim again, then slipped one end into his throat and gobbled it down

seven stud inches slowly into the clutches of this asshole, still game for action, then slam-dunked seven more big ones belly

deep.

Fly groaned weakly. He was getting too much of a good thing. It was becoming unbearable. Resting on his right shoulder, he fumbled with the dildo. It felt slimy. He parted his lips, waited for Virgil to fill him to the brim again, then slipped one end into his throat and gobbied it down almost to the halfway point.

"Come on, baby," Virgil encouraged. "Stop teasing that muthal You got a lot of room down there. Swallow it. Take a deep, deep breath and slide er in there. All the way. Come on, baby, Eat it. Show me what you're good for. You're a big boy

now."

Fly mumbled mindlessly. He was definitely losing it. Too much... He tried to work his throat muscles as though gulping. The lengthy, vibrating dong crept down his throat one gagging burp after another. It was too deep now to pull out fast, so he held his breath and kept feeding it in. His neck bulged, every muscle deftly defined like an anatomy diagram—the ridged tracheo bloating like the great fibrous cylinder on the underside of a monstrous hard-on. The priapus felt as good slithering down his neck as the humongous pecker felt coasting up his canal. Too much....Virgil? Are you there? Do you care?

Fly held the long tube he had ingested almost to his belly tightly between his lips. He had crammed it all the way down to the second head. He could feel the deep cervic of the corona snuggling his yawning pout. His moustache was packed up his nose. Every time Virgil bounded back into the breach, he imagined the meat had finally found his mouth and was fucking

him inside out

"Hold your breath, baby. Hold it. Keep that sucker in there. Concentrate on the head of my dick."

Too much....

Each solid, convincing thumper from Virgil began to force the devoured diido out of Fly's elastic oral grip an inch at a time.

"Hold in there! I'll get it out for you

Fly's lips were stretched beyond splitting and turning blue. But the long, rubber plunger slid steadily out of his convulsing gullet. Virgil rode it out, all the way out, one slow, agonizing upthrust at a time.

'Aw, shit!" Fly grimaced. His anus caught on the head of Virgil's dick and his whole crotch pulled away from his body like

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it was giving birth to a greasy, brush-covered volcano. Virgil tugged playfully at the tensely contracted sphincters, watching the canyon ass-crack begin to level out as more flesh joined the growing mountain of pursed suction, the mouth of which looked like it had a huge boulder lodged at the opening, preventing it from erupting, causing it to balloon dangerously

"It's gonna blow! It's gonna blow!" Virgil hooted, his face contorted with glee. He let go of Fly's flanks for a moment and shook his fists in the air, hollering raucously. Then he reached between Fly's legs and cracked his nuts together. Hard

The giant meatus exploded free, spewing a frothy spume of lava-like mucous and pre-cum all over Fly's wildly thrashing

legs

Get up!" Virgit litted a dazed, drunken Fly to his feet by the balls. Switching hands, he reached around fly's hip and got a strangle-hold at the base of the sagging sac. He stood in front of the tottering, trembling, swaying, sweating man who held his legs spread wide, the muscles in his battered buns jumping and spasming with after-shock. He unwound the thong from Fly's neck, removed the noose from his wrist, and slipped it over his balls. He bound the nuts tightly, stretching them several inches away from fly's crotch.

fly's asshole gaped. The ass lips reposed in a slack, pulsing gawp, not quite at bore point. Virgil drew Fly close and hilted two fingers easily. The twitching muscles inside nibbled at the digits casually, almost lazily. Virgil plucked them out and Fly felt

a gust of cool air shoot deep into his bowel.

Fly tugged on the thong and was grateful when Virgil heid it taut for him, allowing him to haul the bag far away from his body, drawing it into a thin, nearly transparent cocoon over his painfully constricted testes. It felt...God, how they ached, and...sharp needles stung his crotch, but,..ohhhhh, it was good! So fuckin' good! He pulled them tighter and tighter. His knees buckled. He let up a bit

Virgil backed away from him, keeping a slight tension on the thong, enough to hold Fly's balls fully extended. When he was several feet away from Fly he took what remained of the thong and tied it to his own titante testicles, amused by Fly's look of admiration as the huge, oval nuts were forced to the bottom of the low-hanging scrotum and were molded separately by

velvet, furry flesh.

Fly felt a sudden violent yank between his legs. It jostled his jewels and drove him up onto his toes. As an expert horseman, his first instinct was to raise his arms, bend his knees, and pull back on non-existent reins to bring an unruly mare back in line. At the same time, he did something else, totally unexpected. He swooped his arms all the way up over his head. He stepped way forward at a forty-five degree angle to his body with his right foot, bending the knee and supporting his full weight on his toes. His left leg straightened; the foot resting on its side. He arched his body, balled his fists, and lowered his right arm into a tight bicep pose. Then, sucking in his wind, he flexed every muscle in his mighty body, matching the tension of his extended, conspicuous, big shiny gonads.

Virgil was stunned stupid by this awesome display of pumped-up power. Fly's mouth was open, and spit dripped from the tip of his folling, panting tongue. He looked imploringly at Virgil like a puppy trying to please his master. It was certainly an impressive position No doubt about that. But Virgil didn't dare relinquish the firm control he had over this man by admitting it

Very nice," he snarled, noncommittal, "But don't loiter too long, asshole. Men have been gelded for less. Better move on,

baby, or I'm gonna bust your bails!"

Using every ounce of his energy, Fly pushed himself upright. Virgil gave him some slack. He set his right foot behind the left, bent at the knee, and pivoted on the balls of his feet a half-turn to the left. He lowered both arms into a curled bicep pose. Virgil could see Fly's twisted, tugging balls peeking over the rim of his solid right sartorius like lidded frog's eyes. He jerked on them rudely, roughly. Fly clearly loved it.

Fly spun around, and without changing the position of his left

arm, swept his right arm upward, assuming an archer's pose with the hand of his extended arm pointing directly at Virgil, Virgil grabbed the thong and snapped it up and down, giving Fly's nuts the nod. Fly crooned, his hips tick-tocking; fucking air. Virgil realized then it was the pressure on his fat eggs that was driving Fly off the deep end

fly swung to the left again, and swept his right arm down. flexing it fully; dropping to his right knee as he did so. Virgil relished the three-quarter view of Fly's massively bunched,

glistening, bare back.

Fly straightened his right leg and turned to face Virgil Bearing his weight on his bent left leg, he raised both arms, extending the paims of his hands outward. His hips continued to seesaw.

Rebending his right leg, resting the lower half on the mat, Fly pivoted a quarter-turn to his left, swept his arms down, and assumed a stylized version of Rodin's "The Thinker." He held this classy erotic pose while Virgil wrenched his nuts, rolling them around his thigh. He tensed his muscles every time Virgil applied some added stress between his legs.

"Look at me!" Virgil barked, "Pucker your lips! They feel just tike an asshole don't they? Like a well-fucked asshole. Look like one too. Get up now! Damn show-off! Give you some slack and you take a snoozel Well, not on my time, fucker! A-TEN-

SHUNI"

Fly's arms and legs unfolded slowly and he rose like a puppet, one jerked string at a time, until he was erect. He held himself rigidly. His knees swayed in sync with Virgil's. They tossed their rocks back and forth gently, keeping a stiff pressure between them. Their swollen cocks bobbed and boogalooed before them, occassionally drawing down to a modest twitching, caused by the compression on their cajones.

"Pinch those big tittles! Hard! With your fingernails, asshole!

Right on the very tips!"

Fly's hips danced. His balls tugged the reins. Virgil laughed. He was having the time of his life. The Old Man could keep his cockwalking,...

"Hey, blueballs!" he chided. "Make an anus for me."

Fly pursed his moist, ruby red lips lewdly at Virgil

"Kiss me, buttfuck!"

fly puckered his mouth and smacked his lips wetly.

"You call that a kiss! Thrust those shoulders forward. Reach for me with that mouth. Make some noise. Come on! Kiss me, fucker!"

Fly crosed his eyes and applied total concentration to the effort. He imagined he could feel Virgil's hot, muscular mouth

on his. He kissed the air like a swooning Romeo.

Virgil took a step backwards, stretching Fly's sac another inch. Fry stood his ground and kept right on smoothing with ungodly. raunch expertise. Virgil was astonished. Fly's testicles were as tough as the rest of him. He wondered idly if he still had the six-inch ball stretcher in the cabinet. This guy was going to need something down there. And it made such a nice fuck-handle

"Make an ass of yourself, boy!"

Fly screwed his mouth into a tight pucker and held it.

Torture those tits! Work on them! Big handmade tits for me.

to play with Ummmm!"

Fry stell had his eyes closed and Virgil knew he was day dreaming about how his sculptured gullet stuffer had parted those full, greedy lips, stretching them taut as the shapely, fat, flared knob reamed through them, smoothing the pucker into a gaping pecker pout. The one seemingly endless entry a man never forgot. Make a guy eat it first and the rest was child's play

"Turn around, Now!"

Fly stepped gingerly over the thong that bound them. He felt his nuts pulling back towards Virgil, He immediately spread his legs wider and stooped down, squatting deeply. He felt his big. glossy alabaster eggs crawling up the wide crack of his ass, the hair scrubbing the throbbing nuggets. Wow! He wished he was in Virgil's position. He felt sexy. And obscene. And, God-it felt wonderful! He reached back and stroked the plump, harry cheeks of his ass, pulling them further apart to make room for his aching nuts to snuggle in there. His hips bounced lustfully,

shifting and sliding his balls all along the gooey crevice of his fresh-fucked butt.

Virgil watched Fly silently. Watched this humpy hunk of a man putting out for him so lasciviously. And for a few moments he let his own mind wander. To a live show he had once seen that consisted solely of a beautiful naked boy playing with himself on a big mattress, all the while begging to suck cock and get fucked—for thirty solid minutes, an endless diatribe of hardcore pleading...they just let him go until he worked himself into a frenzy of real need and desire, stuffing fingers up his ass and humping his body right up off the mattress, flipping and

ook at me!" Virgil barked. "Pucker your lips! They feel just like an asshole, don't they? Like a well-fucked asshole. Look like one too. Get up now! Damn show-off! Give you some slack and you take a snooze! Well, not on my time, fucker! A-TEN-SHUN!"

flopping on an imaginary dick. At the end, the highest bidder

got to put him out of his misery

Like now. Fly was playing with his tits, grunting loudly and soultufly, displaying an ingenious variety of primitive communication. His balls glided up and down his ass crack like they were leading a sing-along

fly let the tension on his nuts replace the tension Virgil had placed on his asshole. And would again. Shortly, Virgil could see the whole peeking through the honey-matted hair. It wasn't winking at him anymore. The ass lips were pursed and swollen, and there was a small, dark bore hole dead center that stayed open, craving more cock, begging to be busted...completely fucked-out.

"Hey, boy! You think you got balls? Better show me!"

fly raised his arms over his head and leaned forward, like he was about to dive into a pool. His balls supported the entire weight of his heavy torso. They stretched back at Virgil, protruding way out from between his legs, towing his enormous hardon down so that it pointed at the floor, Virgil lept forward. Fly started to fall. His balls stopped him. He was leaning so far forward his feet started sliding out from under him. Virgil jerked him back up. By the balls

"You can turn back around now, Want some meat, cocksucker? Want an all-day sucker, leech-lips? Hmmmm? Hungry, baby? Well? Come an' get it. If you think you're man enough," Virgil coaxed, stroking himself with long, broad sweeps of his arm. "Come on over here and climb right up on it Just like a monkey climbing a tree for a big, ripe banana."

Fly bent his knees, keeping the tension between his legs. He cocked his body stiffly, and took a clumsy step forward. Virgic stepped back at exactly the same time. Their testes twanged and

remained taut.

"Come on. Come an' get me," Virgil egged him on.

Fly hobbled another step. Virgil retreated. Fly stalked Virgil awkwardly, looking every bit like the menacing hairy hulk he was, thinking: "If he trips, I'll mount him before he can bat an eyelash—squatter's rights. I'll set an all-time precedent for telephone pole sitting-the hard way." He looked down at his balls. They stretched the length of his hard-on. Every dramatic, stealthy stride he took made the head slap his nuts; first one, then the other. Bolts of liquid fire flooded his abdomen, making him sweat profusely and falter. Virgil didn't give an inch.

Instead, he took several, putting them back on Fly's lengthening pouch. Virgil sneered maliciously...

"Look behind you," he chortled.

Fly glanced over his shoulder quickly. He stopped suddenly and looked again—directly behind him, so close it was almost touching the calf of his right leg, was the low table he had spotted earlier against the far wall. Now it was out on the mat. But, how...?

"You did alright," Virgil commended Fly, padding towards him slowly, unwinding the thong from his own balls as he approached. "And I'm going to reward you." He pulled Fly's bag gently away from his body, and wrapped it tightly, from the

rigil shagged into him with slow, sure, steady, strokes. Each one made his head reel and sent agonizing ripples of sensile delight coursing up and down his body, making him quiver and vibrate. Making his eyes blur, his legs flail. Making him simper, gasp and choke.

crotch down, then around each ball separately. They were stretched almost halfway to his knees, the two big, fuzzy, oval eggs bulged glassily, delicately veined. Virgil lifted them and stroked the fragile looking jewels. "Worth a king's ransom, eh?" he soothed hypnotically, looking up at Fly, whose eyes were bugged out of his handsome head. He smiled. "You are so beautiful. Lie down now."

There was a blanket folded on top of the table. Funny, it hadn't been there before...He laid on his back. His ass hung over the edge. Virgil produced two more thongs from somewhere and tied his arms to the legs near his shoulders.

The table was an interesting piece of ... furniture? It was about three feet high, and two by three feet long. It was constructed of a very dark, sturdy wood. The legs were carved into a shaggy animal's legs, the bases hooved. The apron of the table's top was also carved, with strange, intricate, cabalistic designs.

Virgil lifted Fly's right leg up over his shoulder. He reached down and guided his dripping demon back into the waiting

mineshaft

It was different this time. Virgil sailed up his channel with only the slightest resistance. The flesh around the entrance felt puffy and mushy, and prickled with super sensation. He barely felt the head glide through, although the heel of the foot that was draped over Virgil's shoulder jerked and slammed Virgil's back repeatedly like a heavy trip-hammer. He strained at his bonds. His chest heaved, torsioning his tits taut. He sighed with rapturous, ecstatic delirium.

His eyes were glued shut. He noticed a flickering redness against the lids. He opened his eyes and blinked. The room was dark, and—Virgil held a small burning candle in one hand...

"Hold very still "

The candle, which was about two inches long, had a hole

gouged into its base.

"Don't move a muscle." Virgil's voice sounded hollow and disturbing. He tilted the candle over Fly's right nipple, which rested squarely on the gently curving plane of his harry pec.

Fly flinched and whimpered as the searing, hot drops of wax bombarded his sensitive, sore tit. The heavy muscle supporting it rolled and shifted beneath the tortured flesh. His joked ass muscles chomped and masticated the entrenched prong of pork. The long, extended nipple, which already looked like a BE DRUMMER.

mighty peak sprouting from a dense jungle, erupted—gushing molten lava down its steep slopes, the cone glowing and growing larger. Virgiliset the candle onto the pulsing, encrusted bud and held it there until the wax dried enough to hold the base securely.

"One word of warning," Virgil purred, "If you even think about blowing it out...!'Il know. Do you want me to remove

what I've put inside you? Well? Do you?"

Fly shook his head, his low, wavering moans rising in pitch,

becoming even more breathless.

Virgil withdrew to the head fly relaxed finally and rode onto the rod. Virgil shagged into him with slow, sure, steady strokes. Each one made his head reel and sent agonizing ripples of sensile delight coursing up and down his body, making him quiver and vibrate. Making his eyes blur, his legs flail, Making him simper and gasp and choke. His head bounced on the table, ricocheting with loud, rhythmic thumps, which seemed to feel good...as did the spreading puddle of hot wax around his nipple.

The dim light of the candle cast grotesque shadows over Virgil's looming face, transforming it into a ghoulish gargoyle

How pleased," the demon face grinned, "Mencheno, the Prince, will be to receive you, my friend! One like you! How Ciclap will gloat! How Gabellin will rejoice!" The deep voice boomed and rumbled

For the first time Fly felt genuine partc...

Virgil stroked the length of fly's lifted leg, rutting the soft, thick hair, squeezing the dense, hard-rubber muscles, pumping the squelching asshole steadily.

The candle burned down...

fly's split nuts rode the edge of Virgil's lunging meat, ramming Virgil's pubis, then sliding up the side of his hard, hairy

belly, right on track.

fly hummed and thrummed with ravished ecstasy, every nerve ending in his twisting, gyrating body sparking and firing. It was hard to concentrate on anything. The candle had nearly burned down to his nipple...then he knew...burnt...the flame—

"Stopt" his mind shrilled, "St...STOPI" Was this a night-mare, paradise lost-or what?

Virgil kept up a ceaseless, facile thrusting that was absolutely

remorseless. It was unbearable.

The cum roiled up out of fly unexpectedly. First in weeping dribbles, then in jetting, spurning spurts. He grimaced horribly in a teeth-gnashing frenzy, frantic, struggling feebly to keep his wits. His hips lurched abruptly sideways...his waving cock shot a wad directly at the candle. It landed short of its target (Virgil hadn't said anything about drowning the flame). His ass jumped and jerked, but the power of his orgasm had subsided and only a few stray drops sprayed his chest. He started to hyperventilate.

Virgil chuckled and kept right on fucking, sliding his ramcharging horsecock into uncharted territory, ironing out the last wrinkles, straightening a lot of pipe, grinding a deep, smooth bore, reaming a wide, elastic pussy, educating this ass

and graduating it with honors.

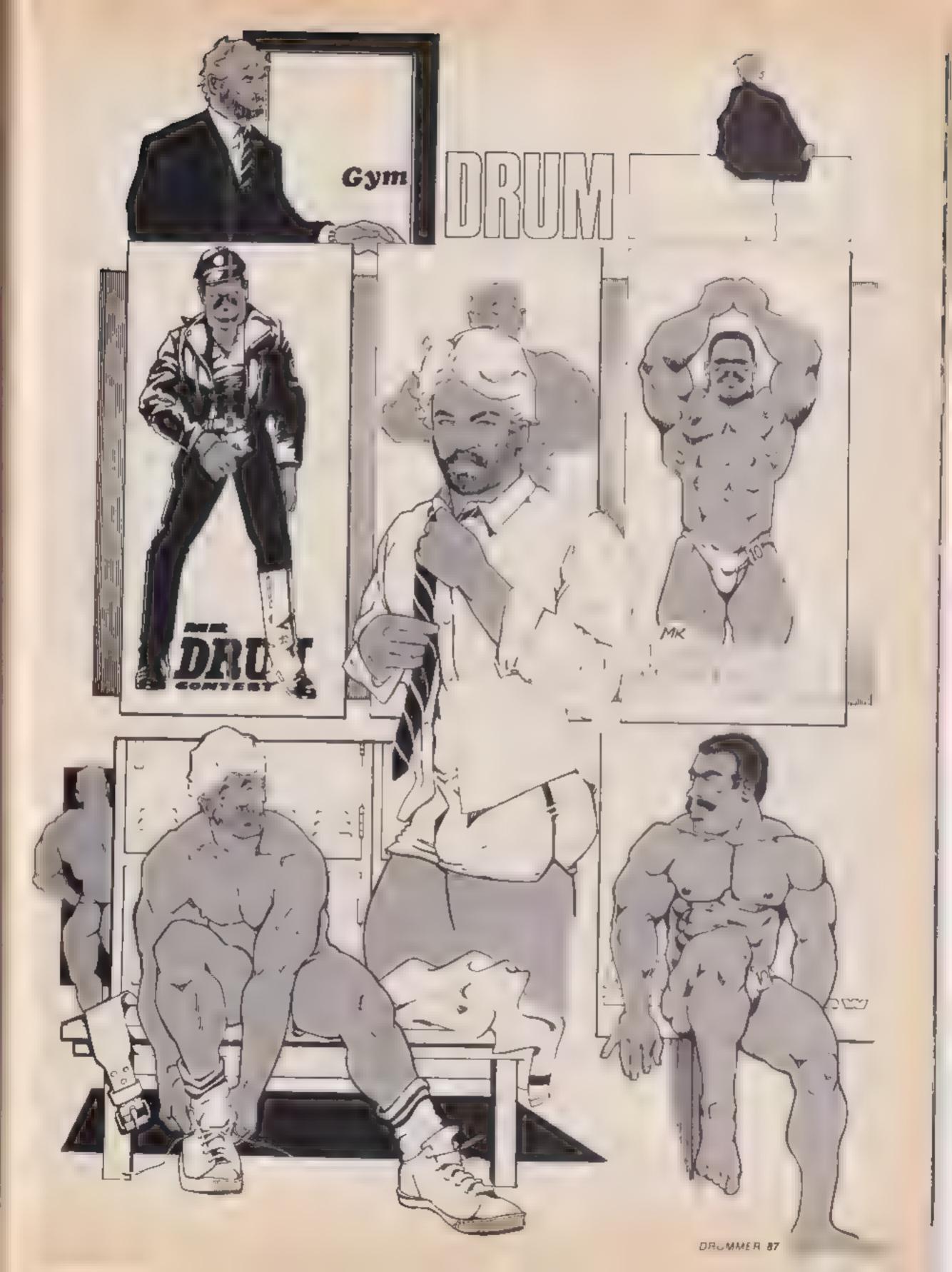
fly began to babble helplessly. He could feel the heat of the flame on his shrinking boob. His skin crawled with goose-bumps. His muscles writhed. He lost his breath, his throat too tight to scream. His head flew up, his jaw jammed into his chest, his mouth gaping and drooting. His eyes rolled back. His body heaved up off the table and held. He came again...

The last thing fly felt was a piercing jolt of pain stabbing deep into his chest, mingling with the jarring blasts in his bowel that

bloated his belly.

The last thing Fly smelled was the acrid stench of his own sperm sizzling...and then he was gone—wasted...

"Good shot, boy!" Virgil cheered. Then he turned and flashed a half-cracked smile at the Old Man, who had let himself in with his key and was watching from the shadows of the stairwell.





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Since the articles that *Orummer* ran on The Quarters produced so much main (and income) and made The Quarters' founder famous, or at least borderline notorious, we were among those privileged to visit it from time to time and experience first-hand some of the goings-on. These are among my favorite memories, which I often dran upon to complete my fantasies. I think of the line from the musical, "Don't let it be forgot that once there was a spot"...that was known as The Quarters, later The Compound, and forget the happily everaftering

#### BACK DURING THE BOLDEN AGE OF FOLSOM, BEFORE THE COMPOUND. THERE WAS THE QUARTERS....

It was like the ultimate boy's clubhouse, in appearance and in boyish enthusiasm. Eventually the place covered quite a bit of square footage, namely the basements of two oldish buildings South of Market Just off of Folsom, very near where the Drummer offices were at the time. Robert, the entrepreneur, made daily forays to the Goodwill and the Salvation Army, the surplus stores, the leather shops and anywhere else he could beg, borrow or steal lockers, army cots, weights, flags, old military equipment, whips and chains, stenciling apparatus, candles, lumber and much that had no real definition. It was amazing and exciting what he could make from almost nothing. The cells went up on one side of the complex, complete with cots and/or bunks, toilet bowls which weren't connected to anything and plenty of military signs to tell you what you needed to know, whether you wanted to know it or not.

Leftover slaves from the Slave Auctions at the late Arena bar would end up spending the night at The Quarters. They hadn't really even volunteered to be slaves for auctioning, merely being pushed up on the stage by Robert's henchmen for presentation to the overpacked house (thanks again to the Drummer articles). Off came most of their clothing as they got caught up in the thing. Robert always had plenty of assistants to hustle the "volunteers," carry the cage and the accourrements that such an enterprise required. Even after a slave was "sold" to someone in the audience, it was understood that it didn't necessarily have to go home with the buyer. More likely, if it was hunky and semi-willing, it would end up with Robert and his entourage in the bowels of the big old building, learning some of the more real aspects of slavery and Robert's version of military discipline.

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Robert was big into military. He had an enormous wardrobe of uniforms, all pressed, all ready to go at a moment's notice. He loved to swagger into the Brig, the Arena, or later the Eagle in varying military officer splendor, followed by one or two subdued young fellows in t-shirts marked "In Training" or "The Quarters" with leather collars and army boots. These stood nearby, eyes cast to the floor, arms behind their backs while Robert got it on. I had very little, if any, luck taking over any of this surplus manpower. They were rigidly loyal, or at least had had the fear-of-whatever put into them enough that they seldom strayed.

Once back at The Quarters, however, it was a different story. The resident slaves would strip upon entering, be shacked so they could work, but were only able to move about in a limited manner. The new talent coming in from the bars were ordered to take off their shirts, chained to a post or between two of them, then the resident slaves would strip them to their buff

It was a heady scene. The lighting was mostly from candles whose scent, mixed with the grass, the Crisco, poppers, sweat and the locked-up-attic odor of the old building, could easily conjure up scenes in one's mind even if nothing else took place. But plenty else did happen. Robert was a master at direction, sort of a Cecil DeMille of the dungeon set. The locked-up or chained-up recruits awaiting their turn at the whipping post or the rack or the pillory, would be saucer-eyed by the time it was their turn to finally be the center of attraction

Robert told me once that locking up a new recruit in a cell next to one of his permanent slaves could do more for that fellow's state of mind in a couple of hours than the same time spent being worked over. While the slaves were not supposed to converse, naturally they did the minute their superiors were out of the room and the older-hand would have the new man ready for anything by the time something actually happened.

One night it was decided that the prize "volunteer" from the auction needed shaving, even if the fellow didn't know he needed it. So he was strapped down to the table, gagged, and two slaves began working on his lower belly, his balls and, by raising his legs up to his strapped-down wrists, his ass. The gag was taken off and the fellow was mad as hell. "How can I shower at the gym now?" he demanded, Robert didn't like his attitude so he announced that the slaves were to shave the fellow's rather considerable chest and that if another word was said about it, they would do his head as well. They did a good job and the newly-smooth hunk was led to his cell by a chain attached to the tit-clamps attached to his denuded nipples. Robert made him thank the two slaves for his shaving and kiss each of their (smoothly

shaved) asses.

We sat in the "Officer's Quarters" in the second building, pouring down a bottle of beer apiece while the new recruit squatted on the floor in front of Robert's crotch, his cock in the fellow's mouth. He had earned the privilege after licking Robert's boots, including the soles. I was invited to use the recruit's broad back and narrow rump to place my own boots, which he later licked clean for me

Back in those pre-AIDS days, such a fellow made a fine latrine since The Quarters then had none. The toilet bowls all had to be emptied by hand (slave power) and cleaned each morning by whichever had survived the night, I guess.

Cleanliness and order were important to the scheme of things and even in the middle of the organized disorder there was a place for everything and everyone Robert kept a couple of the permanent boys in his apartment to keep it in shape and function as houseboys. Whenever ! would drop in on business or for whatever upstairs, there would usually be either Number Four or Number Two quietly doing their chores, naked as jaybirds, wearing only collars. One such time, Robert entered from the bedroom followed by Number Two, a short, wellbuilt boy with curly hair who was sporting a very rigid hard-on. Obviously he had been doing something for Robert which certainly turned at least him on and was not of course allowed to either touch it or hide it. He kept his eyes on it or his bare feet or the floor as he walked into the kitchen to get back to work There were red marks across his smooth little ass but I couldn't tell whether they were recent or just left over from a prior occasion

One night we all were having dinner at some unlikely restaurant on Polk street. Robert, Number Two and I. Robert, dripping in black leather and chrome. insisted on joining the heterogeneous group at the piano bar. A rather husky hustler was sitting there in an Angora sweater, who accepted Robert's invitation to join us as everybody was singing the sort of songs people sing around piano bars. He even accepted an invitation to go home with us for a nightcap. The poor fellow didn't know what he was getting into, obviously, but into it he got and, as we sat on the couch with our drinks, Robert demanded he take off his sweater. He did, showing a good set of shoulders, large nipples and a fair supply of chest hair which tapered down to his navel.

Robert's next directives took us all into the "Interrogation Room" and the boy began getting impressed—may be alarmed is a better word. He was ordered to "lay down" on the rack and while he protested and started asking a lot of "Why" and "What is all this," I noticed





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he did as he was told. He found himself with his wrists fastened to the corners of the slab as Number Two began removing the newcomer's slacks and loafers. Naturally he had shorts on. As Robert yanked them off the fellow began getting adamant. He mentioned notifying the police. and threatened yelling at the top of his ungs. He demanded to be released, that he wanted out of there. Robert calmly and wordlessly continued on with the prep work, motioning for me to attach the guy's ankles to the other end of the wooden slab. I have never seen such a passive, if noisy, protest. Everything our subject was told to do, he did, all the while protesting, telling us he wasn't into any of this and we would all be in trouble if he wasn't released immediately

I suggested to Robert that he do just that; turn the guy loose and let's forget him. Who needs that action? Robert noncha antly went on, reading his subject far better than I

As Number Two sucked that big commercial cock and Robert decorated those erect tits with some festive hot wax. I ran my hand over the well-packed body, which seemed to calm its owner He wasn't really my type, but the smell of The Quarters along with the candlewax and poppers was drowning out the odor of his cologne. His feet were large and well-shaped, like his cock, and Robert handed me the fat paraffin candle to warm up the soles while he sat on the fellow's newly-waxed chest and shoved his cock down his throat. By this time the complaints had stopped and Robert was getting a thoroughly professional blowjob. I had to settle for a wax job on his ass while Robert, still sitting on the chest with his cock down the man's throat, held the legs up so I would have easier access in sealing up his asshole

I finally wearied of all the merriment and went into the other room to crash on one of the couches. After all, it was getting very late and this was Robert's conquest. I awoke the next morning to see the new slave in wrist and arm shackles, a dog collar around his neck, at the foot of the other couch, sleeping with his arms around Robert's legs and feet. A complete accomplishment. I later learned that he called in to work sick and stayed on the premises for two more days Robert tired of him and sent him on his way. The conquest was obviously the important thing in this case

Letters pleading for training began to arrive, calls came in from all over from men eager to fly to San Francisco for a week or a weekend to throw themselves on the mercy of The Quarters. And many did. One skating star from Canada was brought over to my office for introductions. Robert made him strip down so I could admire his magnificent legs and athlete's body. I dared Robert to march him back down the street to The Quarters in just that condition, but his sense of





decorum prevailed and he made the temporary recruit at least put trousers back on. The Drummer office personnel were used to such goings-on since we often did photo sessions on the premises, but even Robert occasionally worried about our mutual neighbors

A though we would often see Numbers Two through Sixteen parading up the street to the corner market during the day wearing only their collars and either cutoffs or jeans, they learned fast to watch for the broken glass with their bare feet in an area just a block or two away from skild row. They always seemed to be in a hurry, never stopping by or even pausing to say anything. Obviously when their DI wanted something, he wanted it now and theirs was not to reason why

Robert expanded his role of entrepreneur to a point that The Quarters threw a big blowout at a rented disco. Part of the decor, in addition to the passion pits in

the dark corners of the second floor, was a half dozen of his slaves chained to the wall, two at a time, as decorations on the stairways. Clad only in harnesses and codpieces, the were spread-eagled on ledges and were made to serve as such for an hour at a time. But rather than their being defenseless and vulnerable. another slave was stationed next to them to supervise any rough handling that might occur. Since I knew all the bottoms and they knew me, I had a wonderful time fingering the "decorations," giving them an occasional digarette or drink and loads of attention. But every time I would close in on one, Robert, as busy as he was, would appear magically and hover like a mother hen. After the slaves were released from their duties as wall decorations there was the clean-up of the place and hauling all the props and equipment back to whence it came Then, presumably, a hard night in The Quarters. Life was not easy for Numbers

Two through Sixteen, let me tell you

Back when the International Mr. Leather contest was considered the leather experience, we all elected to go to Chicago and join Robert and a myriad of others from San Francisco on the midnight flight. At the airport Robert was surrounded with his entourage, which included Number Four carrying a khak steamer trunk with "Quarters" stenciled on it and "Property of The Quarters" stenciled on Four's t-shirt. The group was as full of good spirits as partying from three in the afternoon could make them, except for Number Four, who wasn't allowed to drink. After divesting themselves of keys and enough metal to sink the Hindenburg, the group more or less cleared airport security with the exception of Four. Under his leans and shirt and boots was sufficient metal to keep him from even swimming to Chicago lord knows. The guard wouldn't let him past, so Robert finally commanded Four







his shirt off, exposing connecting tit rings, collar and padlock, and was beginning to unbutton his jeans when the guard panicked and told them to get the hell out and on the plane. Other than when the co-captain came back and told Robert to have Numbers Four and Seven put their shirts on—after Robert somehow obtained a couple of bottles of champagne from the crew and sent four and Seven up the aisles to serve (and embarrass) those of us who sat as far as possible from the group—it was a quiet flight, if a little more red-eye than usual.

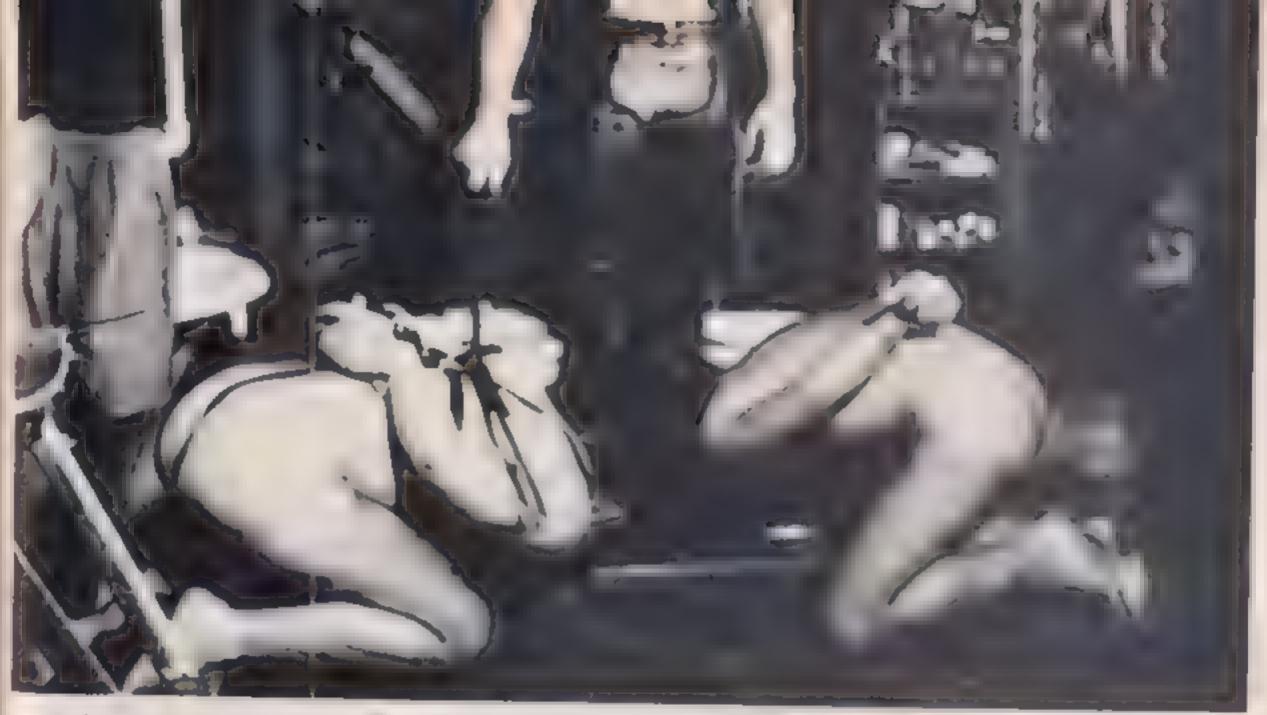
Both we and Robert were happy to do photo sessions at The Quarters. No only could it be one hell of an afternoon and evening, but Drummer readers loved every page of the results and mail for The Quarters would quadruple upon such a happening. Robert would have his "staff" there—where did he find all those hunks who were so willing to work under his direction?—and while many of the slaves were our models, many were actually part of The Quarters' alumni

Our cameras would wander among men who seemed to be in poses reminiscent of a prison camp or medieval dungeon, or at best, a marine brig. One nude recruit with the torso of a bodybuilder would be chained to one of the big timber posts, chains hanging from the rings in his nipples and his testicles and shackles around his ankles, forcing him to stand on the toes of his bare feet. Sweat poured down his chest as he awaited Robert's ministrations. Obviously this was not just for the camera. Robert never went about anything half-way, I recognized Number Four locked up in a cage in one corner, looking right at home Was this where Robert kept him? Four stood at parade rest in his cage, without expression, simply awaiting his Master's pleasure

The new recruit had just been led in and was being stripped at Robert's direction. One DI pulled his vest from his arms, another pulled down his chaps and jeans. He was bent over the wooden slab in the center of the room, hands held behind his back, his buttocks pulled apart for examination then his legs spread to allow easier access to his low-hanging balls and cock. He was fastened to a yoke hanging from the middle of the room and given a good paddling across his rump. Other than a "Thank you, Sir" after each stroke, he had nothing to say.

Robert purposely walked on the man's bare feet as he passed by, spit-shined boots making an imprint on the skin. He stood, otherwise ignored, arms apart and legs apart, while the other recruits got their superior's attention. Finally he was released and led back to the table. He crawled up on it as ordered, extending his arms and legs for the DIs to fasten him down. Clamps were attached to his nipples which, in their own smaller way,

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stood out as rigidly as his harnessed cock and balls. He had become The Quarters' property and he was enjoying every minute of it.

Another fellow was bent over a sawhorse type of apparatus, standing on tiptoes to accommodate the entry into his firm young ass by one of Those In Charge. The DI was tall, so the recruit really had to raise his butt

The ass of one of our models accommodated a fat candle. He had been cautioned to hotel it in very steadily and he was doing his best. The fellow lying on his back next to him was holding a similar candle in his mouth with the same degree of care. A festering coffee pot filled with Quaker State motor oil was bubbling on the heater. Before it came to a boil, someone took it off and let it cool for a while

Naturally there was much silent speculation as to what was to be done with it Would the recruits have to drink it? Unlikely, but you never knew. Or get a hot oil enema? It turned out that it was poured first on the newest recruit's rigid cock as he hung from the raised yoke. Then he got lots more all over him as did one of the other recruits. They were then ordered to wrestle on the dirty concrete floor for the amusement of the DIs who sat around drinking a cold beer. It was a slippery affair and when the second recruit finally pinned the new one's shoulders down, for his reward he was told to turn the loser over on his belly and fuck him. And at that point he certainly didn't need a lubricant. It would have made the Quaker State people very proud.

One of Robert's regulars was locked in the stocks, which required him to kneel and brought his head exactly to crotch

height. He was kept there for the afternoon, servicing anyone who wished it He was bare chested with only leather chaps on, his bare ass hanging out. His boots had been taken away from him so he was barefoot as well. Robert would test out a paddle or belt or whip on him before he would use it on the new recruits. The slave's bare feet, which had been covered with grime from the floor, were whipped clean after a while. I suspected that he was being used more for a latrine than a blow artist, but I was too polite to mention it. And so was he. I discovered that it is hard to concentrate as one makes notes while one's cock is being expertly sucked, in case you didn't know it. So finally I had the naked young fellow kneeling in front of me remove my boot and sock and lick my foot. That is very relaxing and not nearly so distracting. He did it so well that I let him take off my other boot and I ran around later barefoot. But I had found a better way to get the soles of my feet cleaned than with Robert's belt

The new recruit got his crotch and ass shaved by Number Four, whose privates were already shaved. And his nipples grew so tender as the day wore on that even blowing on them made him wince But he had learned not to react too defensively because a DI was standing by with even more wicked looking clamps and no amount of pleading or crying or begging would make them be taken off before their time

I suppose the expression "blue balls" might hold true as well, since all the recruits and slaves had the look of guys who desperately could use an ejaculation. While their bound balls were more purple than blue and their cocks were decidedly red, they were hard (!?) to

ignore as they stood out without relief no matter what position their owner's body was in

It was a lovely party with all that candle wax and oil all over those handsome bodies, chains rattling, moans and cries of "Thank you, Sirs" and "Please, Sirs" filling the air along with some of the most disgusting and stimulating barracks language it has been my privilege to absorb

The Quarters was a wonderful place at the beginning, full of energy and purpose, camaraderie and the joy of discovery. There were less publicized events that entailed more permanent marks, I am told—branding, a bit of tattooing. But for the most part, the hair would grow back, the clothing would be put back on to cover the marks and the bareness Time could make one forget the attitudes newly discovered in oneself, perhaps. And the new owners of the building would eventually convert those rooms into something more prosaic.

But this all happened during the golden age of Folsom and boys who became men under The Quarters' tute-lage still find their eyes lighting up and their crotches becoming considerably lighter whenever the name is brought up

The Compound was another trip, similar but different. More structured, more solid, more organized and more grandsose. But The Quarters started it all and its graduates will never forget the hours spent in those dark, dingy rooms and corridors.

In fact, did I ever tell you about the time that ...

MANHOOD RITUALS 1/THE COMPOUND, Alternate Publishing, 640 Natoma, San Francisco, CA 94103, 68 pages, \$10. Compiled and edited by Robert Payne

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## COP SPANK COP SPANK COP SPA



Okay buddy, pull over and park your butt right here. Yeah, you. See anybody else sneaking around back here in the alley? What do you think you're doing back here anyway? I'm talking to you, punki And I expect some answers if you don't want me to run your tail down to the station.

What you so nervous about, kid? With all the vandalism in this area lately, even in broad daylight, really burns me. Punks like you pulling that kind of shit on **my** beat. Caught one of 'em just a couple of days ago.

Mmmmmm—yeah, there's something in those shorts. Some sorts concealed weapon. Feels like a lead pipe. I better run you in.



If I found any paint or markers on you, I'd decorate this little butt of yours along with your whole carcass. "Cops Suck"—ha! If you ask me, punks suck. At least that one sure did before I was through with him.

Don't pull that shit on me—whining and begging Teil you what—maybe we can settle this thing right here and now. Way I figure it, you just need a little lesson in discipline. There don't seem to be any Magic Markers or spray paint on you

## NK COP SPANK COP SPANK COI





He was about your size. I caught him red handed with a batch of Magic Markers. Know what he was writin' on the side of the building? "Cope Suck." Little shit. Told him he was gonna clean it off with his tongue before I ran him down to the station—then the stupid punk tried to get away from me. Resisting arrest! I made sure he was damn sorry for that.

You're shaking like a leaf, kid. What's that? Just out for a run, huh? Then you got nothin' to worry about—as long as you're telling me the truth. And as long as you keep calling me "Sir." Yeah, I like that, a nice polite little punk. But let's frisk you anyway, boy.





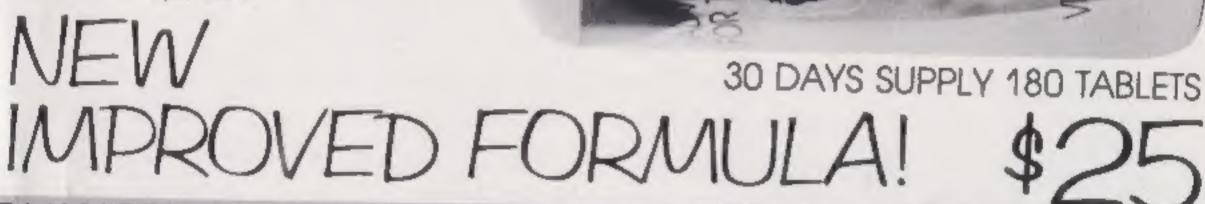
Keep bendin' over, boy. You heard me! Yeah, that's it. Mmmmm. When was the last time you got your butt spanked, punk? Speak up. Been way to long, huh?

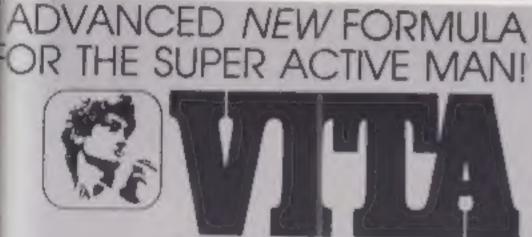
I thought you would have a lot better attitude with a little discipline in the right places. Your ass is as red as if I had painted it. Now, show me just how good a punk you can be. No, don't thank me. I had something else in mind. We'll see who sucks and who doesn't...

# An offer to "give head" could mean just about anything in the South of Market scene these days. The snake looks curious, but a trifle wary: "Are you sure this is Sssssafe Sssssex?" Captured at the Folsom Street Fair by photographer Robert Pruzan.

## NEW PACKAGE

A NEW LOOK FOR AN OLD FRIEND!
VITA-MEN now comes in a
new white bottle with a
smart new label. Gone is the
plain brown bottle and the
black and red label. But
more important than the
new package is what is in it.
We challenge anybody to
give you a better or more
advanced formula of
vitamins, minerals and herbs
designed for men. Get it and
take it, it's important!







VITAMINS, MINERALS, HERBS SUPER SUPPLEMENT

SIX TABLETS CONTAIN:		
VITAMINS	POTENCY	SRDA'
Vitamin A (Beta Carolena)	10.000mm	200%
Arreston of Characters?	5 D00000	2000
C1 (midlistoli)	100 ma	6667
PS (Libothial)	100 mg	5882
PHISCIP	400 min	250
K3 (macinamide)	100 mg	500%
the state of the s	120 000	1500
86 (pyridoxine)	100 mg	5000
B10 (paba) B12 (cobalamin concentrate)	100 mg	100
Witsen F. (Fans Police)	- 200 mcg	3333%
Villamin C (Sago Palm)	TUBUS INC	1667%
Vitamin E (d atpha (ocopherol)	40000	1333
Vitamin (2) Forc Acid	100/13	200
Section	HUU mica	100
Choine (bitarizate)	200 mg	337 6
1005/101	125 000	1114
Biel lavonnids	200 mg	125
nespikigin	- 20 min	101
Motin	. 25 mm	610
Octacosanol	. 250 mcg	0.00
MINERALS		
Calcium (Aiming acid chelate)	500 mg	50%
Magnesium (Amino acid cherale)	1571 1510	B75
Silica	500 mca	744
Andonomy	75 (br.o.	100
-10:0mg	235 mon	1501-
TOUR CADING ACIS CUELLIS	20 m/s	(117)
Politissium asparlate	55 me	100
Selencom (Amone Acid Cherata)	150 mcg	175
Molybedum (Amino Acid Chilate)	50 mcg	410

POTENCY	"ARDA"
GTF Chreenura 200 mcg	
KIDE DODING ALCO CONTRACT SOOT WA	661
Copper LAmino acid chelate	100%
Copper (Amino acid chelate) 2 mg Manganese (Amino Acid Chelate) 20 mg	9.014
HERBALS	
Geta Koty 25 mg	***
persong 25 ma	ris
Saw parmetto	244
Sarsapantia	111.6
100 mg	7-1
Lemon Balm	***
Faranacum 20 mg	710
Licorice 25 mg	7110
opruning 25 min	155
Dee Funes 100 mg	411
AMINO ACIOS	
Lysme	803
L Palenylataning 25 mg	500
C Gluighning	440
Constitution 25 mg	4.00
L'I PLOGETTE	***
D. C. Marchiornica 100 mg	777
L-Cystron 30 mg	211
ACTIVATED GLANOULARS	
Prostate hissue 50 mg	***
hyllus to my	
Adrenal 50 mg	110
HEA Complex (Choscorea Villosa) 200 org	-110
"No U.S. RDA established to these ingredients	

## NEW SUPPLEMENT!



Guaranteed by VITA-MEN laboratories. San Francisco, CA, Dealer Inquiries invited. 30 DAYS \$12

S

A REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENTI
An exciting powerhouse formula designed for your
Immune System, Developed by
the doctors and lab who give
you VITA-MEN.

F	
IS reet 94103	☐ Send me month's supply of VITA-MEN @ \$25. ☐ include month's supply of IMMUNITABS @ \$11.95. ☐ Send one of each for \$35.  NAME
A STA	ADDRESS
I ZEO	CITY, STATE ZIP
<b>■</b> \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$	Enclose is my check or money-order.
ZZZ.	Or charge if to my   VISA   MASTERCARD
> 음문	No Exp
000	Signature

# Awesome.

What makes the men in our community so susceptible? Any number of reasons, including late hours, close physical contact, overexertion, poor diet, smoking, drinking, stimulants, and antibiotics all take their toll on your vitality, your immunity and your general well-being

VITA-MEN is doctor-formulated for the sexually and physically active man on the go. Its ingredients are more expensive to manufacture, not only for their contents, as well as what they do not contain. There are no oils (our vitamins A and D are dry) for the body to retain, no starches, no shellac, no sugars. Take a look at the formula. It is specifically designed for men and it is awesome.

A supplement to the VITA-MEN formula is our new IMMUNITABS, Take a good look at that doctor-designed formulation and add it to your diet. It is the only immune system you have.

VITAMINS	POTENCY	"ADA"		POTENCY	1,804
Vitamir A (Beta Carolene)		200	GTF Chiamages	250 meg	***
Vitamin A (paintiate)		100	Ane (Amino gold chelate)	100 mg	66
61 (thegrane)	Ultry one	6667	Copper (Amuro acid chelate)	11.7 mg	100%
		588.	Mangazieus (Antonio Acid Chellate)	Ni mg	110
02 (riboliavin)		250	Company of the Compan		
Niacin	100 mg	500	MINRALS		
B3 (niacingmide)	150 mg	15000	Gota Koia	D mg	
B5 (pantorhanic acid)	TOXI Ing	5000	Surrang	25 mg	.00
B6 Coycidinxines		343000	Saw paimetro	, 150 mg	1111
810 (palsa)	100 mg	-	Sartaparnia	50 mg	***
812 (cobalamin goncentrate)	200 may	333	Cetunacay	. XXI = 0	***
Vitainin C (Sagu Palin)	1000 mg	166	Lemon Raim	175 mg	***
Vitamin E (d-alpha tocophistot)	400IIQ	1330%	Taraxacum	20 mg	***
Vitamin D3	100lkii	25	Lapine	35 mm	***
Folia Acid	400 mag	100h	Sprating		***
Bintin	100 mcg	3301	Ree Pullet	No mo	10.5
Bintin	200 mg		The state of the s	nuo eng	
pussioi	125 100	441	AMINO ACIDS		
BinFlavonuids	200 mg	***	Lilysme	750 mg	111
Hesperidan	pen 05	241	Phanylalanine	35 mg	
Ristriti	75 ma	441	Likiulamine	. 25 mg	344
Octacosanol	250 mca	**1	t Ornaning		408
	-		L-Tyrosine		here
MINERALS			Sit Mathionion		DATE:
Calcom (Amino acid chetate)	500 mg	50	L Cysteine	- 100	1014
Magnesium (Amino acid chelate)	350 mg	B7 12		- 30 mg	_
Salica	500 milg	***	ACTIVATED GLANDULARS		
Vanadium	_ 75 mcg	640	Prostate tissue	. 50 mg	27.5
Indina	225 mcg	150%	Thymus	10 mg	200
Iron (Amno Acid Chelate)	20 mg	111%	Agrenal	50 mg	945
Potassium aspartate	55 ma	2400			545
Selenium (Amino Acid Chelale)	150 mca	4100	DHEA Complex (Dioscores Villosa)		
Molybedom (Ammo Acid Chetate)	50 mca	1400	""No U.S. RDA established for these	indiaques:	5
			nt take two tablets three times a day.		

ANSCAN FORMULATED & PRODUCED LADER THE HIGHEST ETHERAL SIAMONESS & GENTLY CONTROL

